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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA:

pt. 1

OR,

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

CATALOGUE

OF A PORTION OF A COLLECTION OF

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,

WITH OCCASIONAL EXTRACTS AND REMARKS

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE

REV. THOMAS CORSER, M.A., F.S.A.,

RURAL DEAN; RECTOR OF STAND, LANCASHIRE; AND
VICAR OF NORTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

PART I.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.LX.

1866

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REMAINS

HISTORICAL & LITERARY

CONNECTED WITH THE PALATINE COUNTIES OF

LANCASTER AND CHESTER.

PUBLISHED BY

THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

VOL. LII.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.
M.DCCC.LX.

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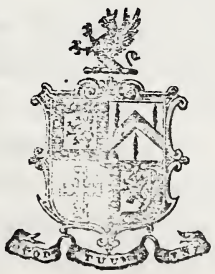

INTRODUCTION.

THE great use and importance of the study of Bibliography, more especially in connection with our early English literature, are too well known, and have been of late years too fully and generally acknowledged, to render any explanation or defence of it necessary. The labours of such men as Sir Egerton Brydges, Park, Ritson, Chalmers, Haslewood, Collier and others, have strongly conduced not only to excite in the public mind a taste for that pursuit, but also to encourage the diffusion of a general love for, and familiarity with, our ancient literature, and to create a better knowledge of the works of many little known but eminently gifted men.

The researches made of late years have added considerably to our previous literary stores, and have afforded sufficient proof that the study of poetical Bibliography is far from being exhausted, and that there is still room for further labours and exertions in this most interesting and attractive department of literature.

It is with this view, and in accordance with the wish of several of the Members, that the Compiler submits the present Part, which, with another shortly to follow, may

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be taken as specimens of a Catalogue of a select portion of a Library of early English Poetry, which, having been formed during nearly a forty years' residence in Lancashire, and many of the Volumes in it acquired from the dispersion of the various fine Collections which have been disposed of in this and the adjoining County Palatine, may perhaps not be considered as entirely extraneous to the scope and jurisdiction of the CHETHAM SOCIETY.

In its character and general plan, saving that, with a few rare exceptions, it is intended to embrace early English Poetical Literature only, it will be found nearly resembling Mr. Collier's excellent Catalogue of a portion of the Bridgewater Library, which still remains — and it is somewhat to the discredit of our Bibliographical Literature that such should be the fact — almost the only example of the kind. The object of the Compiler has been to collect together the scattered notices from various sources bearing upon the particular subject or Author; to correct in some instances the errors and mistakes made by former writers; to select the Volumes of less frequent occurrence; and to accompany the notices of them with Bibliographical and Biographical Illustrations, and with such extracts as, while they afford a fair specimen of each Author, may also possess interest either from their poetical excellence, from their reference to the writer's contemporaries and the manners of his time, or as shewing the progress of the language and the different schools of poetry which appeared in this country in the sixteenth and seventeenth Centuries.

If in some instances the extracts may appear longer than

necessary, it must not be forgotten that many of them are taken from works of great rarity and value, and that without a fair extent of quotation an accurate judgment can scarcely be formed of the style or characteristics of an Author; and, where the poetry extracted is not of the first order of excellence or interest, it may yet possess the merit of faithfully describing the manners and characters of the times, and of representing the general features of the age.

The Volumes here selected and enumerated are described, it is hoped, with sufficient minuteness and accuracy; and great care has been taken in recording the size and paging, in referring to other authorities in which they are mentioned, and also in introducing such remarks and information as may, in any way, illustrate the nature or history of the work. To facilitate a reference to the various articles described, a Table of Contents has been prefixed, and a general Index to the whole will be given at the end of the Work. The Collations of the various Volumes have been made with great care and exactness, although it can hardly be expected that perfection in this point can be attained; and any peculiarities, whether of size, condition, or former ownership, which might give additional interest to the Works noticed, have been carefully mentioned.

Should the present and the succeeding Part, the labour connected with which has been of a most agreeable description, meet with the approval of the Members of the Chetham Society, it will afford the Compiler great pleasure, life and health permitting, to carry on the selection

to the close; and, if it be thought that the contributions to the early letters of the alphabet have been on rather too extensive a scale, he will endeavour to contract those that follow, so as to prevent the succeeding Parts from occupying a larger space than can, with due regard to the various important works in progress, be fairly conceded to them in the series of the publications of the Society.

The Compiler submits this portion to the Members with considerable diffidence, but, at the same time, as the value of the Work consists rather in the curiosity and interest of the books described, than in his own labours, he trusts they will be kindly indulgent to his humble efforts in reviving the treasures of past times. The poetry of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries illustrates more or less all early English literature, and especially the writings of that great genius, who was not for an age but for all time. It thus becomes of vast general interest, and anything explanatory of it can hardly fail to attract the notice of any body of cultivated men. All books, therefore, like this, illustrate the local as well as the general history of literature; and many of the Volumes, here described, are copies of those which formed the intellectual resources of the Palatine Counties two and three centuries ago.

In conclusion, he would merely express a hope that this attempt may induce other Collectors of Libraries, with more ample knowledge and greater opportunities at their command, to give some account of their valuable Collections, and thus to add to the existing information in the

delightful department of Poetical Bibliography,* and that his labours may be favourably received by the Members of the Society, for whose amusement and reference the Work has been compiled.

The Compiler's most grateful acknowledgments are due to the PRESIDENT of the Chetham Society, for the unremitting interest he has taken in the Work, and for the valuable aid he has afforded by a careful revision of the present Part as it passed through the press.

T. C.

* It is well known that Mr. Samuel Leigh Sotheby has been engaged for more than forty years on a work of a somewhat similar kind, entitled *A Bibliographical Account of the Printed Works of the English Poets to the year* 1660. See Dr. Bliss's *Sale Catalogue*, pt. i. p. 300, No. 4194. It is very much to be regretted that a work upon which he has devoted so much time and has bestowed so much labour and research, and for which his well known literary taste and the opportunities he has enjoyed from the nature of his employments so peculiarly fitted him, should not have been given to the world. Had this been the case, it is more than probable that the present Work would never have been submitted to the Members.

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COLLECTANEA ANGLO-POETICA.

A (H.) — Parthenia Sacra. Or the Mysterious and Delicious Garden of the Sacred Parthenes; Symbolically set forth and enriched with pious Devises and Emblemes for the entertainement of Devout Soules: Contrived al to the Honour of the Incomparable Virgin Marie Mother of God; For the pleasure and deuotion especially of the Parthenian Sodalitie of her Immaculate Conception. By H. A. 8vo. Printed by Iohn Covstvrier. M.DC.XXXIII. (1633.)

The volume whose title is here given forms one, and that not the least interesting, of the rather confined series of English Books of Emblems; a class of works, which though simple and unpretending in their mode of teaching, and without possessing either much moral dignity or any deep feeling or pathos, are still not to be overlooked. They are peculiarly attractive to the young, and often convey through the pictures they exhibit to the sight, many practical lessons of knowledge and piety, which mere words alone would not so readily impart, and thus enable the youthful mind to drink in wisdom through the eye.

Prefixed to the printed title above, is one engraved on copper by P. van Langeren, containing an architectural compartment, supported by pillars at the sides, with the Virgin in the centre, surrounded by angels and cherubim, and at the top on an entablature in Greek capitals ΗΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΣ. On the reverse of the printed title is "The order of the Symbols (22) contained in this Garden. Whereunto are annexed the Phœnix, and the Swan without the Garden:" followed by an "Epistle to the Parthenian

Sodalitie," the "Preface to the Reader," and "The Proeme to his Genius on the Sacred Parthenes herself." The work commences with "The Platforme of the Garden," containing an enumeration of the various subjects of the emblems, and the method in which they are treated; and is preceded by a plate the full size of the page, representing the different Symbols. The order in which these are treated is as follows, viz.: 1. The Devise, with a small engraving on the letterpress, and a Latin motto over it on a scroll. 2. The Character. 3. The Morals. 4. The Essay. 5. The Discourse. 6. The Embleme, with a second engraved plate, and motto over it. 7. The Poesie, twelve lines in verse. 8. The Theories. 9. The Apostrophe. The plates, fifty in number, two to each emblem, are all neatly engraved on copper by the same artist mentioned on the frontispiece. The work is entirely in prose, with the exception of the twelve lines of poesie to each emblem. The language throughout is highly poetical and graceful, and the poetry above mediocrity. As specimens of the author's style both in prose and poetry, we select "The Character" of the IV. Symbol, "The Violet," with its appropriate "Poesie."

The Violet is truly the Hermitesse of flowers, affecting woods and forests, where, in a lowlie humilitie mixt with solicitude, she leads a life delicious in herself, though not so specious to the eye, because obscure. She is a great companion to the Primrose, and they little lesse then sworne sisters; with whom, when she is disposed, she wil recreate herself whole nights and dayes; and you shal likely neuer find them farre asunder. When they are so in companie in the wood togeather, where she is bred and borne, they make an excellent enamel of blew and yellow; but being by herself alone, as in her celle, she is a right Amethyst. Had *Iuno* been in quest, to seeke her Bird, as strayed in the woods, she would easily haue thought these purple *Violets* had been her *Argoe's* eyes, as shattered heere and there, and dropt downe from her Peacock's trayne; and so wel might hope to haue found her Bird againe, as Deere are traced by their footing. She is euen the Wanton among leaues, that playes the Bo-peep with such, as she is merrie and bold with al; whom when you think you haue caught, and haue now already in your hand, she slips and leaues you mockt; while you haue but her scarf only, and not her self. She is the Anchoresse, sending forth a fragrant odour of her sanctitie, where she is not seen; which she would hide ful faine, but can not. She is the Herald of the Spring, wearing the Azure-coat of Armes; and proclaiming sweetly in her manner to the spectatours the new arriuall of the wel-come guest. She is the *Primitiæ* or hastie present of *Flora*, to the whole Nature. Where if the Rose and Lillie be the Queene and Ladie of Flowers, she will be their lowlie hand-mayd, lying at their feet; and yet happely (for worth) be advanced to lodge in the fayrest bosoms, as soō as they; as being the onlie Faire affecting obscuritie and to lye hid, which other Beauties hate so much.

THE POESIE.

In Heaven the humble Angels GOD beheld,
And on the earth, with Angels paralel'd,
The lowlie *Virgin* view'd; — Her modest eye,
Submissive count'nance, thoughts that did relye
On him, that would exalt an humble wight,
And make his *Mother*. *Alma*, ne're in sight,
With vertues, fragrant odours, round beset,
Close to the earth lay like the *Violet;*
Which shrowded with its leaues, in couert lyes,
Found sooner by the sent, than by the eyes.
Such was the *Virgin* rays'd to be Heaven's *Queene*,
Who on the earth neglected, was not seene.

This work is reported by Dodd in his *Church Hist. of England*, vol. iii. p. 118, to be written by Henry Hawkins, who relinquished a good fortune which he had in Kent to embrace a religious state, and became a Jesuit at Rome in 1616. He was sent back into England upon the mission, and employed what spare hours he had in translating books into English. It is known that he was alive in 1641. The book, which is a translation, is now scarce, and sold in Bindley's sale, pt. ii. No. 2414, for 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; White Knight's ditto, No. 3268, 2*l.* 14*s.*

Bound in Mottled Calf extra.

A. (H.) — The Scourge of Venus. Or, The wanton Lady. With the rare Birth of Adonis. Written by H. A. Sm. 8vo. London printed by Nicholas Okes, dwelling neere Holborne-bridge. 1613.

This is a spirited and vigorous translation of the revolting story of Myrrha and Cinyras king of Cyprus her father, from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, Book x. line 298. A short address "To the Reader" after the title is the only prefix, in which the writer (who is not the author), after stating that he was at the charge of the impression, says: "If it were my owne wit, and you condemne it, I should be ashamed of my publicke intrusion, but since it was the labour of a man wel-deseruing, forbeare open reprehending, for, as I haue heard, 'twas done for his pleasure, without any intent of an Impression; thus much I excuse him that I know not, and commend that

which deserueth well: if I be partiall, I pray patience." The story is written in six-line stanzas, and putting aside the offensive nature of its subject, is not without merit in the composition, but is told with much strength and vigour of expression. The agitating hopes and fears of Myrrha are thus powerfully and poetically described:

And now the sable horses of the night
Haue drawne a mantle o'er the siluer sky,
And all the stars doe shew their borrowed light,
Each breathing thing oprest with sleep doth ly;
Saue *Philomell*, that sings of *Terreus* rape,
And *Myrha* plotting some incestious scape.

No rest at all she tooke within her bed,
The flames of *Cupid* burnt so in her brest,
And many a fansie comes into her head
Which ouer-much her troubled soule opprest;
She *doubts*, she *hopes*, thē *feare* doth make repaire,
Sh'l now attēpt, then *shame* doth bring despaire.

Looke how you see a pleasant field of Corne
Moue here and there by gentle-breathing wind,
Now vp and downe as waues in sea are borne:
So doubtfull thoughts had motion in her mind:
Now shee'l surcease, and now to him repaire,
Instable, like a feather in the aire.

The following beautiful verse forms a part of the description of Myrrha by the nurse to the king:

The glory of her haire is wonderous bright
Vpon her brows doth ebbe and flow content,
Her eies in motion do beget delight,
Her cheekes a tincture to *Aurora* lent,
Her teeth no pearles, her eyes no rubies are,
But flesh and bone, more red and white by far.

The author of this poem is not known, nor is it mentioned by Ritson. But many of the shorter tales from the classical writers were translated or versified about this period, and published separately in small volumes. We need only name as instances of this kind the story of Virginia from Juvenal by W. B., *That which seemes best is worst*, &c., 8vo 1617; William Barkstead's *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis, or Lust's Prodigies*, Lond. 1607;

Martin Parker's *Nightingale warbling forth his own Disaster: or the Rape of Philomela*, 8vo 1632; *The Tale of Narcissus* at the end of *Mythomystes*, by H. B. 4to Lond. no date; and other similar works which might be mentioned.

The present work has been noticed and some extracts from it given by Mr. Collier in the *Poet. Decam.* vol. i. p. 236, from the second edition of 1614, of which there is a copy in the British Museum, and another also in Malone's collection in the Bodleian Library. But of the first edition of 1613 we are not aware of any other copy than the present. It was formerly in the collection of Sir Francis Freeling Bart., and whilst there was noticed by Dr. Dibdin in his *Library Comp.* vol. ii. p. 320, and in his *Liter. Remin.* vol. ii. p. 934.

Bound by C. Lewis, in Brown Morocco, gilt leaves.

A. (H.) — The Scourge of Venus. Or, The Wanton Lady, With the rare Birth of Adonis. The third Impression. Written by A. H. Sm. 8vo. London, printed by Nicholas Okes, and are to bee sold by Iohn Wels at his shop in Fetter-lane and in the Temple. 1620.

There is little doubt that this poem was suggested by Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and was written in imitation of that very popular but too meretricious work, which was then, from the nature of its subject, the especial favourite of young and ardent minds. It is to be regretted that the taste of the public in that day should have encouraged works of such a gross tendency, and that the author's powers, which are by no means inconsiderable, should have been wasted on such an unpleasant subject.

The reader will observe that the initials A. H. are reversed in this third impression, but this does not afford us any further clue to the author's name, which is still involved in obscurity. And although the second impression is said in the title to be "enlarged and corrected by H. A.," we do not find any difference between this edition and the first, the contents of both being exactly the same. The present copy came from Strawberry Hill, and has the arms of Horace Walpole on the back of the titlepage. Another copy of this edition was in Mr. Heber's collection, and at his sale, pt. iv. No. 1034, produced *4l. 5s.* Mr. Heber was ignorant of the exist-

ence of the former impression, and says that "a copy of the first edition, does not appear to be known." Utterson's sale, No. 808, 10*l.* 5*s.* In the Bodleian Library.

Collation: Title, A 2; Sig. A to D 6 in eights. The first edition has four stanzas in each page, the present one only three.

Bound by Hayday, in Dark Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

A. (T.) —The Massacre of Money. — Terunteo seu vitiosa nuce non emitur. — [Woodcut device of Fortune, with a motto round the oval, "Svch as I make, svch will I take."] 4to. London, printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Bushell. 1602. pp. 46.

The initials T. A. at the end of the dedication are generally attributed to Thomas Achelley, or Achellon, by whom the poem is supposed to have been written. According to Ritson, he was the author of *A most lamentable and tragicall historie, conteyning the outragious and horrible tyrannie which a Spanishe gentlewoman named Violenta executed vpon her louer Didaco, because he espoused another, beyng first betrothed unto her. Newly translated into English meeter by T. A.* 12mo, blk. lett. Imprinted at London by John Charlewood for Thomas Butter, 1576. There are verses of his, addressed to the author, before Watson's *Sonnets*, 4to, 1590; and in Allot's *England's Parnassus*, 8vo, 1600, there are twelve short quotations with Achelley's name, taken, as we imagine, from the tragical history above mentioned. He is introduced as the English Boccace in Mere's *Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury*, 1598, under the name of Thomas Atchelow; and is commended by Nash in his "Address to Gentlemen Students," prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia*, as "among those most able men, then extant about London, to revive poetry; as namely, for example, Matthew Roydon, *Thomas Achlow*, and George Peele;"—of the second of whom he says, that he "hath more then once or twice manifested his deepe-witted schollership in places of credite."

It is probable that Richard Barnfield's *Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money*, published in 1598, 4to, gave occasion to the present poem, which bears some resemblance to that work in the style of its composition, the personification of the characters, and the form of the stanza. It consists

of the titlepage; a dedicatory address in prose, "To the worshipfull, vertuous, and most worthy Gentlemen, M. William, and M. Frauncis Bedles, health, and theyr hearts content," one leaf; a proemium in verse, one leaf; and the poem itself, twenty leaves. It commences as follows:

Before the heauen had put on heau'ns face,
Or Neptunes waues a chanel'd sea had found,
Before earth knew her now abiding place,
Or ayre had residence aboue the ground,
Or fire assumed the highest place of all,
Mundus non æternus. To make her brightnesse more maiesticall.

Before the Sunne knew his ecliptique line,
Or the round balles of fire their wheeling spheares,
Before the forked Moone began to shine,
Or any Comet in the ayre appeares,
Externa species rei decus. A clotter'd Chaos, and confused mould,
Was all this glorious all, which we behold.

But nature's nature, God omnipotent,
Bestow'd a formall shape in all this frame,
Making each thing, erst shapelesse, competent,
Creating man to celebrate his fame.
Then did the gõlden age repleat with treasures,
Aurea ætas. Bring in the Cornucopia of pleasures.

The author next proceeds to give a description of each of the four ages of the world, and then introduces the principal personage in the poem, the goddess Pecunia, who comes

Out of th'infernall bowels of the ground,
Neare to the Stygian honour of blacke Dis,
Where foule Cimerian darknesse streakes around;

and, shining from the darkness

Like to a Jewell in an Æthiop's eare,

is addressed by three suppliants, each of them anxious to make her his mistress, viz., Avarus, Prodigus, and Liberalis, whose various claims to her notice, as presented by each, occupy a considerable portion of the poem.

The Massacre of Money is a work so extremely rare, that not more than two or three copies of it are known to exist. Mr. Heber had two, of which the present is one, and, though but an indifferent copy, had cost him 6*l.*

exclusive of the binding by Lewis. The other was originally contained in a volume of poems which Mr. Heber purchased for 36*l.* at the Roxburghe sale, No. 3342, and at the dispersion of his library was bought by Mr. Thorpe, and is now in the valuable collection of Mr. Miller. Another was in the possession of Sir Francis Freeling, Bart.—See *Dibd. Libr. Compan.* vol. ii. p. 320. The present copy has the marginal notes cut into, but is perfect in other respects, though the word "TO" at the end of the proemium might occasion a supposition that something was wanting. The signatures, however, are right, and the present, having been compared with Mr. Miller's copy, is found exactly to correspond with his.—See *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. p. 112, and pt. viii. p. 126. See also Fry's *Bibliogr. Memoranda*, 4to, p. 247, art. 58.

Collation: Sig. A to F 3, in fours.

Bound by C. Lewis in White Calf, gilt.

Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudesle. 4to, blk. lett. Printed at London by Richard Cotes, and are to be sold by Francis Grove, dwelling upon Snow-hill. 1648.

There are few relics of our early literature more important in the illustration of the great writers of the Elizabethan period than the popular ballads of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, many of which floated down on the stream of popular tradition, and were not consigned to the circulation offered by the press till very long after they were originally composed. So firmly are some of these poems fixed in the recollection and affection of the people, that they may be traced for three or four centuries down to the chap-books of the present day; the earlier editions containing, as might be anticipated, versions far more pure than those now current. Hence the value and importance of black-letter lore in handing down to us in an uncorrupted state these fragments of the popular taste in the olden time.

The above is a scarce blk. lett. edition of this very ancient and popular ballad, which is not mentioned by Lowndes, although he gives the later one of 1668. The title contains a woodcut representation of the three heroes of the poem, with their names inscribed above, each habited in proper costume, of which the following is a fac-simile.

Bishop Percy has given as much information as can now be procured concerning these celebrated outlaws, whose skill in archery was so famous, in his introduction to the reprint of this ballad in his *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.* vol. i. p. 158; and has also quoted some passages from other authors who make mention of this performance, which, according to Ritson, "was apparently composed for the purpose of being sung in public to the harp." Of the time of its composition nothing is known, but that it is of considerable antiquity will be readily allowed from the style and orthography of the language. A late writer in the *Gent. Mag.* in giving an account of the various ballads and poems relating to the story of Robin Hood, and describing a manuscript in the Public Library at Cambridge of the age of Edward II. which contained some of these poems, remarks: — "In the foregoing ballad we recognize the same popular story which again appears in the more northern ballad of 'Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudesle,' three outlaws, who made free with the king's deer in

the forest of Inglewood in Cumberland. William visited his wife at Carlisle, and was recognized by an old woman who carried the information to the sheriff. The townspeople were raised, the house surrounded, and the outlaw taken after a desperate resistance in which his bow was broken. He was condemned to be hanged; but his companions entered the town by shewing to the porter a letter which, as they pretended, bore the king's seal, and succeeded in liberating William, and carrying him to the greenwood tree, where he found his wife and children. The king was much enraged when he heard of his escape, but in the end the yeomen were pardoned. While speaking of this ballad of Adam Bell, &c., of the age of which we are very uncertain, the earliest copy of it being a blk. lett. tract of the earliest part of the sixteenth century, we may observe that it (the Cambridge manuscript) contains another popular story, which became one of the Robin Hood cycle, *that* wherein the outlaws go to the king for pardon, which they obtain by the intercession of the queen who favours them." — *Gent. Mag.* Jan. 1837, vol. vii. p. 23, N. S.

The first edition of this popular ballad was printed by Wyllyam Copland in 4to, blk. lett., without date, but probably between 1561 and 1567, of which the only known copy is one in the British Museum, formerly in the Garrick collection. It has been reprinted entire by Ritson in his *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, p. 1. See also Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.* vol. iii. p. 168.; Percy's *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.* vol. i. p. 158; Beloe's *Anecd.* vol. i. p. 407; Hallam's *Introd. Lit. Hist. Europe*, vol. ii. p. 322; and Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Manual*, p. 142.

The changes that have been made in the text of the later editions are very numerous, and the old English words have been most unwarrantably substituted by others, — in many instances to the detriment of both sense and metre. It would occupy a great deal too much space to enumerate them in detail, and one example may suffice. Thus, in the old edition we read:

> Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
> That of myrthes loueth to here,
> Two of them were single men,
> The third had a wedded fere.

But this was, apparently, not understood by later transcribers, for a chapbook edition now before us, printed about fifty years since, reads:

Now stop and listen, gentlemen,
That merry love to be;
Since two of them were single men,
The third was wedded free.

Where it will be evident to every reader that the last word is completely misunderstood, and that the older readings are much to be preferred.

Many allusions to the three archers, whose valiant exploits are commemorated in this ballad, are to be found in our early writers. John Day, in his *Law Tricks*, 4to, Lond. 1608, mentions "Adam Bell, a substantial outlaw, and a passing good archer but no tobacconist." He is also supposed, but on somewhat insufficient grounds, to be alluded to by Shakespeare. Mr. Hunter, in his *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 245, has recovered a very early notice of one Adam Bell, who in the reign of Henry IV. was granted an annuity of 90*s.* issuing out of the fee-farm of Clipston in the forest of Sherwood. This would almost appear to stamp an historical authenticity on the existence of the bold archers.

The copy of this poem in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 3, priced at 3*l.*, was without date or printer's name, and had the first four pages in manuscript. It was afterwards sold to Mr. Midgley, and at the dispersion of his collection in 1818 was bought by Mr. Lepard, on commission, for 1*l.* 18*s.* The Roxburghe copy, No. 3403, of the edition of 1668, 4to, sold for 4*l.*

Collation: Title A1; Sig. A to C3 inclusive in fours; twenty-two pages. Fine copy of this rare ballad from Sir Francis Freeling's library.

In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Cloudesle. 4to, blk. lett. London, printed by T. Cotes and R. Cotes, and are to be sold by Francis Coules, dwelling in little old Bayley. 1632.

With the exception of an imperfect copy (wanting the titlepage) of the edition of 1605, sold in the *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. p. 113, and the one mentioned above without date or printer's name, in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 3, also imperfect, this is the earliest edition of this popular poem that has yet appeared for sale. The present copy is from the Boucher, Heber and Utterson collections, and is quite perfect, although stained from damp. It

cost Mr. Heber at the former sale 3*l.* 10*s.*, and at Mr. Utterson's sale it sold for 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* It is the only one that has occurred for sale of this early edition. There is a copy of the impression of 1605 by James Roberts, 4to, blk. lett., in Malone's collection in the Bodleian Library, to which is added "The second part," a very inferior production; another of the edition without date, 4to, blk. lett., is in the Capel collection in Trinity College Library, Cambridge; and another in 1683, 4to, blk. lett., is in the Douce collection at Oxford.

pp. 22. Collation, the same as before.

In Green Morocco.

ADAMSON, (JOHN.) — *ΤΑ ΤΩΝ ΜΟΥΣΩΝ ΕΙΣΟΔΙΑ.* The Muses Welcome to the High and Mighty Prince IAMES by the grace of God King of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith &c. At his Majesties happie Returne to his olde and natiue Kingdome of Scotland, after 14 yeeres absence, in Anno 1617. Digested according to the order of his Majesties Progresse. By I. A. Soli sic pervius orbis. Folio. Imprinted at Edinburgh, 1618. Cum privilegio Regiæ Majestatis.

This elegantly printed volume records the speeches that were made, and the verses that were recited before James during his visit to Scotland in 1617, and on his return to England. It was collected and arranged by the Rev. John Adamson, son of Henry Adamson provost of Perth, and grandson of Dr. Patrick Adamson archbishop of St. Andrew's, who died in 1591. John Adamson, a learned man and one of the literary friends of Drummond of Hawthornden, was a native of Perth, and received his education at the University of St. Andrew's, where he afterwards held the Professorship of Philosophy. He was elected in 1589 one of the Professors of the University of Edinburgh, which office he held with great reputation till 1604, when he resigned on being called to the ministry of North Berwick, but afterwards removed from there to Libberton near Edinburgh. In 1625 he succeeded Dr. Robert Boyd of Trochrig as Principal of the University of Edinburgh, which office he held till 1653. He was not only a chief actor

in and chronicler of the present royal progress, but was mainly instrumental, in conjunction with his friend Drummond the master of the High School, and a committee of the leading citizens, in devising and preparing the pageants and speeches made on the entry of King Charles I. into Edinburgh in 1633, some of which are printed in the *Eisodia Edinensium*, 1633. Adamson was a ripe scholar, and the author of a poem called *The Traveller's Joy*, 1623, 12mo, and of other works, and was succeeded in the Principalship of Edinburgh by Dr. Leighton.

Opposite to the title is a woodcut portrait of James I. with a crown and sceptre, inscribed "Beati Pacifici," with the royal arms and motto underneath; and prefixed to the volume is a Latin dedication, and introductory poems by Adamson addressed to this monarch in Greek and English. It will be unnecessary here to transcribe the list of names of the chief writers and composers of the various speeches and poems that were delivered at the several places which the royal monarch passed, some of whom, such as Alexander and David Hume, William Drummond, David Wedderburn, Robert Boyd, David Primrose, &c. &c., were well known in Scottish literature; but it may be remarked that at the end of the speeches and poems recited at St. Andrews, there occur various theological theses and philosophical dissertations concerning the power of a prince, which were argued before the learned monarch, both at St. Andrews and at Stirling, concerning which we have the following curious sonnet:

As *Adam* was the first of men, whence all beginning tak:
So *Adamson* was president, and first man in this act.
The Theses *Fairlie* did defend, which thogh they lies contein;
Yet were *fair lies*, and he the same right *fairlie* did maintein.
The field first entred Master *Sands*, and there he made me see
That not all *Sands* are barren *Sands*; but that some *fertile* bee.
Then Master *Young* most subtilie the Theses did impugne,
And kythed old in *Aristotle*, although his name bee *Young*.
To him succeded Master *Reid*, who, thogh *reid* be his name,
Neids neither for his disput blush, nor of his speach think shame.
Last entred Master *King* the Lists, and dispute like a *King*,
How Reason reigning as a *Queene* shuld anger vnder-bring.
To their deserved praise have I, thus played vpon their names;
And wils *their Colledge hence be cal'd the* Colledg of King IAMES.

There are other versions given of the same sonnet in Latin by Sir Patrick Hume, G. B., and N. Udward; and a few more speeches and poems, in-

cluding one in English of nineteen six-line stanzas by Sir William Mure the younger of Rowallan, conclude this portion of the volume. A new title-page now occurs, together with fresh paging and signatures, as follows:

ΤΑ ΤΩΝ ΜΟΥΣΩΝ ΕΞΟΔΙΑ.
Planctus, et vota Musarum in Augustissimi Monarchæ IACOBI Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Regis &c. Recessu è Scotia in Angliam, Augusti 4. Anno. 1617.
Ως ευκολως πιπτουσιν αι λαμπραι τυχαι!
Fol. Edinburgi, Excudebat Andreas Hart, anno 1618.
Cum Privilegio, et Gratia Regiæ Majestatis.

This part, which consists of nine leaves only, contains farewell poems in Latin, addressed to James on his departure from Scotland, by David Hume, John Loch, Walter Bannatine, David Wedderburn of Aberdeen, and a Bon-accord from that city.

For the speeches offered to the learned monarch, the reader may be referred to the third volume of Nicholl's *Progresses of James I.*; and the Greek and Latin poems, although excellent in their kind, have now lost their interest altogether. So apt and ready were the Scotch in those days in classical display, that even the merchants of Perth celebrated the praises of their monarch in Latin verse, and several of their compositions are here preserved. Perhaps, however, Drummond's picturesque enumeration of rivers in his "Panegyricke to the King" may be more attractive:—

Some swiftest-footted get her hence and pray
Our Floods and Lakes, come keepe this Holie-day:
What e're beneath *Albanias* Hills doe runne,
Which see the rising or the setting Sunne,
Which drinke sterne *Grampius* Mists, or *Ochell's* Snows:
Stone-rowling *Taye*, *Tine* Tortoyse-like that flows,
The pearlie *Don*, the *Deas*, the fertile *Spay*,
Wild *Neuerne* which doth see our longest Day,
Nesse smoaking-Sulphure, *Leaue* with mountains crown'd,
Strange *Loumond* for his floting Isles renown'd;
The Irish *Rian*, *Ken*, the siluer *Aire*,
The snakie *Dun*, the *Ore* with rushie Haire,
The Chrystall-streaming *Nid*, lowd-bellowing *Clyd*,
Tweed which no more our Kingdomes shall deuide:
Rancke-swelling *Annan*, *Lid* with curled Streames,
The *Eskes*, the *Solway* where they loose their Names,

To eu'rie one proclaime our Joyes, and Feasts,
Our Triumphes; — bid all come, and bee our Guests:
And as they meet in *Neptune's* azure Hall,
Bid them bid *Sea-Gods* keepe this Festiuall.
This Day shall by our Currents be renown'd,
Our Hills about shall still this Day resound:
Nay, that our Loue more to this Day appeare,
Let us with it hencefoorth begin our Yeare.

The volume is handsomely printed, the Latin poems chiefly in Italic Letter, and the Speeches and English poems in Roman type; and is further adorned with many large elegant woodcuts and highly ornamented capitals. It has usually sold for large prices at public sales, and brought at Nassau's sale, pt. i. No. 200, 2*l.* 14*s.*; Dowdeswell's ditto, No. 618, 2*l.* 5*s.*; Sotheby's ditto, No. 18,122, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's ditto, pt. i. No. 136*, 5*l.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 6, 1*l.* 6*s.*; Gardner's ditto, No. 199, 2*l.* 19*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. ii. No. 1055, 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Constable's ditto, No. 262, 7*l.*

Collation: Title, portrait and introduction, five leaves, without signatures; Sig. A to Z, two leaves each; then Aa to Dd, two leaves each; Ee to Zz, four leaves each; Aaa to Ddd, four leaves each. The additional part, title A 1; Sig. A to C 1, in fours. The paging is very irregular (see p. 136); but the volume (including the leaf with the portrait) contains one hundred and sixty leaves or three hundred and twenty pages.

Fine copy. Bound by Mackenzie in Brown Morocco, gilt leaves.

ALCILIA. — Philoparthens louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmalions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura. And also Epigrammes by Sir I. H. and others. Neuer before imprinted. 4to. London: Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery-lane, neare Sarjeants-Inne. 1613. pp. 96.

Neither Watt nor Lowndes knew of any edition of *Alcilia* earlier than that of 1619, 8vo, nor was Mr. Payne Collier aware of the impression of 1613 when he noticed this work in his *Poet. Decameron*, and in his *Bridgewater Catalogue*. Of this first edition, the present is the only known copy, and is unfortunately imperfect, wanting two leaves, Sig. M 2 and 3, containing the end of "Amos and Laura," and the com-

mencement of the epigrams by Sir John Harington. The poem of *Alcilia* is preceded by "A Letter, written by a Gentleman, to the Author his friend," in prose, signed "Philaretes," and some verses in Latin, "Author ipse Philopartheos ad Libellum suum." Then follow some six-line stanzas, entitled, "Amoris Prœludium: vel, Epistola ad Amicam," and five others as a sort of preface or introduction, headed, "Sic incipit stultorum Tragicomedia." The poems are styled sonnets, though they are for the most part only stanzas of six lines each. "These Sonnets following were written by the Author, (who giveth himselfe this fained name of Philoparthen, as his accidentall attribute,) at diuers times and vpon diuers occasions, and therefore in the forme and matter they differ, and sometimes are quite contrary one to another, considering the nature and qualitie of Loue, which is a Passion full of varieties, and contrarietie in itselfe." The first portion contains sixty-three stanzas, at the end of which are some lines, "Loues Accusation at the Iudgement-seate of Reason, wherein the Author's whole successe in his loue is couertly described;" "The Author's Euidence against Loue;" and "Loues Reply to the Author." After this occur ten stanzas of ten lines each, called "Loue decyphered," and some couplets, "Loues last Will and Testament." These close what may be termed the first portion of *Alcilia*. The second part is thus introduced to the reader: "The Sonnets following were written by the Author, after he beganne to decline from his passionate affection, and in them he seemeth to please himselfe, with describing the vanitie of *Loue*, the frailtie of Beautie, and the sower fruits of Repentance." This part contains forty stanzas, and completes the poem of *Alcilia*, at the end of which are the initials J. C. We believe there is little doubt, both from these initials and from internal evidence, that the poem of *Alcilia* was written by John Chalkhill; and we are also strongly tempted to believe that the introductory "Letter written by a Gentleman to the Author his friend," was the production of Isaac Walton under the assumed name of Philaretes. Walton at this time was just twenty years of age; and if Chalkhill be, as we suppose, the same person with the Fellow of Winchester College, whose character as given on his monument in the south cloister of Winchester Cathedral so well accords with that given of him by Walton, he would be nearly about the same age with Walton; and having been unsuccessful in his "louing-folly," remained single the rest of his life, "solitudine et silentio," and died a Fellow of his College, a position he had held for six and forty years.

Mr. Bright, to whom this copy formerly belonged, who was particularly happy in some of his discoveries, and was the first to discern the true person to whom the sonnets of Shakespeare were addressed, is "inclined to think that the initials J. C. annexed to this edition stand for John Chalkhill, the friend of Isaac Walton." "I am led to suspect too," says he, "that *Il Candido*, which has never yet been appropriated, was a signature of John Chalkhill. See Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.*, Il Candido. This appellation coincides well with Chalkhill, and the initials are the same J. C." But if this were so, the writer of the sonnets prefixed to Florio's *Worlde of wordes*, fol. 1598, and the friend of Spenser, could hardly be the Fellow of Winchester College who died in 1679. Mr. Bright has farther observed that "*Thealma and Clearchus* has in its style many points of similarity with *Alcilia*. And an acquaintance with Italian literature shewn by Il Candido is obvious both in *Thealma* and *Alcilia*." Mr. Collier also remarks, that "although perhaps no particular resemblance can be pointed out, yet in *Thealma and Clearchus* we observe the same flow of the verse, and so great a similarity of pause and rhythm, as, combined with other circumstances, to make it probable that both that work and *Alcilia* were from one pen."

If Walton was the means of inducing Chalkhill to publish these his "passionate sonnets," as we infer from the "Letter to the Author his friend" prefixed, we are indebted to him for a very pleasing and elegant production, which displays no little poetical talent, combined with much delicacy of expression and smooth and harmonious versification. To exemplify this opinion, the following passages may be adduced. Describing the pangs of love, the author says:

> What sodaine chance hath chang'd my wonted chear
> Which makes me other than I seeme to be?
> My dayes of ioy, that once were bright and cleare,
> Are turn'd to night, my mirth to miserie:
> Ah, well I weene that somewhat is amisse,
> But sooth to say, I know not what it is.
>
> What, am I dead? Then could I feele no smart:
> But still in me the sense of griefe reuiueth.
> Am I alive? — Ah no, I haue no heart;
> For she that hath it, me of life depriueth.
> Oh! that she would restore my heart againe,
> Or giue mee hers to counteruayle my paine.

If it be *Loue*, to waste longe houres in griefe;
If it be *Love*, to wish, and not obtaine;
If it be Love, to pine without reliefe;
If it be Love, to hope, and never gaine:
Then may you thinke that he hath truely lou'd;
Who for your sake, all this and more haue prou'd.

If ought that in mine Eyes haue done amisse
Let them receiue deserued punishment:
For so the perfect rule of Iustice is,
Each for his owne deedes should be praised or shent.
Then doubtlesse it is both 'gainst Law and sense
My Heart should suffer for mine Eyes offence.

I am not sicke, and yet I am not sound,
I eate and sleepe, and yet me thinkes I thriue not:
I sport and laugh, and yet my griefes abound;
I am not dead, and yet me thinkes I liue not.
What vncouth cause hath these strange passions bred
To make at once, sicke, sound, aliue, and dead.

Some thing I want, but what I cannot say;
O now I know, it is myselfe I want:
My Loue with her hath taine my Heart away,
Yea, Heart and all; — and left me very scant.
Such power hath Love, and nought but Love alone;
To make diuided creatures liue in one.

The following stanzas contain a pleasing and graceful description of the charms of his mistress Alcilia:

Faire is my Loue, whose parts so well are framed
By Natures speciall order and direction:
That shee herselfe is more than halfe ashamed
In hauing made a worke of such perfection.
And well may Nature blush at such a feature
Seeing herselfe excelled in her creature.

Her bodie is straight, slender and vpright,
Her visage comely, and her lookes demure,
Mixt with a chearfull grace that yeelds delight;
Her eyes like starres, bright shining, cleare and pure,
Which I describing, *Love* bids stay my pen,
And sayes it's not a worke for mortall men.

The auncient Poets write of Graces three,
Which meeting altogether in one Creature,
In all points perfect make the same to bee,
For inward vertues, and for outward feature.
But smile *Alcilia*, and the world shall see
That in thine eyes an hundred graces bee.

We now subjoin a short extract from that portion of the work which is in rhyming couplets, and may perhaps better exhibit the general resemblance which exists between the style of this poem and that of *Thealma and Clearchus*. It is taken from "Loues Reply to the Author."

Fond youth, thou know'st what I for thee effected,
(Though now I finde it little be respected)
I purg'd thy wit which was before but grosse,
The metall pure I seuer'd from the drosse:
And did inspire thee with my sweetest fire
That kindled in thee courage and desire.
Not like unto those seruile passions
Which cumber mens imaginations
With auarice, ambition, or vaine-glory,
Desire of things fleeting and transitorie.
No base conceit, but such as Powers aboue
Haue knowne and felt, I meane *th' instinct of Loue*;
Which making men all earthly things despise,
Transports them to a heavenly Paradise
Where thou complain'st of sorrowes in thy heart,
Who liues on earth but therein hath his part?
Are these thy fruits? Are these the best rewards
For all the pleasing glances, slye regards,
The sweet stolne kisses, amorous conceits,
So many smiles, so many faire intreats,
Such kindnesse as Alcilia did bestow
All for my sake, as well thy selfe dost know?
That *Loue* should thus be used, it is hatefull,
But all is lost that's done for one vngratefull.
Where he alledgeth that hee was abus'd,
In that he truely louing was refus'd:
That's most vntrue, and plainely may be tri'de;
Who neuer ask'd, could neuer be deni'de.
But he affected rather single life,
Then yoke in marriage, matching with a wife.

And most men now make loue to none but heyres;
Poore loue (God wot) that pouertie impaires:
Worldly respects *Loue* little doth regard;
Who loues, hath onely loue for his reward.
He meriteth a Louers name indeede
That casts no doubts, which vaine suspicion breede,
But desperately at hazard throwes the Dice,
Neglecting due regard of friends aduice;
That wrestles with his Fortune and his Fate,
Which had ordain'd to better his estate;
That hath no care of wealth, no feare of lacke,
But venters forward, though he see his wracke;
That with *Hopes* wings, like *Icarus*, doth flye,
Though for his rashnesse he like fortune trye;
That to his fame the world of him may tell,
How, while he soar'd aloft, adowne he fell.
And so true Loue awarded him this doome,
In scaling heauen, to haue the Sea his Tombe.

A stanza or two from the succeeding portion of *Alcilia* called "Loue decyphered," will serve to show the author's versatility of talent and easy and flexible manner of writing. Having been rejected by his mistress he now rejoices in his freedom, and inveighs severely against the blind and fatal passion.

Love, and I, are now diuided,
Conceit by error was misguided:
Alcilia hath my loue despised,
No man loues that is aduised.
Time at length hath Truth directed,
Love hath miss'd what hee expected:
Yet missing that which long he sought,
I haue found that I little thought.
Errors in time may be redrest;
The shortest follies are the best.

Loue and *Youth* are now asunder,
Reasons glory, Natures wonder.
My thoughts long bound are now inlarg'd,
My follies pennance is discharg'd.
Thus *Time* hath altered my state,
Repentance neuer comes too late.

Ah well I finde that Loue is nought
But folly, and an idle thought:
The difference is twixt *Loue* and mee,
That *Loue* is blinde, and I can see.

Loue is honie mixt with gall;
A thraldome free, a freedome thrall;
A bitter sweet, a pleasant sowre,
Got in a yeare, lost in an howre;
A peacefull warre, a warlike peace,
Whose wealth brings want, whose want increase;
Full long pursuite, and little gaine;
Vncertaine pleasure, certaine paine;
Regard of neyther right nor wrong;
For short delights, repentance long.

Loue is a sicknesse of the thought,
Conceit of pleasure dearely bought;
A restlesse passion of the minde;
A Labyrinth of errors blinde;
A sugred poyson, faire deceit;
A baite for fooles, a furious heate;
A chilling cold; a wondrous passion
Exceeding mans imagination:
Which none can tell in whole nor part,
But onely he that feeles the smart.

Two more brief quotations shall conclude our extracts from this pleasing and deservedly popular production. They are taken from the second part of *Alcilia*, in which having been dismissed by her, the author records his past folly, the vanity of love, and the bitter fruits of repentance. The first stanzas are taken from the opening of this part, and the others from its close, and both, we think, will receive the cordial approval of the reader for their smooth and flowing style and poetical diction.

Now haue I spun the web of my owne woes,
And labour'd long to purchase my owne losse:
Too late I see, I was beguil'd with showes,
And that which once seem'd gold, now proues but drosse.
Thus am I both of help and hope bereaved,
He neuer tryed, that neuer was deceiued.

Once did I loue, but more then once repent,
When vintage came, my grapes were sower, or rotten,

Long time in griefe and pensiue thoughts I spent,
And all for that which *Time* hath made forgotten.
O strange effects of *Time*, which once being lost,
Makes men secure of that they loued most.

Thus haue I long in th' ayre of error houer'd,
And runne my ship vpon Repentance shelfe:
Truth hath the vale of Ignorance vncouer'd
And made me see, and seeing, know myselfe.
Of former follies now I must repent,
And count this worke part of my time ill spent.

What thing is *Loue?* A Tyrant of the minde,
Begot by heate of youth, brought forth by sloth;
Nurst with vain thoughts, and changing as the wind,
A deepe dissembler, voy'd of faith and troth:
Fraught with fond errors, doubts, despite, disdaine,
And all the plagues that earth and hell containe.

Like to a man that wanders all the day
Through waies vnknown, to seeke a thing of worth,
And at the night sees he hath gone astray:
As neare his end as when he first set forth,
Such is my case, whose hope vntimely crost,
After long errors, proves my labour lost.

Now *Loue* sits all alone in blacke attyre,
His broken Bow and Arrowes lying by him;
His fire extinct, that whilome fed desire,
Himselfe the scorne of Louers that passe by him:
Who this day freely may disport and play,
For it is *Philoparthens* Holy-day.

Nay, thinke not *Loue*, with all thy cunning slight,
To catch me once againe: thou coms't too late:
Sterne Industry puts Idlenesse to flight,
And *Time* hath changed both my name and state:
Then seeke elsewhere for mates that may befriend thee,
For I am busie, and cannot attend thee.

Though thou be faire, thinke Beauty is a blast,
A mornings dewe, a shadow quickly gone,
A painted flower, whose colour will not last;
Time steales away when least we thinke thereon;

Most precious Time, too wastfully expended,
Of which alone the sparing is commended.

Thy large smooth forehead wrinckled shall appeare
Vermillion hue, to pale and wan shall turne;
Time shall deface what Youth hath held most deare;
Yea, those clear eyes which once my hart did burne,
Shall in their hollow circles lodge the night,
And yeeld more cause of terror then delight.

Loe here the record of my follies past,
The fruits of wit vnstaid, and houres mispent:
Full wise is hee that perils can fore-cast,
And so by others harmes his own preuent:
All worldly pleasure that delights the sense,
Is but a short sleepe, and time's vaine expence.

The Sunne hath twice his annuall course perform'd
Since first vnhappy I beganne to loue:
Whose errors now by Reasons rule reform'd,
Conceits of Loue but smoake and errors proue.
Who of his folly seekes more praise to winne,
Where I haue made an end, let him beginne.

J. C.

"The Metamorphosis of Pigmalions Image" has a separate titlepage with the same date of 1613. It was first published by Marston in 1598, 12mo, fifteen years earlier, along with "Certaine Satyres," and is taken from the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Pygmalion the sculptor of Cyprus, who had previously resolved never to marry, falls in love with a beautiful statue which he had made, and at his earnest prayer and request to Venus, the ivory statue was changed into a woman, whom the artist married, and by whom he had a son called Paphos, the founder of the city of that name in Cyprus. The satires are omitted in this edition, which contains only the first poem, written professedly to ridicule certain free and licentious poems then fashionable, such as Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, but falling into the same error and liable to the same condemnation. "Pigmalion" contains thirty-nine stanzas in the same measure with Shakespeare's poem, and is preceded by "The Argument of the Poeme," and some lines addressed "To his Mistresse," in which he acknowledges that his "wanton Muse lasciviously doth sing of sportive love." This is the second edition of Marston's poem, the one in 1619 being the third.

As it has been so recently reprinted in the third volume of Marston's collected works any extract would be superfluous.

The short poem entitled "The Love of Amos and Laura," is in this edition without any separate title, but commences at once without any prefix. The second edition of this poem published in 1619, 18mo, of which there is a copy in the British Museum, contains a dedication in verse to Isaac Walton in these complimentary terms, which are not in the present:

To my approved and much respected friend Iz. Wa.

To thee, thou more then thrice beloued friend,
I too unworthy of so great a bliss;
These harsh-tun'd lines I here to thee commend,
Thou being cause it is now as it is:
For hadst thou held thy tongue, by silence might
These haue been buried in obliuions night.

If they were pleasing, I would call them thine,
And disavow my title to the verse;
But being bad, I needs must call them mine,
No ill thing can be clothed in thy verse.
Accept them then, and where I haue offended,
Rase thou it out, and let it be amended.

S. P.

Mr. Payne Collier, and Sir Harris Nicolas after him in his beautiful edition of Walton's *Complete Angler*, 8vo, p. iv., are both inclined to attribute these initials to Samuel Purchas, the author of *The Pilgrimage;* but they seem to have overlooked another person who is much more likely to have written these lines, and to whom we are more strongly disposed to assign the authorship of this poem than to Purchas, viz: Samuel Page, who was the son of a clergyman, a native of Bedfordshire, born about 1574, and admitted a scholar of Christ Church College, Oxford, the 10 June, 1587, took his degree of B.A. February 5, 1590, admitted Fellow of his College 16 April in the same year, B.D. March 12, 1603, and D.D. June 6, 1611. With reference to our particular object Wood records of him, that in his juvenile years he was accounted one of the chiefest among our English poets to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of love in his poetical and romantic writings. And Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, the second part of *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598, 12mo, from whom these words are borrowed by Wood, has expressly coupled him in this respect with many of our most

celebrated poets. He became afterwards Vicar of Deptford in Kent, and leaving his former poetical pursuits, applied his talents to the study of divinity, and published several sermons and other religious works. Wood says, he was "in much esteem by the clergy of the neighbourhood where he lived, and reverenced by the laity for his orthodox principles, and continued and unwearied labours in his function. He died at Deptford and was buried in the church there on the 8 August, 1630." It is probable that from a similarity of tastes he was a friend of Chalkhill, and that thus also he was made known to Walton, for whom he had evidently great esteem. The poem of *Amos and Laura*, which is in couplets, contains allusions to *Venus and Adonis*, *Tarquin and Lucrece*, and *Hero and Leander*, the poems on which by Shakespeare and Marlow had already previously appeared, but is not remarkable for any great or striking merit; a short passage from it therefore will be sufficient, in which the lover is pleading his passion.

If in my suite I erre, as by mischance,
Blame not my Love but count it ignorance.
The tongue is but an instrument of nought,
And cannot speake the largenesse of the thought;
For when the minde abounds, and almost breaketh,
Then through abundance of the heart it speaketh:
No man can speake but what he hath in minde,
Then what I speake I thinke; be not vnkinde
Vnto your seruant, who obedience proffers,
And makes firme loue the obiect of his offers.
I will not boast of Parentage, or Lyne,
For all are base, respecting thee diuine:
Nor will I boast of wealth, or riches store,
For in thy face consists all wealth, and more
Pure are my thoughts as skin betweene thy browes,
And eke as chaste my speech, my oathes, and vowes.
Speake sweetest fayre, but one kinde worde to me,
How can, alas, that be offence in thee?

The epigrams at the end by Sir John Harrington and others occupy only three leaves, and are a mere selection, not demanding from us any particular notice, the best of them being perhaps the following:

Of Faustus, a stealer of Verses.

I heare that *Faustus* oftentimes rehearses
To his chaste mistresse certaine of my Verses:

In which, by vse, so perfit he is growne,
That shee, poore soule, doth thinke they are his owne.
I would esteeme it (trust me) grace, not shame,
If *Danyel*, or if *Davies* did the same.
Nor would I storme, or would I quarrels picke,
I when I list, to them could doe the like.
But who can wish a man a fouler spight,
Then haue a blinde man take away his sight?
A begging theefe is dangerous to my purse,
A beggage Poet to my Verse is worse.

An Epitaph by a man of his Father.

God workes wonders now and than,
Here lyes a Lawyer was an honest man.

We have already alluded to the extreme rarity of this first edition of *Alcilia*, the present being the only copy known. It was reprinted in 1619, 18mo, and again for the third time in 1628, 4to, the variations in which from this impression will be carefully pointed out in the succeeding article. The present copy was obtained from the collection of the late Benjamin Heywood Bright, Esq. It is imperfect, wanting two leaves.

Collation: Sig. A to M 4, in fours.

Bound by Charles Lewis, in Russia, gilt leaves.

ALCILIA. — Philoparthens louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmalions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura. And also, Epigrammes by Sir I. H. and others. The Second Impression. 4to London: Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery Lane, neere Sarjeants-Inne. 1628.

Although called the *second* impression, this is in reality the third, the second having been printed in 1619, and we are at a loss to discover why the latter should here be so completely ignored. The variations in the present edition from that of 1613 are not very great, and are thus comprised. After the Latin verses, "Author ipse Philopartheos ad Libellum suum," occur the same Englished thus: "Philoparthen the Author to his Booke," which are not in the former. Following the title to "Pigmalions Image" is Marston's dedication "To the Worlds Mighty Monarch, Good Opinion: Sole Regent of Affection, perpetuall Ruler of iudgement, most

famous Iustice of Censures, only giuer of Honour, great procurer of Aduancement, the Worlds chiefe Ballance, the All of all, and All in all, by whom all things are that they are, I humbly offer this my Poem;" three six-line stanzas, signed W. S. (W. Kinsayder), omitted in the first edition of 1613. At the end of "Pigmalion" are some highly satirical couplets, "The author in praise of his precedent Poem," also not in the former edition. The poem of "The Love of Amos and Laura. Written by S. P." has here a separate titlepage, on the reverse of which are these lines, wanting in the first edition:

The Author to his Booke.

Go, little Booke into the largest world
And blaze the chastnesse of thy Maiden Muse:
Regardlesse of all enuie on thee hurl'd,
By the vnkindnesse that the Readers vse:
And those that enuie thee by scruples letter,
Let them take pen in hand, and make a better.

These are the only variations of any moment between the two editions, the general contents being the same in each. The present impression is nearly of equal rarity with the former, not more than one or two copies being known, which at public sales have generally brought large prices. No edition of this work occurs in the collections of Steevens, Bindley, Sykes, Midgley, Perry, Hibbert, Rice, Caldecot and Heber, nor in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.;* neither is it to be found in any of the public libraries of either Oxford or Cambridge. The following are the only copies we can trace: Lloyd's, No. 208, which sold for 10*l.;* Sir Francis Freeling's, No. 176, 10*l.* 5*s.;* Chalmers's, pt. i. No. 216, 10*l.;* and Jolley's, pt. ii. No. 41, 12*l.* 5*s.* The only edition in the British Museum is the second of 1619, 8vo, rendered interesting however by the complimentary lines of dedication to Isaac Walton, not found in the other two impressions. The present copy formerly belonged to Narcissus Luttrell, and is the one from the Chalmers and Jolley collections.[1]

Half-bound in Russia, neat.

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[1] Having thus noticed above the two editions of *Alcilia* in his own possession, for the benefit of such of his readers as may chance at any time hereafter to become possessors of any of the impressions of this work, the editor subjoins a collation of the second edition from the only copy that he is aware of, viz. that in the British Museum.

ALEYN, or ALLEN, (CHARLES.) — The Battailes of Crescey, and Poictiers, under the leading of King Edward the Third of that name; and his Sonne Edward Prince of Wales, named the Blacke. By Charles Allen, sometime of Sidney Colledge in Cambridge. Magnarum rerum etiamsi successus non fuerit, Honestus ipse conatus est. Seneca. Sm. 8vo. London, Printed by Tho. Purfoot for T. K. 1631. pp. 78.

Prefixed to these historical poems on two of our most famous victories in France under Edward III. and his warlike son the Black Prince, by Charles Aleyn, a poet of the reign of Charles I., are commendatory verses in Latin by Thomas May, and in English by John Hall and John Lewis. Then follow two Epistles Dedicatorie in prose "To the Right Worshipfull, and accomplished Sir John Spencer of Ofley, Knight and Baronet," and "To the Noble and vertuous Ladie the Ladie Spencer of Ofley." In the latter, Aleyn compliments the lady by saying: "It may seeme a solecisme to match a Lady and a battaile: for Trumpets and Fifes are harsh accents in a Ladies eare, and a Battaile though but in arras is terrible: But this makes the construction good. I see your virtue (most Honourd Lady) stand higher than your sex, and in that I know that the atchievements of active spirits are more welcome to a masculine vertue then a soft discourse. Besides there hath euer beene a sympathie betwixt Ladies and Martialists, and the Doves of *Venus* make their nests sometime in a Soldiers helmet: Nay (to passe true stories) the bookes of Knight errantrie were but shrunken

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ALCILIA. — Philoparthens louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmalions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura. Sm. 8vo. London. Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery Lane, neere Serieants Inne. 1619.

In eights, small 8vo. Title, one leaf. "A letter written by a Gentleman to the Author his Friend," signed Philaretes, two leaves. Latin verses, "Author ipse Philopartheos ad Libellum suum," one leaf. "Amoris Prœludium," in English, one leaf. "Sic incipit stultorum Tragicomedia," in English, one leaf. The "Sonnets," &c., all head-line "Alcilia." At the end the initials J. C. Separate title, "The Metamorphosis of Pigmalions Image," 1619, one leaf. One leaf of verses "To the Worlds Mightie Monarch, Good Opinion," signed W. K. The "Argument" and "Lines to his Mistress," one leaf. "Pigmalion," at length, several leaves. "The Author in praise of his precedent Poem," four pages. Separate title, "The Love of Amos and Laura. Written by S. P." one leaf. "Lines to Is. Walton," and "The Author to his Booke," one leaf. "Amos and Laura." No epigrams of Harington.

things, if wee tooke out of them adventures done for Ladies." The poems are written in stanzas of six lines, four alternate and two rhymes; the first, on the Battle of Crescey, containing one hundred and twenty-nine stanzas, and the latter one hundred and forty-one. Aleyn's style of versification, although without any smoothness or elegance, and occasionally harsh and abrupt, is yet often nervous and sententious; and his poems were spoken of with much commendation by some of his contemporaries. The origin and institution of the Order of the Garter is thus noticed in the poem:

As *Sarums* beauteous Countesse in a dance
Her loosened garter vnawares let fall,
Renouned *Edward* tooke it vp by chance,
Which gaue that order first originall.
Thus saying to the wondring standers by
There shall be honour to this silken ty.

Some the beginning from first *Richard* bring
(Counting too meanelie of this pedegree)
When he at *Acon* tyde a leather string
About his Soldiers legges, whose memorie
Might stir their vallour vp, yet choose you whether
You'll *Edwards* silke prefer, or *Richards* leather.

The description of the morning of the fatal battle of Crescey, and the destruction caused by the arrows of the English, is well pourtrayed:

Shoales of ill-boding Rauens (as if the sky
Had not beene darke enough) a shadow made
Darke as the clouds; — that though the glorious eye
Of heau'n had shin'd, they had beene in the shade.
Foules ioyntly met to feast vpon the dead,
The guests were tombes where men were buried.

The pikes are order'd, ensignes are displaid,
And menace braue extremity; — the light
Of glittering helmes and wauing streamers made
A day seeme cleere, which before seemed night.
Pale feare had amorous lookes, and all the while
Terrour lookt louely, and death seem'd to smile.

The shafts headed with death, and wing'd with speed,
Now to the arched engine they apply,
Which as if hungry on man's flesh to feed,
With greedy certainty appear'd to flye.

Their bowes with such a certainty they drew,
As *Phœbus* did when he the *Python* slew.

We to the grey goose wing more conquests owe
Than to the *Monks* inuention; — for then
We cull'd out mighty armes to draw the bow;
Striplings oft serue vs now, then onely men.
For these hot engins equall mischiefe can,
Discharged by a boy, or by a man.

Charles Aleyn, the author of these poems, was educated at Sidney College, Cambridge, and on leaving that university became usher to the celebrated commentator Thomas Farnaby at his school in Goldsmith's Rents. He was afterwards tutor to Sir Edward Sherburne, who was himself no mean poet; and whilst living in London was well known to many of the scholars and poets of his day, by whom he was much respected and beloved, and before several of whose published works he was a contributor of occasional commendatory verses. He was the author of two other poems, *The Historie of Henrie of that name, the Seventh King of England, &c.*, 1638, 8vo, noticed hereafter, and of *The Historie of Euryalus and Lucretia*, 1639, 8vo, a translation from the story in the Latin epistles of Æneas Sylvius. This was published the year before his death, which took place in 1640.

Oldys, in a long and elaborate article on this writer contributed to the first edition of the *Biogr. Brit.*, is highly eulogistic in praise of Aleyn; and has observed that many fine sentiments introduced by the author are translated from the ancient poets, and that some passages in the second poem of the *Battle of Poictiers* are visibly versified from Lord Bacon's *Essays* in the chapter of Death. He has given several short quotations from these poems, but we do not admire his taste in the choice of his selections, which are not sufficiently attractive, we fear, to induce a further perusal of the work, although well worthy of the poetical reader's attention. He has also alluded to a continuation of the subject, containing the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V. in a manuscript poem entitled *Trinarchodia*, 8vo, 1650, now *penes nos*, which will be noticed in another place. This was at one time supposed to be written by Aleyn; but as Oldys has remarked: "This learned Author, whoever he was, says, in the entrance of those poems, that he forbears to recount the glories of King Edward III.'s reign, Cressy and Poictiers, because they were

already drawn by *a happy pen.*" The "learned Author" here referred to, it is now well known, was George Daniel, a Yorkshire poet, whose noble manuscript volume of poems, embellished with portraits of himself and of other members of his family, and containing other poems, is among the later acquisitions of the British Museum.

This first edition of Aleyn's work is of extreme rarity. Mr. Thorpe, from whom the present copy was obtained, has remarked: "No copy of this first edition, I believe, has occurred for sale. It was not in Mr. Heber's or in any other collection that I can trace; and Lowndes only notices it after the second as having appeared in 1631."

Collation: Title, A 1; Sig. A to E 7 inclusive, in eights.

Bound in Blue Morocco, with the arms of England and France in shields on the sides, gilt leaves.

ALEYN, (CHARLES.) — The Battailes of Crescey and Poictiers vnder the Fortunes and Valour of King Edward the third of that name, and his sonne Edward Prince of Wales, named the Black. The second Edition enlarged. By Charles Aleyn. Nec omni, nec nulli. Sm. 8vo. London, Printed by Thomas Harper, for Thomas Knight, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the Holy-lamb. 1633.

In the present edition, instead of the former dedications to Sir John Spencer and his wife, we have one "To the Honorable and truly Generous, the Lord of Colrane," to whose favour we are perhaps indebted "for this second venture set out at the wind of some noble favourers;" and in addition to the commendatory verses before prefixed, are some others by Gilb. W. and Henry Blount, followed by a list of errata on a separate leaf. The poem of the *Battaile of Crescey*, which in the first edition contained only one hundred and twenty-nine stanzas, is here extended to two hundred and fifty-three, and the second poem from one hundred and forty-one to two hundred and forty-two stanzas. Many of the lines are altered and improved; and, indeed, the whole poems are carefully revised and considerably enlarged. In the first passage quoted in the preceding article, after the stanza beginning

As Sarums beauteous Countesse in a dance,

the two succeeding verses are newly added:

From that light act this *Order* to begin,
May seeme derogatory from its worth:
And yet small things haue directories been
Actions of veneration to bring forth.
That accident might the originall prove:
Nobility lies couching under love.

At least the *motto* retorted on the Queene,
And smiling Courtiers, might from hence proceed.
Something like that of *Philips*, having seene
The regiment of lovers that lay dead
At *Cheronea*. *May destruction fall*
On them, who these thinke any ill at all.

The following striking simile is not in the first edition:

As when the fire winks with a sulphrie blew,
When nipping winter doth astringe the mould
In her strait bands: degrees of heat accrew
From the circumstant and beleagring cold:
The heat contracted burnes more fervently,
Hugg'd in th' embraces of its enemy.

And as the middle region of the aire,
(The seat of chilnesse) hath the cold made great,
Being besieged by the other paire,
Which keepe the cold penn'd inward with their heat,
Which would be weaken'd by diffusion: so
Valour hath its intension from the foe.

Other similar new passages might be added did our space permit. No later edition of these historical poems seems to have been published. It is not included in Chalmers's collection, nor in the volumes of Ellis and Campbell. See *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 555. Lloyd's sale, No. 23*, 1*l.* 4*s.*; Nassau's, pt. i. No. 27, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Title, A 2; Sig A to I 7 inclusive, in eights.

Fine copy. Bound by C. Smith, in Calf extra, gilt leaves.

ALEYN, (CHARLES.) — The Historie of that wise and Fortunate Prince, Henrie of that Name the Seventh, King of England. With that famed Battaile, fought betweene the sayd King Henry and Richard the third named Crookbacke, upon Redmoore neere Bosworth. In a Poem by Charles Aleyn. — Unus mihi pro populo, et populus pro uno. Sm. 8vo. London Printed by Tho. Cotes, for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop, neere Furnivalls-Inne gate in Holburne, 1638.

Opposite the title is a well engraved portrait by Will. Marshall of King Henry, with the royal arms, holding a globe and sceptre in his hands, with the motto,

Titulum ne horresce novantis
Non rapit Imperium vis tua, sed recipit. — Ausonius de Severo.

And on the back of the title is the licenser's permission for the publication of the poem. There is no dedication, but a single leaf containing commendatory verses to Aleyn by Edward Sherburne and Ed. Prideaux, the latter boasting of his friend's immortality:

To my deare Friend Mr. Charles Aleyn.

When Fame had sayd, thy Poem should come out
Without a *Dedication*; some did doubt
If fame in that had told a truth, but I
Who knew her false, boldly gave fame the lye,
For I was certaine that this booke by thee
Was *Dedicated* to Eternity.
Thy true lover Ed. Prideaux.

The poem is written in six-line stanzas, and extends to one hundred and fifty-six pages. There is a certain degree of originality about it which is rather striking, although without much pretension to real poetry. The language is rough and uncouth, and the stanzas often end in a marked antithesis, with an absence throughout the poem, with one exception, of any attempt at simile. The whole piece is very inferior in composition to the works of Drayton, Daniel, May, Beaumont, and our other writers of historical poems. The passage we select as a specimen of Aleyn's muse, describes the arrival of Richard at Bosworth Field, and his direction to Lord Stanley to join him:

Now he's by *Bosworth* pitch'd, whence he sent o're
A charge to *Stanly* to advance his power,
And joyne with him, or by Christ's Passion swore
His sonne, his Hostage should be slaine that houre.
He answer'd *he had more*; — 'Twas highly done,
To prove his faith by offering of his Sonne.

Strange he should *Stanly* a Commander make;
His match with *Henries* mother did him binde
To *Henry*: — hence weake Policie might take
The Crisis of his fall: — to be so blinde
Was deaths unerring Symptome: — when we dye
Death with her lead doth first arrest our eye.

Then *Richard* like a man, that first would taste
And then carowse in Blood, puts *Stanlies* sonne
I'th' Headsmans hand; — his Councell stayd the haste
Of th' Execution till the field was won.
Where *Richard* falling, *Stanly* freedome got,
And *Richards* bane was *Stanlies* antidote.

Thus *Iulian* vow'd to offer *Christians* blood
If he his *Persicke* victory did gaine,
But Heav'n his vow, and victory withstood,
For *Iulian's* selfe was in the Battaile slaine.
The *Christians* scaped then, young *Stanly* now,
Iulian, and *Richard* had like fate like vow.

Now in the Glasse of Time, that Sand by course
Began to runne, which should begin the Time
Of *Richard's* fall, who sat upon a horse
All *white*, whiter than he that sat on him.
It seem'd an *Emblem* offer'd to the sense
Of guilt, triumphing over Innocence.

The ensuing critical remarks upon this poem by Oldys are highly complimentary to Aleyn, but we fear they will hardly be endorsed by readers of the present day. "As this poem is longer than the other two, it is fuller fraught with variety of matter, action, and character; and also richly adorned with many flowers of rhetoric; allusions, historical, poetical, and philosophical; and many general and comprehensive maxims, moral and political; so that it is animating or instructive in most parts; and as for versification, it may vie in elegance with several contemporary performances, which have happened to acquire greater fame. If his cadence is not

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always smooth, 'tis generally to make way for something that is nervous and masculine, which was more regarded by the poets in that age, and before our modern refiners sacrificed strength to softness, and sense to mere sound." — See *Biogr. Brit.* vol. i. p. 138; Rose's *Biogr. Dict.* vol. i. p. 303; *Cens. Liter.* vol. iii. p. 37; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 10, there priced 1*l.* 16*s.*; Sir Mark M. Sykes's, pt. ii. No. 1, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 28, 2*l.* 2*s.*

Collation: Title, A 1; Sig. A, two leaves; Sig. B to L 6 inclusive, in eights.

Bound in Russia, neat.

A. (R. Allot.) — Englands Parnassus: or, The choysest Flowers of our Moderne Poets, with their Poetical comparisons. Descriptions of Bewties, Personages, Castles, Pallaces, Mountaines, Groues, Seas, Springs, Rivers, &c. Whereunto are annexed other various discourses, both pleasaunt and profitable. [Device of the ling and honeysuckle.] 8vo. Imprinted at London for N. L. C. B. and T. H. 1600. pp. 522.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth which was so prolific in our annals in the productions of poetical literature, also gave rise to one or two works of the present description, containing extracts or "flowers" selected from the writings of the numerous and various poetical authors of that period. Of a work so well known, both from the excellent and beautiful reprint of it by Mr. Park in the third volume of the *Heliconia*, and from the criticisms and descriptions of Warton, Oldys, Ritson, Sir Egerton Brydges, Dr. Drake and others, little need here be said. The compiler of it is believed to be Robert Allot from the dedication sonnet to Sir Thomas Mounson having in one or two copies had that name subscribed in full. He is supposed to have been a bookseller, and has two sonnets prefixed to Gervase Markham's *Devereux*, 4to, 1597, and a copy of Latin Hexameters and a sonnet before Christopher Middleton's *Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*, 4to, 1600, reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. x. He is also noticed in conjunction with Middleton in John Weever's rare little book of *Epigrams* printed in 1599, but nothing more is known of his history. The work is preceded by two introductory sonnets by himself; the first addressed "To the Right Wor-

shipfull Syr Thomas Mounson Knight," who was member of parliament for Great Grimsby and Lincoln in the reign of Elizabeth, and master falconer to James I.; the second, which we quote, "To the Reader:"

I hang no Iuie out to sell my Wine,
The *Nectar* of good witts will sell it selfe;
I feare not, what detraction can define,
I saile secure from *Envies* storm or shelfe.

I set my picture out to each mans vewe
Lim'd with these colours, and so cunning arts
That like the *Phœnix* will their age renewe,
And conquer *Enuie* by their good desarts.

If any Cobler carpe aboue his shoo,
I rather pittie, than repiue his action,
For ignorance stil maketh much adoo,
And wisdom loues that, which offends detraction.
Go fearles forth my booke, hate cannot harm thee,
Apollo bred thee, and the *Muses* arm thee.

After these sonnets is "A Table of all the speciall matters contained in this Booke, and a list of Errata." The work itself extends to five hundred and ten pages, exclusive of the introductory portion. The names of the various authors are affixed to each extract, the number of contributors furnishing these specimens being about forty-five, exclusive of those taken from the *Mirror of Magistrates;* but the names of the authors, as well as the genuineness of the passages themselves, are not always to be relied upon as correct. The value of his book would have been much enhanced, if the compiler had given the titles of the various works from which he had culled his flowers. And Oldys remarks, with perhaps but too much truth, that "in his extracts from them, his negligence in repeating the same passages in different places, and particularly his unpardonable haste and irregularity, in throwing almost the last half of his book out of its alphabetical order into a confused jumble of topicks without order or method," render his performance evidently defective.

England's Parnassus, although of inferior value to the poetical miscellanies which appeared about the same period, from its containing short passages only from the different authors enumerated, instead of whole pieces as in the others, yet is much superior in interest to Bodenham's work on the same plan, who gives merely a single line or couplet only, and entirely omits the names of the various authors; and though it is rather severely

criticised by Oldys, who speaks of the little merit of many of these obsolete writers, and the "ill judgment of the compiler in the choice of his authors," yet by so eminent a critic as Warton, no mean judge of such matters, it is declared that besides being more complete and judicious in method than the work of Bodenham, "the extracts are more copious, and made with a degree of taste."

Some few copies of this work have an additional leaf at the end, printed on the back of a blank page, containing ten lines of verse, beginning "Fame's windy trump blew up this haughty mind," which are given in the article on this volume in *Cens. Liter.*, vol. i. p. 194. This leaf is more frequently wanting, and is not noticed by Mr. Park in his splendid reprint in *Heliconia*, nor in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, nor is it found in the present copy.

Although this work, from its republication, has come down in price from that which it fetched in former days, when it was valued in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, vol. i., at 20*l.*, and brought 21*l.* at the Roxburghe sale, No. 3171, it is still not without its value in having preserved to us many passages in the writings of our early poets, which might otherwise but for this collection have sunk into oblivion, and in having incited a taste to become more intimately acquainted with the works of the various authors from whom these selections are taken.

The reader who wishes for further information respecting this volume may consult Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iv. p. 102;* *Cens. Liter.* vol. i. p. 174; Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* p. 115; Hayward's *Brit. Muse*, 1738, p. ; Phillips's *Theatr. Poet.* ed. 1800, p. 220;* Beloe's *Anecd.* vol. i. p. 250; Collier's *Poet. Decam.* vol. i. p. 17; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.* vol. ii. pp. 213 and 292; Drake's *Shakesp. and His Times*, vol. i. p. 723;* Lowndes's *Bibliogr. Manual*, p. 32; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 1; and the reprint by Mr. Park in *Heliconia*, vol. iii.*

A list of the poets, from whose works there are extracts, is given in each of the volumes thus marked (*).

Fine copy, in the original Calf binding.

ANCIENT SCOTTISH POEMS. — Published from the MS. of George Bannatyne. MDLXVIII. *ΟΥ ΡΟΔΟΝ ΑΥΟΝ ΟΔΕΙΤΑΙ.* Theocr. 12mo. Edinburgh: Printed by A. Murray and J. Cochrane, for John Balfour. MDCCLXX. 1770.

George Bannatyne, from whose MS. collection this volume of early Scottish poetry was selected, and to whose care we are indebted for the knowledge and preservation of the works of many of these early poets, was himself also a writer of verses, and several of his pieces occur in the MS. Of his personal history nothing seems to be known. The MS., which is in folio, extends to more than seven hundred pages, and was completed in 1568. It was formerly in the possession of the Foulis family for nearly half a century, one of whom presented it to the Honourable William Carmichael, and at the time when the present selection was made, it belonged to the Earl of Hyndford, who in 1772 presented it to the Advocates Library in Edinburgh, where it has ever since reposed. In 1724 Allan Ramsay published some selections from this MS. in his work called *The Evergreen*, 2 vols. 8vo., which however contained many omissions, and other faults and inaccuracies. The present valuable selection was edited by Lord Hailes, who has corrected the many mistakes and inaccuracies in *The Evergreen*, and has added about forty poems, which were never before published. This edition is also much increased in value by the addition of many excellent notes and a glossary, and is valuable as illustrating "the manners and history as well as the state of the language and poetry of Scotland during the sixteenth century."

The volume contains poems by William Dunbar (thirty in number), Robert Henryson (twelve), Patrick Johnstone, — Kennedy, John Blyth, Alexander Scot (seven), Stewart of Lorn, and others. It was reprinted at Leeds in 1815.

Bibl. Ang. Poet., No. 12, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Half-bound in Calf neat.

Ancient Scottish Poems. — Published from the MS. of George Bannatyne. MDLXVIII. *ΟΥ ΡΟΔΟΝ ΑΥΟΝ ΟΔΕΙΤΑΙ.* Theocr. 8vo. Edinburgh: Printed by A. Murray and J. Cochrane, for John Balfour. MDCCLXX. Reprinted for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London; and Robinson, Son, and Houldsworth, Leeds; by B. Dewhirst. (1815.)

This is the reprint of Lord Hailes's selection from the Leeds press. It is

correctly and handsomely printed in a large octavo form, and does great credit to a country press. The contents are the same as the preceding.

In Light Calf extra, marbled leaves.

ANCIENT POETRY.—The Beauties of Ancient Poetry. Intended as a Companion to the Beauties of English Poetry. 12mo. London. Printed for E. Newbery, Corner of St. Paul's Church Yard, and J. Wallis, No. 16, Ludgate-street. 1794.

This is an interesting collection of ancient songs and ballads, mixed with some modern ones, which is now become scarce. It comprises fifty-four pieces in all, and amongst its contents are some from Bishop Percy's selection: "The Child of Elle," "The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter," "The Friar of Orders Gray," &c.; and several that have been quoted by Shakespeare: "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," "Take thy old Cloak about thee," "Sir Lancelot du Lake," "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," "The Aged Lover denounceth Love," and "King Leir and his three Daughters." Besides these are several Scotch ballads: "Edom o Gordon," Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," "The Bonny Earl of Murray," "Murder of the King of Scots," "The Ew-Bughts Marion," "Lady Bothwell's Lament," &c. And among the modern ones may be enumerated Shenstone's "Jemmy Dawson," "Bryan and Pereene," Cumnor Hall," and others.

The present copy belonged to George Chalmers, Esq., but whether he had any thing to do in forming this selection, although not improbable, we are unable to say. The title is engraved with a vignette frontispiece of an ancient bard playing on the harp.

In Calf extra.

A[NDERSON], (H[ENRY].) — The Court Convert: or, A Sincere Sorrow for Sin, Faithfully Travers'd; Expressing the Dignity of a True Penitent. Drawn in Little by One, whose manifold Misfortunes abroad, have render'd him necessitated to seek for Shelter here; by Dedicating himself and this said small Poem. By H. A. Gent. 8vo. Printed for the Author. n. d.

Like Jordan and some other needy poets who were in the habit of leaving a blank space in their dedications, to be filled up with the name of some rich patron, from whom they expected a largess, the dedications to this small poem have been left blank, and in the present copy it has been filled up by the author, in black letter, with the name of S^r^ John Manwayring, Bart.; and the opening lines of his address show too evidently the poverty-stricken condition of the writer: "S^r^ The Author's Condition being at present on a Level, and the Basis of his former Fortune overthrown, to get clear of the Dilemma, and prevent his future Interment in the Ruins, Humbly takes leave to Dedicate this small Poem (the offspring of a Pennyless Muse) to your kind acceptance. Having nothing in this Iron Age wherewith to support him but a feeble Quill. He knows it is not practicable to trade for Wealth in the Poets Territories, he might as well depend on the Wheel of Fortune for a Benefit, which only turns to the advantage of her Favorites, than fish for Pearl in the Muses Helicon, where are only Wrecks and no Riches; he has only play'd a little about the Brink; which, if not well done, is submitted to Correction," &c. This dedication is signed by the Author's name in full, Henry Anderson. It has apparently been intended to add a preface or some further introductory matter, as the poem commences on page 9, sig. B 1, and the title and epistle only occupy four pages, but all the copies known are like the present, except that some few of them have the name of Henry Audley as the writer instead of Anderson, of whom beyond his name nothing appears to be known.

The author commences his poem with the following lines, bewailing the folly of depending on courts, or the smiles of princes, and that all, both monarchs and subjects, must equally submit to the stroke of death, who knows no distinctions:

Deluding World, which hath so long amus'd,
And with false Shapes my dreaming Soul abus'd:
Tyrannick Court, where simple Mortals buy
With Life and Fortune, splendid Slavery;
Hence-forth adieu; my goodly stock of years
Laid out for that, I now lament with tears.
Monarchs, who with amazing splendor glare,
And Favourites, who their reflections are;
Both shine, 'tis true, but 'tis like Glass they do;
Brittle as that, and made of Ashes too:
The Hour is set, wherein they must disown
The Royal Pomp, the Treasure, and the Throne:

The dazling lustre of Majestick State,
Shall be extinguish'd by the hand of Fate;
* * * *
God only is immortal: Man not so:
Life to be paid, upon demand, we owe.
The rigid Laws of Fate, with none dispence,
From the least Beggar, to the greatest Prince.
The crooked Scythe, that no distinction knows,
Monarchs and Slaves, indifferently mows.

He then proceeds to show that God alone deserves man's love, and that

His Health, his Riches, and his sole Delight,
Is here to serve his God with all his might.

The poem closes with an acknowledgment of the author's love and gratitude to Jesus, in having thus preserved him from the snares and dangers of the court and the world, and with a declaration of his readiness to forego all comfort, everything, even life itself, for Christ's sake, and for the service of God.

The reader with find a long notice of this little work, with ample quotations, in *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 481.

From the Mainwaring Collection at Peover.

In the original Calf binding, gilt leaves.

Andrewe, (Thomas.) — The Vnmasking of a feminine Machiavell. By Thomas Andrewe Gent. Est nobis voluisse satis. Scene and allowed by authority. 4to. London Printed by Simon Stafford, and are to be sold by George Loftis, at the golden Ball in Popes head Alley. 1604.

It is somewhat difficult to make out the true meaning of this short poem, which, under the shadow of a dream or vision, appears to relate some of the real events of the author's life, who, during the wars which were then going on in Flanders between the United States and the Spaniards, embarking at Dover, went to Guelderland, and joined the forces there under Prince Maurice and our own gallant commander Sir Francis Vere, and while serving abroad was present at the battle of Newport or Nieuport in Flanders, June 22, 1600, fought by the Dutch and English against the

Archduke Albert and the powers of Spain, in which the latter were totally defeated. A description of this battle, in which Sir Francis Vere was wounded, forms a leading portion of the work. After the battle the author returned to England, where he appears to have suffered in his reputation from the plotting arts of a false female friend, whom he compares to Medea, and from whom we suppose is derived the title of "The Vnmasking of a feminine Machiavell." This title is followed by a prose dedication "To his worthy and reverend Vncle M. D. Langworth Archdeacon of Welles;" a sonnet "To the vertuous Mistris Judith Hawkins;" a prose address "To the Reader;" some lines "To Detraction" by the author; ten lines in Latin "In laudem Authoris, magistri Thomæ Andreæ, Generosi, Δεκασικον," signed Robt. Hunt, Heath-fieldensis; six lines "To his worthy friend Mr. Thomas Andrewe," by E. B. Gent. (query Edward Benlowes); and two six-line stanzas by Samuel Rowlands to the same. The poem then follows, which is preceded by a short prologue in verse:

The Argument of this Booke.

Possest with sleepe, in silent night,
Me thought I found a wofull wight,
Whose heart was heavy, looke was sad,
In sorrowes colours being clad,
In a vast desert all alone,
For his desaster making mone,
Filling with plaints the tender ayre,
Who, when to him I did repayre,
His various fortunes and estate
To me did mournfully relate:
And did desire I would unfold
What unto me by him was told.
Haplesse *Andrea* was he call'd,
Whose heart with sorrowes deepe was gal'd.
What e're I saw in that strange dreame,
My Muse hath chosen for her theame.

The poem opens thus:

Blacke vapory clouds, the gloomy night attending,
From *Acheron* to the star'd skye ascending,
Twixt heauens bright lamps, and th' earth were interposde
Darkning the rayes cleare *Cynthia* had disclosde:
To poynt the wandring Pilgrims out their wayes,
Whilst *Titan* to th' *Antipodes* displayes

His glorious splendor, when from us a space
His wel-breath'd Coursers runne another race.
I seeing thus the sable Curtaynes spread
Before the glittring Windowes, o're my head
Hearing nights Sentinell, the vnluckie Owle
Shrieke lowd, then feareles of the wondring fowle,
Who in the day pursuing him with spight
Made him detest and not indure the light.
The greene wood left where *Philomel* did sing
The lustfull rapine of the Thracian king,
And warned by the Euen that forsooke me,
As time requirde, vnto my bed betooke me,
Wherein, poore I, of loue left and forlorne
Did meane to rest me till the purple morne.
By the shrill musicke of the timely Larke,
Should be awakte, to drive away the darke,
And make night in her smoaky Charriot drawne
To yeeld her place to the delightfull dawne;
Ah, but though me the dayes long course had tyred,
I found not then the rest that I desired:
For when light *Morpheus*, that gentle god,
Had toucht mine eyes with his sleep-charming rod,
I saw such apparitions in a slumber,
As fil'd my heart with pity, feare, and wonder.
Do thou, my Muse, my drooping thoughts inspire,
Touch my sad soule with true *Promethean* fire,
And be propitious to mine artlesse pen,
That I may shew the visions vnto men,
That in th' obscure and melancholy night
Were strangely represented to my sight:
Into my Verse such eloquence infuse,
That whosoeuer doth my lines peruse,
May learne to shun false friends, finding by reason,
The dearer trust proues oft the deadlyer treason.

He appears to stand

——————— vpon a sedgie banke,
Where fennish Reeds, and Bulrushes were ranke,
That walked in a Riuer that did glide
With pleasing murmur by a Forrest side.

* * * *

On their delights, meaning to gaze a while,
For a short space my sorrowes to beguile,

Such a sad sound did enter in mine ear,
As canceld ioyes, and did recall my care:
For there (me thought) a man in deepe despaire,
I heard breathe forth suspires into the ayre,
Whose earnfull accents were no sooner gone,
But in this dolefull wise he 'gan to mone:
To playne of Time, of Fortune, and of Fate,
Lothing his life, delight being out of date.

At the close of Andrea's tale is a description of the arrival of Morpheus in "a waiged Carre," who, placing Andrea and the author therein, conducts them to the infernal regions

——————— that confused Den,
Where are th' eternall punishments for them
That surfetting in sinne euen from their birth,
Without true penitence doe leaue the earth.

After describing the various inhabitants of this dreadful place, and the torments that await them, and to which place of pain and darkness he assigns his feminine Machiavel friend, he awakes from his slumber, the vision departs, and the poem concludes.

There is a short article on this poem in the *Cens. Liter.* vol. ii. p. 225, from the pen of Mr. Haslewood. It is exceedingly scarce, and sold at Mr. Heber's sale, pt. viii. No. 153, for 3*l.* 16*s.*; Inglis's ditto, No. 2, 3*l.*; Bright's ditto, No. 124, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 164, 6*l.* 6*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to F 2, in fours, twenty-two leaves.

Beautiful copy. Bound by Charles Lewis, in Venetian Morocco, gilt leaves.

Annalia Dubrensia. Vpon the yeerely celebration of Mr. Robert Dovers Olimpick Games vpon Cotswold Hills. Written by Michaell Drayton, Esq. John Trussell, Gent. William Durham, Oxon. William Denny, Esq. Thomas Randall, Gent. Ben. Johnson. John Dover, Gent. Owen Feltham, Gent. Francis Izod, Gent. Nicholas Wallington, Ox. John Ballard, Oxon. Timothy Ogle, Gent. William Ambrose, Oxon. William Bellas, Gent. Thomas Cole, Oxon. William Basse, Gent. Captaine Menese. John Trussell, Gent. William

Cole, Gent. Ferriman Rutter, Oxon. John Stratford, Gent. Thomas Sanford, Gent. Robert Griffin, Gent. John Cole, Gent. Robert Durham, Oxon. A. Sirinx, Oxon. John Monson, Esq. Walton Poole, Gent. Richard Wells, Oxon. William Forth, Esq. Shack. Marmyon, Gent. R. N. Thomas Heywod, Gent. 4to London. Printed by Robert Raworth, for Mathewe Walbancke. 1636.

It appears that from a very early period an annual celebration of rural games had taken place on the Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, probably at Whitsuntide, which having fallen into a state of desuetude, were revived in 1603 by Mr. Robert Dover, an active attorney, and a man of a free and generous spirit, a native of Barton-on-the-Heath, in Warwickshire, more frequently styled, perhaps from courtesy, Captain Dover. These games were very numerously attended by persons from all parts of the country round about, and consisted originally of wrestling, leaping, cudgel playing, fencing, pitching the bar, throwing the hammer, tossing the pike, &c. &c.; to which were added by Dover, coursing, tumbling, and dancing for the ladies, a temporary castle of boards being erected for their special accommodation, from which guns were fired, a representation of which is given in the frontispiece of the above volume. Ant. Wood has given a lively description of these games, which continued for forty years under the superintendence of Captain Dover, their chief manager and director, who appeared on those occasions in the very clothes, with a hat and feather, that had been worn by James I., which were given to him by Endimion Porter, a native of Gloucestershire, and a servant to the king, — and who assumed while there in consequence much state and solemnity.

It was in commemoration of these yearly games thus celebrated (which were broken up and put an end to by the Puritans in the time of the civil war) that this volume was published in 1636, consisting entirely of complimentary verses by Drayton, Ben Jonson, Randolph, Basse, Owen Feltham, and other well known writers of that time. Before the book is a very rare engraved frontispiece, representing the various games and sports above mentioned, with the castle built on a mound at the top, from whence guns are being fired, and at the bottom the figure of Captain Dover on horseback gaily attired, riding about and superintending the games. The only other prefix to the volume is a short address "To my worthy Friend Mr. Robert Dover"

from Matthew Walbancke, the publisher, apologising for his boldness in printing ("non obstante Dubrensi patrono") these encomiums of so many noble poets. From these verses we select, as one of the most favourable specimens of the collection, the first set by Michael Drayton.

To my Noble Friend Mr. Robert Dover, on his brave annuall Assemblies upon Cotswold.

Dover, to doe thee right, who will not striue,
That dost in these dull yron Times revive
The golden Ages glories; which poore wee
Had not so much as dream't on but for Thee?
As those brave *Grecians* in their happy dayes,
On Mount *Olympus* to their *Hercules*
Ordain'd their games Olimpick, and so nam'd
Of that great Mountaine; for those pastimes fam'd:
Where then their able youth, leapt, wrestled, ran,
Threw the arm'd Dart; and honour'd was the Man
That was the Victor; In the Circute there
The nimble Rider, and skil'd Chariotere
Strove for the Garland; In those noble Times
There to their Harpes the Poets sang their Rimes;
That whilst *Greece* flourisht, and was onely then
Nurse of all Arts, and of all famous men:
Numbring their yeers, still their accounts they made
Either from this or that *Olimpiade.*
So *Dover*, from these *Games*, by thee begun,
Wee'l reckon ours, as time away doth run.
Wee'l have thy Statue in some Rocke cut out,
With brave Inscriptions garnished about,
And vnder written, *Loe, this was the man*
Dover, that first these noble Sports began.
Ladds of the Hills, and Lasses of the Vale,
In many a song, and many a merry Tale
Shall mention Thee; and having leave to play,
Vnto thy name shall make a Holy day.
The *Cotswold* Shepheards as their flocks they keepe,
To put off lazie drowsinesse and sleepe,
Shall sit to tell, and heare thy Story tould,
That night shall come ere they their flocks can fould.

Michaell Drayton.

Near the close of the volume appears "A Congratulatory Poem to my Poeticall and Learned Noble Friends, Compilers of this Booke," by Robert

Dover himself, and the whole is wound up with "A Panegerick to the worthy Mr. Robert Dover," by Thomas Heywood.

This subject is interesting, from the circumstance of these Cotswold games having been known to and probably visited by our immortal bard, who has alluded to them in the second part of *King Henry IV.*, act iii. sc. 2, where Shallow, enumerating the swinge-bucklers, mentions, "Will Squele a Cotswold man," as one well versed in these athletic games; and in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. 1, he represents Slender as asking Page, "How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was out run on Cotsale."—See Johnson and Reed's *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 16; and Warton's note on the present work.

It would seem that a veneration for all old English sports and pastimes is still preserved among the residents in that neighbourhood, associated with the recollections of their Cotswold forefathers. In the year 1839, at a meeting of a Coursing Club, on the occasion of presenting to a gentleman of the club (Walter L. Lawrence, Esq., of Sandywell) a valuable piece of plate in token of their esteem for his character, that gentleman, after observing that coursing was recorded as one of the most ancient and favourite amusements, and giving the passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, remarked that the subsequent dialogue left no doubt that Shakespeare must have been himself a courser, and often seen greyhounds run over Cotswold, and that Mr. W. Denny, one of the poets in *Annalia Dubrensia*, had given a quaint but characteristic picture of coursing:

> The Swallow footed *Greyhound* hath the prize,
> A silver studded Coller; who out-flies
> The rest in lightnings speed, who first comes by
> His strayning copes-mates, with celeritie
> Turnes his affrighted game, then coates againe
> His forward Rivall, on the fencelesse plaine,
> And after *Laborinthian* turnes, surprise
> The game, whilst he doth pant her Obsequies.

Mr. Lawrence further observed that "The spirit of their Cotswold fathers did indeed seem to have descended on the present inhabitants of the old hills, and of the vale of Gloucester;" and concluded his speech by invoking most fervently every blessing on his friends, and in the words of their revered Cotswolder, Robert Dover, by saying

> And let Content and Mirth all those attend,
> That doe all harmlesse honest sports defend.

For further information respecting the present now somewhat scarce volume, the reader may consult Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iv. p. 222; Beloe's *Liter. Anecd.* vol. ii. p. 105; Drake's *Shakesp. and His Times*, vol. i. p. 252; Granger's *Hist. Engl.* vol. iii. p. 240; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 891, where a copy is priced at 7*l.* 7*s.*; Nassau's sale, No. 168, 2*l.* 11*s.*; Midgley's ditto, No. 69, 8*l.* 8*s.*; Skegg's ditto, No. 35, 2*l.* 19*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 203, 1*l.* 12*s.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 152, 12*l.* 12*s.*

Collation: Title A 1; Sig. A two leaves; B to K 1 in fours.

The present copy has the extremely rare frontispiece, and is bound by Charles Lewis

In Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

ANTON, (ROBERT). — The Philosophers Satyrs; Written by M. Robert Anton, of Magdalen Colledge in Cambridge. Gaude, quod spectant oculi te mille loquentem: Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet ætas. 4to. London, Printed by T. C. and B. A. for Roger Jackson, and are to be sold at his shop in Fleet street, ouer against the great Conduit. 1616. pp. 96.

The idea of the title of this work appears to be derived from Ariosto's *Seven Satires*, a work which had been translated into English before this period by Robert Tofte, but erroneously published in the name of Gervase Markham, 4to 1608, and again reprinted anonymously with some additions in 1611, 4to, under the title of "Seven Planets gouerning Italie." So also these are entitled "The Philosophers Seven Satyrs, alluding to the seven Planets," each satire being named from one of the planets.

After the title there occurs a short prose dedication, "To the Right Honourable William Lord Herbert Earle of Pembrooke, Baron of Cardiffe, Marmion, and St. Quintin," &c., in which the author thus conceitedly speaks of his work: "This book was conceiued in dog-daies, and must bite, the signe is in Scorpio, and the planets in their most criticall mansion." . . . . . "Kings haue accepted rootes from a Philosopher: the gift is small: yet it calls you Lord, and me Master. A satire is musicke worthie of Pithagoras his opinion, especially, when the planets dance a heauenly lauolto, they are nimble spirited and actiue, and onely hope for the passiue part of your noble patronage."

This is followed by a prose address "To the Courteous and Iudicious Reader," commencing thus grandiloquently: "Who ere thou art, that art intellectuall, be thou my Organist, and let thy soule, which with Philosophers is but a harmonie, keepe time with this Musicall maske of the Spheares. I have laboured here to present Art and Nature without their ugly periwiggs of obsceane and shallow Poetry, and haue distinguisht the confusion of time from a graue and methodical dialect," &c.

To this address succeed commendatory verses, viz. four Latiu lines: "In Satyras dignissimas et verè Phylosophicas amici sui verissimi Roberti Anton;" a sonnet in English "To his ingenious friend R. A.," signed J. D., probably John Davies; and verses "To the Author," signed P. B. Medii Temp. The second satire has a prose dedication in Latin to Abbot Archbp. of Canterbury. The third one in English verse to Prince Charles. The fourth in prose to the Right Honourable the Earle of Essex, Baron of Ewe, &c. The fifth in verse to the Ladie Anne Randyll. The sixth in prose to Sir John Woodward, Knight, &c.; and the seventh also in prose to Thomas Lord Windesor.

These satires are written in an inflated and pedantic style, with occasional vigorous and happy lines and expressions: and perhaps the following passage, alluding to the solemn and affected manner of some travellers, and their vain and boasting accounts of the wonders they have seen, is as favourable a specimen of this author as could be selected:

——— their *trauels* well do understand
Sweete *Sion:* and the blessed holy-land:
Iudeas ruines, and the raced *Towers*
Of great *Jerusalem*, by *Titus* powers:
The sacred *relickes* of that *tombe*, they made,
Wherein our *Saviours* body *Joseph* laide:
The *worlds* seuen *wonders*, whom all *times* prefer
To be *Mausolus* stately *sepulcher*.
Egypts *Pyramides* the *second* is:
The *third* the *Obeliske* of *Semiramis:*
The *fourth*, the rich *Colossi* of the *Sonne*
At *Rhodes:* the *fifth* the *walls* of *Babylon:*
The *sixth*, *Dianaes temple* (as appeares)
That was in building two and twentie yeares:
The *seuenth* and last, was that most curious *frame*
Of *Iupiter* Olympus, knowne by *Fame*.
All which because they can with *points* relate
They boldly challenge *eminence* in *state:*

And walke with mumbling, and a grim neglect,
As if each *stone* were bound to giue respect,
With notice of their *trauells*, that haue runne,
Their *progresse* through the *world* from *sunne* to *sun:*
As if the *state* (like *Gray-hounds*) thought men fit
For *footmenship*, and not for searching wit:
A *horse* of *Barberie*, that scowers the ground,
Or *Drake*'s fleete *Pinnis*, that did dance the *round*,
About the *world*, in *trauell* can compare
With the most proudest *traueller*, that dare
Cut the burnt *line:* or with *Trans-alpine* state,
Contend in pilgrimage with Coryat.

Coryat's *Crudities* were published in 1611, 4to, five years before the present work, and were frequently made the subject of burlesque remark by the writers of that period. The following passage in the sixth satire may be quoted for the sake of its reference to some of our early poets. It appears to allude at the commencement, under the sobriquet of "riming sculler," to John Taylor the water poet, who had already published *The Sculler rowing from Tiber to Thames, with his Boate laden with a hotch-potch or gallimawfry of Sonnets, Satyres, and Epigrams*, with a woodcut of Taylor rowing in a boat, 4to, 1612; his *Greate Britaine all in Black for the loss of Prince Henry*, 4to, 1612; *Heavens Blessing and Earths Joy*, 4to, 1613; and *The Nipping and Snipping of Abuses*, 4to, 1614:

The *chollericke complexion* hot and drie,
Writes with a *Seriants* hand most gripingly.
The *Phlegmaticke* in such a *waterie vaine*
As if some (riming-Sculler) got his *straine.*
But the sound *melancholicke* mixt of earth,
Plowes with his *wits*, and brings a sollid *birth:*
The *labor'd lines* of some deepe reaching *Scull*,
Is like some *Indian ship* or stately *hull*,
That three yeares *progresse* furrows up the *maine*
Bringing rich *Ingots* from his *loaden braine:*
His *art* the *sunne*, his *labors* are the *mines*,
His *sollid stuffe* the *treasure* of his *lines:*
Mongst which most massiue *Mettalls* I admire
The most iudicious *Beaumont*, and his *fire:*
The euer Colum-builder of his fame,
Sound searching *Spencer* with his Faierie-frame,
The labor'd *Muse* of *Johnson*, in whose *loome*
His *silk-worme stile* shall build an honor'd toombo

In his own *worke:* through his long curious *twins*
Hang in the roofe of *time* with daintie *lines:*
Greeke-thundring *Chapman* beaten to the age
With a deepe *furie* and a sollid *rage:*
And Morrall *Daniell* with his pleasing *phrase*
Filing the rockie *methode* of these *daies.*
As for those *Dromidarie* wits, that flie
With swifter *motion*, then swift *Time* can tie
To a more *snaile-like progresse*, slow and sure,
May their *bold becham Muse* the *curse* indure
Of a *waste-paper Pesthouse*, and so rise
As like the *sunnes* proud *flower* it daily dies.

At the close of the work the author threatens on a future occasion

——————————— to sing
Of glistening *Iewels*, and each *pretious thing:*
To tell the vertue of the *Chrysolite*,
The sparkling *Carbuncle* that shines by *night*,
The purple *Hyacinth*, whose *stone* imparts
Sollace and *mirth* to our griefe-nummed *harts:*
The heauenly *Azure Saphirs* qualitie,
Whom authors say, preserueth chastitie:
The greene *Smaragdus*, foe to *Venus* reakes,
Whose *stone* in hot *coniunction* blushing *breakes*,
And many more, that by the glorious *Sunne*
In the earths wombe take their *conception*,
These in their *order* should my *pen* incite
Of *Natures uniuersall workes* to write,
And in sweet *morall lectures* to applie
The *worlds abuses* to their misterie:
But that I hardly can be brought, to thinke
The *time* loues *gaull*, by which I make mine *inke*,
Or haue so much wit in their *shallow braines*,
To reade and understand me for my *paines.*
For by this plague we euer are outstript,
When we whip others we our selues are whipt
By Carters, and poore silly senslesse hinds;
Whose grosser *bodies* carry grosser *minds*
For understanding: — such lend onely *lookes*
And thinke of *Poems* as of coniuring *bookes*
Where in they see braue circles to the eye,
But more *admire* then *know* the *misteriee*
Of *Arts profunditie*: — I feare none but such:
My selfe *hath liv'd too long, and writ* too much.

The writer seems in some of these lines to allude to Wither's *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, which was first printed in 1613, and had already passed through three or four editions before the publication of the present work. Although the author says in the last line that he had "lived too long," from whence we may infer that he was not very young when he published this volume of poems, and that he had already "writ too much," we are not aware of any other work of his than the present. Nor does anything more seem to be known of his life beyond the circumstance of his having been a member of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

The present is a fine copy of the first edition of these Satires, of which there was a second published the year following with the title of *Vices Anatomie Scourged or Corrected in New Satires, lately written by Robert Anton, of Magdalen College, Cambridge*, 4to, 1617; but probably this is only the same edition as the former with a reprinted title page, a practice frequently resorted to in those days by the printers when the works did not sell. — See Warton's *Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, vol. iv. p. 411, 8vo edit. 1824; *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. i. p. 532 note; and Rose's *Biogr. Dict.* vol. ii. p. 17. — At Skegg's sale, No. 40, a copy of the first edition sold for 3*l.*

Bound in Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

A[NTROBUS,] B[ENJAMIN]. Buds and Blossoms of Piety, with some Fruit of the Spirit of Love. And Directions to the Divine Wisdom. Being a Collection of Papers writen by B. A. The Second Edition with Additions. 8vo. London: Printed by H. Clark, for Thomas Northcott, in George-yard in Lumbard-street, 1691.

A short metrical address to the "Friendly Reader" signed N. B. follows the title, with some lines by J. C., and a table of "The Contents." The volume contains sixty-three short pieces of rather prosaic religious poetry, exclusive of "The Introduction." A very short specimen may satisfy our readers.

XX.

Of Divine Love.

What shall I say of *Love*, the chiefest Good?
'Tis Bread of Life, the Souls Cœlestial Food;

The blessed Mansion of Eternity,
The Residence, and Dwelling of the high
And lofty One; the *New Jerus'lem* bright
Fill'd with that glorious Splendor and great Light,
Which doth the seven-fold light o'th' sun transcend,
Which Light transparent never shall have end.

O depth of Love, and boundless Ocean wide!
Under the shadow of thy Wings us hide:
And keep us, Lord, in perfect Rest and Peace,
Show'r down thy Mercies, make all Discords cease;
Reveal thy Light, thy glorious Truth make known,
And by thy conquering *Love* bind all in one,
That in an Oneness, all may sing amain,
Jehovah, King on Earth, in us doth reign.

The author's name, Benjamin Antrobus, is contained in an acrostic at p. 107. We know nothing of him, except that he appears to have suffered frequent confinement in prison on religious grounds, being, we conclude, a Nonconformist, as we gather from the poem, No. 48.

Some Lines written by the Author, in the Time of his Imprisonment.

Oft-time before, as well as now, have I
Been into Prison cast, fast there to lie;
But not for Ill, or Wrong done unto any,
'Tis only for Religion. * * *

On this subject there is "A Letter from W. L." commencing

Dear Benjamin,

When Tidings of thy fresh Confinement came,
My Soul, a living member of the same
Cœlestial Body, could not but partake
Of what thou suffers for the Gospel sake, &c.

Some lines entitled "A Triple Plea" are signed T. C., and others, Nos. xliv. and xlvii., are by J. C. The author signs his initials B. A. at the end of the last poem "Concerning Humility."—*Bibl. Ang.-Poet.* No. 897, *1l. 5s.*

In Blue Calf extra, gilt leaves.

ARNOLD'S (RICHARD) CHRONICLE. — In this boke is conteined ye names of the baylyfs Custose Mayers and sherefs of ye cyte of london from the tyme of Kynge Richard the fyrst and also the artycles of ye Chartour and lybartyes of England with other dyuers maters good and necessary for euery cytezen to understond and knowe. Fol. blk. lett. Without printer's name, place, or date.

In this curious volume, which is a strange medley of information relating to lists of mayors, charters, assizes of bread, family receipts, and historical matters, our readers may be aware that the beautiful poem of the "Nut-brown Maid," which has been so elegantly but unfaithfully modernized by Prior, first appeared. The book is generally called Arnold's *Chronicle*, though with little pretensions to that title, and with which the poem in question has no connection of any sort.

The author, Richard Arnold, was a citizen of London, dwelling in the parish of St. Magnus, London Bridge, and would appear from the evidence afforded by his own book to have been a merchant trading much to Flanders, probably a member of the Haberdashers' Company, being styled a haberdasher in the will of John Amell the elder, citizen and cutler of London, to whom he was appointed executor. He appears to have been desirous of noting down and collecting together all matters connected with the laws, charities, liberties and customs of the city of London, which were worthy of being preserved, and of handing them down to posterity. He was in the habit, in pursuit of his business, of travelling abroad into Flanders and other parts, and on one occasion was confined in the castle of Sluys in Flanders on suspicion of being a spy. He had a wife named Alice, and a son called Nicholas. He is supposed to have died about 1521, soon after the publication of the last edition of his work, and was at least seventy years of age at the time of his death, and probably older.

The work has but small pretensions to be considered a chronicle, the name of which was first given it by Hearne, and has since been commonly adopted. Its contents relate more immediately to the city of London and its customs, and from thence it is sometimes entitled *The Customes of London*, or *The Articles of the Charter and Liberties of the City of London*. It is not considered to be an original work, the list of mayors being copied from a MS. in the Cottonian collection, and some of the other articles from various MS. sources.

The first edition of Arnold's *Chronicle* was printed abroad at Antwerp by John Doesborowe about 1505. It is not improbable, as Mr. Douce suggests, that Arnold when abroad on his business matters in Flanders may have become acquainted with Doesborowe, who had already been employed by other Englishmen; and it is somewhat singular that while only one Dutch book of his printing is known, no less than nine of his are recognized in English. It is without any date, place or printer's name, but they are amply evidenced by a comparison with other books by the same printer.

The present is usually considered to be the second edition of Arnold's work, and although without his name or address, is believed to be from the press of Peter Treveris, who was the first printer in the borough of Southwark. It is well printed for the time, with large floreated capitals of a peculiar kind, and commences on Sig. A 2, with the words which we have given above as the title. It is without any colophon or imprint, and is only assigned to Treveris from the general similarity of type with his other known works. It has no date, but this is fixed from the list of sheriffs ending with the 11 Henry VIII. about the year 1520, when Arnold might be still living. A third edition has been alluded to, but apparently upon no good foundation.

The title which we have recited above is at the head of the index or table of contents, which is printed in double columns. The volume is without any more general title, and contains one hundred and thirty-four leaves, not one hundred and thirty-three as stated by Mr. Collier. The poem of the "Nut-brown Maid" is inserted on Sig. N 6 (not Sig. O 6 according to Mr. Collier) without any introduction or heading of any kind, and consists of thirty six-line stanzas. It was supposed by Hearne to have been written as early as the reign of Henry V., and by Bishop Percy about the beginning of that of Henry VII., but with much more probability has been assigned by Capel, Warton, Douce, Collier and others, to a period not earlier than the commencement of the sixteenth century, the name of its author being shrouded in oblivion. It is mentioned among the list of popular tales and ballads recorded by Laneham in his account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, p. 34, which Captain Cox had at his finger ends, and must therefore have been popular at that time. It was first revived, according to Bishop Percy, in the *Muses Mercury* for June 1707, 4to, being prefaced with a little "Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry," where it was first seen by Prior. It has since been reprinted by Capel in his *Prolusions*, 8vo, 1760,

by Percy in his *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.* vol. ii. p. 28, and in *Cens. Lit.* vol. i. p. 15. It was in 1718 or thereabouts that it was paraphrased by Prior, who made it the ground-work of his *Henry and Emma*, and who has enlarged and overlaid the poem with ornament, at the sacrifice of its simplicity and pristine beauty. "Whoever," says Warton, "was the original inventor of this little dramatic dialogue he has shown no common skill in contriving a plan, which powerfully detains our attention, and interests the passions, by a constant succession of suspense and pleasure, of anxiety and satisfaction." It is curious to compare this judgment of Warton with what Dr. Johnson has said of Prior's imitation, in his *Life* of that poet. Johnson calls it "a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither esteem for the man nor tenderness for the woman. The example of Emma, who resolves to follow an outlawed murderer wherever fear and guilt shall drive him, deserves no imitation; and the experiment by which Henry tries the lady's constancy is such as must end either in infamy to her, or in disappointment to himself." It seems clear from this account that Johnson was entirely unaware of the existence of the ancient version of the ballad, and considered Prior's paraphrase as an original poem.

From the circumstance of the hero in the ballad being described as an Earl of Westmoreland and an outlaw, Dr. Whitaker, in his *Hist. of Craven*, has imagined that he was Henry Lord Clifford, afterwards Earl of Cumberland, the son of the shepherd lord, who being at variance with his father, turned outlaw, and led a dissolute life; but the first edition of the work having been published when that nobleman was only nine years old, this ingenious theory must of course fall to the ground.

As this ballad is a great curiosity, the form of its stanza being unlike any other, the reader will naturally expect to see a short extract, which shall be taken from the opening lines:

Be it right or wrōg, these mē amōg . on womā do complayne
Affyrmynge this, nowe that it is . A labour spent in wayne
To loue thē well, for neuer a dele . They loue a mā agayne
For late a man, do what he can . theyr fauour to attayne
Yet yf a newe, to them pursue . theyr fyrst true louer than
Laboureth for nought, for from her tought . he is a banysshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day . It is bothe writ and sayd
That women's fayth, is as who sayth . all utterly decayed
But neuerthelesse, ryght good witnesse . in his case myght be layed
That they loue true, and contynue . recorde the Nutbrowne mayed

Whiche whan her loue, came her to proue . to her to make his mone
Wolde nat departe, for in her hert . she loued but hym alone.

Then betwayne us, let us dyscus . what was all the manere
Betwayne them two, we wyll also . tell all the payne in fere
That she was in, nowe I begyn . so that ye me answere
Wherefore all ye, that present be . I pray you gyue an ere
I am the knyght, I come by nyght . as secret as I can
Sayinge alas, thus standyth the case . I am a banysshed man

And I your wyll, for to fulfyll . In this wyll nat refuse
Trustynge to shewe, in wordes fewe . y^{t} men haue an yll use
To theyr owne shame, women to blame . And causeles them accuse
Therfore to you, I answere nowe . All women to excuse
Myn owne hert dere, with you what chere . I pray you tell anone
For in my mynde, of all mankynde . I loue but you alone.

It standeth so, as dede is do . Wherof great harme shall growe
My desteny, is for to dy . A shame full deth I trowe
Or elles to fle, the one must be . None other way I knowe
But to with drawe, as an outlawe . And take me to my bowe
Wherfore adew, my owne hert trewe . None other red I can
For I must to the grene wode go . alone a bannysshed man

O Lorde what is this worldys blysse . that chaũged as y^{e} mone
The somers day, in lusty may . is derked before the mone
I here you saye farwell nay . nay, we departe not so sone
Why say ye so, wheder wyll ye goo . alas what haue ye one
All my welfare, to sorowe and care . sholde chaunge yf ye were gone
For in my mynde, of all mankynde . I loue but you alone.

Mr. Douce has conjectured, and not improbably, that this ballad has a German origin, and has noticed a Latin poem in the works of Bebelius, printed at Paris 1516, 4to, entitled *Vulgaris Cantio*, translated from an old German ballad, in which the general features of the poem, together with some striking coincidences of expression, render it probable that the author of the English ballad had seen the other. He is also of opinion that Arnold, during his stay at Antwerp, where he would see many of his countrymen, may have met with some Englishman, who, admiring the German original, might have written an imitation of it, which falling into the hands of Arnold, was inserted by him in his *Chronicle*. Besides the translation of Bebelius, there is another version, also in French, by Jean Paradin, printed in 1546.

It is probable that the ballad was printed more than once in a separate

form, as it appears that John Kynge was fined half-a-crown by the Stationers' Company for printing it without a licence in 1559.

A limited reprint of Arnold was published under the editorial care of the late Mr. Douce, "from the first edition with the additions included in the second," in 4to, London 1811, with an excellent introduction by Mr. Douce, to which we have felt ourselves much indebted. For further information respecting this curious and heterogeneous volume, the reader may consult Oldys's *Brit. Librarian*, No. 7, p. 22; Herbert's *Typog. Antiq.* vol. iii. p. 746; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.* vol. iii. p. 34, whose account is meagre and unsatisfactory, and *Libr. Comp.* vol. i. p. 174, full of mistakes; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iii. p. 419; Percy's *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.* vol. ii. p. 28; Whitaker's *Hist. of Craven*, p. 229 note; *Cens. Liter.* vol. i. p. 14; and Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.* p. 10. Copies of this rare work are in the British Museum and in the Bodleian Library; of both the first and second editions in the Grenville collection; of the second, formerly belonging to Archbishop Tenison, in the Lambeth Library; in the Douce collection at Oxford; in the Ellesmere and Mr. Wilbraham's ditto. Brand's copy, No. 227, sold for 18*l.* 18*s.*; Mason's ditto, 15*l.* 15*s.*; Lansdowne ditto, 7*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Sir P. Thompson's ditto, No. 147, 18*l.*; Mr. M. M. Sykes's ditto, No. 454, 12*l.* 12*s.*; Roxburghe ditto, No. 8355, 22*l.* 1*s.*

As the collation of this volume varies in some of the accounts of it, it is here repeated. It commences on Sig. A 2; A, four leaves; B, eight leaves; C, four; then B again, four; C D and E, eight each; F G H I K L M N O P Q, six each; R, eight; S T, six each; and U, five leaves.

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis in Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

A[RTHINGTON], (H[ENRY].) — Principall Points of holy profession, touching these three estates of mankind. 1. Their Creation. 2. Their Subuersion. 3. Their Restoration. Wherein 1. Gods mercifulnesse. 2. Satans maliciousnesse. 3. And mans weakenesse is made manifest. Composed in verse by H. A. G. [With the device of Thomas Pavyer, a man paving, with the motto round it, "Thou shalt labour till thou returne to dust," and the initials T. P.] 4to. London. Printed by Tho. Pavyer. 1607.

This little volume of religious poetry is dedicated to Henry Prince of Wales, the promising but shortlived son of James I., in a prose epistle, signed by the author, Henry Arthington. The dedication is followed by an acrostic "Upon euery letter of our Soueraignes Heyre-apparant, his most honorable Stile," by four six-line stanzas from "The Author to the Reader of this Booke," and by a table of contents. The volume consists of several short poems on the subjects stated in the title, in which questions are asked, and objections made, and answered and refuted; with frequent marginal references to various texts of Scripture. The following is a fair sample of the poetry, if we may call it so:

Mankinds lamentation,
Of their miserable condition,
By naturall corruption,
Through Adams inclination
Vnto his wiues perswasion,
By Serpents first suggestion,
Through Sathans instigation.

1. All *Adams* heyres in him once blest
(Before his fearefull fall by sin)
But since, accursed with the rest,
To waile our woes, let us beginne,
Through Serpents first suggestion,
And mankinds first presumption.

2. Once, were our soules the Image pure
Of Gods eternall maiesty,
Now, are they filthy and obscure,
Like Sathan, in all villanie.
Through Serpents &c.

3. Once, was our wit and will most cleare,
To know, and do the will of God,
Now, are they voyde of all such care,
And after sin, do range abroad.
Through Serpents &c.

Henry Arthington the author, as appears from an account of him in Weaver's *Funeral Monuments*, fol. 1631, p. 54, was one of the wilful sectaries and fanatics who, under various denominations, formed at that time "a rable numberlesse." In 1591 he, along with Edmund Coppinger and William Hacket, were all imprisoned for blasphemy in proclaiming that Hacket "represented Christ, and that they were two Prophets, the

one of mercy, the other of judgement, called and sent of God, to assist this their Christ Hacket in his great worke." Hacket was also found guilty of treason against Queen Elizabeth, and on the 28th July was brought from Newgate to a gibbet erected in Cheapside, and there hung and quartered. Coppinger died the next day in Bridewell; "And Arthington" (who appears to have been led away by Hacket) "then lying in the Counter in Wood Street, submitting himselfe, writ a book of repentance, and was delivered." Sir Francis Freeling supposed that the present work was the "book of repentance" here named. But this is doubtful; and it is much more probable that the book in question was a work entitled *Arthington's Seduction by Hacket, and his unfained repentance*, 4to, Lond. 1592, not noticed by Lowndes, a copy of which was in Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 200.

Arthington's poems are of some rarity, and brought in Sir F. Freeling's sale, No. 172, 1*l.* 19*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 128, 1*l.* 11*s.*; and at Bright's ditto, No. 195, 2*l.* 3*s.*

Collation: Title, A 1; Sig. A to F 4, in fours. The present copy has the imprint cut off.

The Freeling copy. Bound by C. Lewis in Calf extra, gilt leaves.

ARWAKER, (EDMUND). — Pia Desideria: or, Divine Addresses in Three Books. Illustrated with XLVII. Copper Plates. Written in Latine by Herm. Hugo. Englished by Edm. Arwaker M.A. 8vo. London. Printed for Henry Bonwicke, at the Red-Lion in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1686. pp. 282.

Prefixed to this work is a neat emblematic frontispiece, which, together with the rest of the plates, were engraved by Sturt. It is dedicated in an epistle full of panegyric "To her Royal Highness the Princess Anne of Denmark," afterwards Queen Anne. This is followed by "The Preface," in which the translator states his reasons for undertaking the work: "From my first acquaintance with this author, which was as early as I was able to understand him, I found him so pleasing and agreeable, that I wish'd he were taught to speak *English*, that those who cou'd not understand him in his own language, might by that means partake of the satisfaction and advantage, I, at least, received in my conversation with him. And finding that not any pen had been employ'd about the work (for *Mr. Quarles* only borrow'd his *Emblems*, to præfix them to much inferior sense) rather than it

shou'd remain undon, and such an excellent piece of Devotion be lost to those who wou'd prize it most, *the Religious Ladies of our Age:* I resolv'd to engage in the attempt; and the rather, because the *Subject* was as sutable to my *Calling*, as a Clergyman, as the *Sense* was to my *Fancy*, as an humble admirer of *Poetry*, especially such as is Divine." The rest of the preface is occupied with stating the alterations he had made from the original work of Hugo, in omitting several fictitious stories and classical allusions, and in substituting Scriptural ones for them, and in omitting also "several historical passages taken from the *Legends of Saints and Martyrologies*," and some satyrical parts reflecting on the monks and friars, &c. The original work of Herman Hugo, entitled *Pia Desideria*, was an extremely popular work of its kind, and was first published at Antwerp in 1623. There were several later editions, and one at London in 1676. The fourth edition of 1636, now before us, is a little duodecimo volume with an engraved frontispiece, a figure supporting a flaming heart, in which the title is inscribed as follows: "*Pia Desideria*, authore Hermano Hugone editio 4. Antverpiæ Apud Henricum Aertssens. M.DC.XXXVI." The engravings are upon copper, and "in spite of an occasionally ludicrous effect, and the figures being often too short and thick, are very pleasingly and successfully executed." The engravings by Sturt in the translation of Arwaker are inferior to the original both in design and delicacy of execution, the figures in general being shorter and fatter, but still possessing considerable merit for the period of their execution.

Of the poetry, which is divided into three books, one specimen may suffice:

Book 3. *Embl.* 6.

Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon Earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. — *Psal.* lxxiii. 24.

One World subdu'd, the Conqu'ror did deplore,
That niggard Fate had not allow'd him more.
My vaster thoughts a thousand Worlds despise,
Nor lose one wish on such a worthless prize.
Not all the Universe from Pole to Pole,
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, can fill my boundless Soul.
What neither Earth's wide limits can contain,
Nor the large Empire of the spreading main:[1]

[1] What not th' extended Albion could contain
From old Belerium to the northern main
The grave unites. —Pope's *Windsor Forest.*

Nor Heav'n, whose vaster Globe does both inclose;
That's the sole object my ambition knows.
Till now, alas! my Soul at shadows caught,
And always was deceiv'd in what it sought.
Thou, Lord, alone art Heav'n, Earth, Sea, to me:
Thou, Lord, art All, all nothing without Thee.

See *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 7; Dibd. *Bibliog. Decam.* vol. i. p. 273; *Cens. Liter.* vol. ix. p. 2; and *Retrosp. Rev.* vol. ix. p. 132. The present is a nice clean copy, with fine impressions of the cuts, in the original Calf Binding, from the Mainwaring Library at Peover, Cheshire.

ARWAKER, (EDMUND).—Pia Desideria: or Divine Addresses, in Three Books. Illustrated with XLVII. Copper Plates. Written in Latine by Herm. Hugo. Englished by Edm. Arwaker M.A. The Second Edition, with alterations and Additions. 8vo. London. Printed by J. L. for Henry Bonwicke, at the Red-Lion in St. Paul's Church-yard. M.DC.XC. 1690.

The plates in this edition are exactly similar to those in the former; one of them however (the ninth) being reversed by accident in the printing. It has the introductory preface, but does not contain the dedicatory epistle to the Princess Anne of Denmark. It is not a mere reprint of the former edition, but as expressed on the title contains numerous "alterations and additions." The opening lines of the first emblem of book the third will serve as an example of the alterations between the two editions, which will not always perhaps be considered as improvements:

I.

I charge you, O Daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my Beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of Love. — *Cant.* v. 8.

Blest Residents on the bright Thrones above,
Who are transform'd to the sublimest Love;
To *my Belov'd* my restless Passion bear,
And gently whisper 't in his sacred ear.
To him my sighs, my languishments relate
Tell him my flame dissolves me with its heat.
Tell him, I pine beneath *Loves torrid Zone*,
As withering Flow'rs before the scorching Sun;

For scattering round his Darts, among the rest
He shot himself into my love-sick breast:
Thro' all my flesh, the Shaft, like Lightning stole,
And with strange infl'ence seiz'd my melting soul.
[1*st Edition.*]

I.

Blest *Residents* in those bright *Courts* above,
Those Starry Temples *where you Sing and Love:*
By sacred *Verse* I you adjure and bind,
If by a happy chance my Love you find;
To him my strong, my restless Passion bear,
And gently whisper 't in his sacred Ear;
How I each moment in soft Sighs expire,
And languish in the *Flames* of my Desire.
How I am scorch'd in Love's fierce *torrid Zone;*
As withering Flow'rs before the raging Sun.
For scattering round his Darts, among the rest
He shot himself into my love-sick breast:
Through blood and bones the shaft like lightning stole
And with strange infl'ence seiz'd my melting Soul.
[2*nd Edition.*]

Fine impressions of the plates. Bound by C. Smith.
In Brown Stamped Calf extra, gilt leaves.

Ashmole, (Elias.)—Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum. Containing severall Poeticall Pieces of our Famous English Philosophers, who have written the Hermetique Mysteries in their owne Ancient Language. Faithfully collected into one Volume, with Annotations thereon, by Elias Ashmole Esq. Qui est Mercuriophilus Anglicus. The First Part. [Device of a serpent and a toad with an eagle flying above, surrounded by drops, and underneath the motto, "Serpens et Bufo gradiens sup terrā aquila volans, est nostrū magisteriū."] 4to. London, Printed by J. Grismond for Nath. Brooke, at the Angel in Cornhill. 1652.

The reputation of Ashmole for diligent research and studious persevering industry was originally founded in a great measure on the publication of this

volume, which acquired for him shortly after the acquaintance and esteem of Selden, Oughtred, Dr. Wharton, and other learned men.

The work consists of a collection of short poetical treatises on alchemical subjects by English writers, with notes and explanations at the end by Ashmole. These had hitherto remained in MS., and it is related of Ashmole, that a competent knowledge of Hebrew being necessary for the understanding and explanation of various authors who had written on these abstruse subjects, he with this view acquired the rudiments of that language; and also learned the art of engraving on seals, casting in sand, and the trade of a working goldsmith.

The various treatises in this curious work are, 1. The Ordinall of Alchimy. Written by Thomas Norton of Bristoll, in seven chapters, with a Proheme. 2. The Compound of Alchymie. A most excellent, learned and worthy worke, written by Sir George Ripley, Chanon of Bridlington in Yorkshire; conteining twelve Gates. With an Epistle to King Edward the fourth, a prologue and a preface. This was written in 1471. 3. Liber Patris Sapientiæ; by an anonymous writer. 4. Hermes Bird, written originally in Latin by Raymund Lully, and translated into English by Cremer abbot of Westminster. 5. The Tale of the Chanons Yeoman, written by our ancient and famous English Poet Geoffry Chaucer, with a prologue. 6. The Worke of John Dastin, or Dastin's Dreame. 7. Pearce the Black Monke upon the Elixir. 8. The Worke of Rich. Carpenter. 9. The Hunting of the Greene Lyon. Written by the Viccar of Malden. 10. The Breviary of Naturall Philosophy. Compiled by the unlettered Scholar Thomas Charnock, Student in the most worthy Scyence of Astronomy and Philosophy. The first of Ianuary Anno. Dom. 1557. In six chapters, with two ænigmas. 11. Bloomefields Blossoms: or, The Campe of Philosophy. 12. Sir Edward Kelle's Worke. 13. Sir Ed. Kelley concerning the Philosophers Stone, written to his especiall good Freind G. S. Gent. 14. Testamentum Johannis Dee Philosophi summi ad Johannem Gwynn, transmissum 1568. 15. Thomas Robinsonus de Lapide Philosophorum. 16. Experience and Philosophy. 17. The Magistery. Then follow a number of small pieces termed Anonymi: or Severall Workes of unknowne Authors. 18. John Gower concerning the Philosopher's Stone. 19. The Vision of Sir George Ripley: Chanon of Bridlington. 20. Verses belonging to an emblematicall Scrowle: Supposed to be invented by Geo. Ripley. 21. The Mistery of Alchymists, composed by Sir Geo. Ripley Chanon of Bridlington. 22. The Preface prefixt to Sir Geo. Ripley's Medulla, which he wrote Ann. Dom. 1476, and

dedicated to Geo. Neuell, then Archbishop of Yorke. 23. A short Worke that beareth the name of the aforesaid Author Sir G. Ripley. 24. John Lydgate, Monke of St. Edmunds Bury, in his Translation of the Second Epistle that King Alexander sent to his Master Aristotle. 25. Six more Chapters of "Anonymi." 26. The Hermites Tale. 27. A Discription of the Stone. 28. The Standing of the Glasse for the tyme of the Putrifaction, and Congelation of the Medicine. 29. Ænigma Philosophicum. D. D. W. Bedman. And 30. A number of "Fragments coppied from Thomas Charnock's owne hand writing," and from other Authors. Prefixed to these treatises are some "Prolegomena" by Ashmole, addressed "To all Ingeniously Elaborate Students, in the most Divine Mysteries of Hermetique Learning;" and at the end of the poems are "Annotations and Discourses upon some parts of the preceding Worke." The volume closes with "A Table of the severall Treatises with their Authors Names, contained in this Worke," a second "Table explaining the obscure, obsolete and mis-spell'd words used throughout this Worke," and a list of errata.

The volume is adorned with several plates printed on the letterpress, which were engraved at the expence of Ashmole, at his own house in Black Friars, by Robert Vaughan, who was at that time one of the most eminent engravers of the kind in England. Norton's tract has six plates beautifully engraved by Vaughan on copper, five of them with borders of flowers, birds, &c., in imitation of the old Missals. Ripley's "Compound of Alchymie" has only one folding plate at p. 117, engraved by John Goddard, of the figure of all the secrets of the treatise, frequently wanting in copies of this book. "Liber Patris Sapientiæ," the third tract, has two plates engraved by Vaughan, one representing the Trinity and the Last Judgment with the torments of the damned, and another on the last page of two intertwined serpents or dragons resting on a globe, with the sun and moon on the sides. "Hermes Bird" has two plates by Vaughan, one at the commencement, and the other of Chaucer's monument erected by Nicholas Brigham in Westminster Abbey, at the end; but neither of them have reference to this poem, but to those preceding and following, the latter being intended as a frontispiece to the next tale of Chaucer's "Chanons Yeoman." The only other plates in the work are one at p. 348 of the herb Lunayrie or Asterion; a curious one at p. 350 of the spirit, soul, and body; a repetition of the two intertwined serpents on the globe at p. 379; and the scheme of Edward Kelly's nativity on p. 479. Some copies have also a portrait of Ashmole (a bust by Faithorne) added as a frontispiece.

Norton's poem of "The Ordinall" was written in 1477, and was presented to Nevill Archbishop of York, who was a great admirer and patron of these Hermetic writers. It was afterwards translated into Latin, and was followed by some other chemical tracts by Norton, who was a native of Bristol. Ripley's "Compound of Alchymie," which was written in 1471 in seven-line stanzas, was first printed in 1591, 4to, by Thomas Orwin, and will be noticed hereafter. "Hermes Bird" was originally written by John Lydgate, or rather translated by him from the French, as he informs us at p. 214:

> I cast unto my purpos
> Owte of the Frensche a tale to transcelate
> Whych in a Pamphlet I red and saw as I sate.

It was entitled *The Chorle and the Byrde*, and was first printed by Caxton; twice by Wynkin de Worde; by Pynson, without date; by Copland and others. The reader will find this poem described in its proper place. The poems in the present work are so various, and possess so little merit considered as poetry, being extremely harsh and uncouth in their versification, that our readers will readily excuse any quotations from it, more especially as the volume is by no means of uncommon occurrence. And for further information on the subject they may consult Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*, vol. ii. p. 447; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. iv. p. 354; Kippis's *Biogr. Brit.*, vol. i. p. 297; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 4. Nassau's copy, pt. i. No. 195, sold for 1*l.* 10*s.*; North's, pt. iii. No. 761, 1*l.* 13*s.*; Dr. Bliss's, No. 231, 1*l.* 13*s.*; Gordonstoun, No. 61, 1*l.* 15*s.*; Bindley's, pt. i. No. 141, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Sir F. Freeling's, No. 166, 3*l.* 3*s.*; *Bibl. Angl. Poet.*, No. 4, 3*l.* 10*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to Sss 4, in fours; pp. 510.

In Calf, red edges.

Ashmore (John).—Certain Selected Odes of Horace, Englished; and their Arguments annexed. With Poems (Antient and Modern) of divers Subiects, Translated. Whereunto are added both in Latin and English, sundry new Epigrammes, Anagramms, Epitaphes. 4to. London, Printed by H. L. [Humfrey Lownes] for Richard Moore; and are to be solde

at his Shop in Saint Dunstans Church-yard, in Fleet-street. 1621.

In the copy of this volume described in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 890, a metrical dedication in Latin inscribed "Ad ornatissimum virum, D. Georgium Calvert, Equitem auratum, et Regiæ Majestatis à Secretis et Consiliis," and signed Joh. Ashmore, is placed after the title. In the present copy this dedication follows the title to the Epigrammes, Epitaphes, &c. at p. 31, and in its place here is a dedication in Latin: "Reverendissimo in Christo Patri et Domino, D. Tobiæ, Archiepiscopo Eboracensi, Angl. Primati et Metropolitano dignissimo." Underneath are anagrams and epigrams on his name, and on the reverse some lines in Latin and English to the same. This leaf is paged 91, while the former is unpaged; but as p. 91 occurs in its proper place this leaf would there become a duplicate, and moreover would not accord with the signatures, which run on correctly without it. We believe, therefore, that although marked p. 91 it is rightly placed after the title, and is followed by a leaf of commendatory verses in English by G. S. (George Sandys), in Latin by Joh. Owen and Samuel Pullein, and in English by Thomas Cordin and R. I. The selected odes, nineteen in number, then commence, each being preceded by a short argument of four lines in verse. The fourteenth, which we now quote, is thus introduced:

This Ode following came unto my hands under the name of Mr. Ben. Johnson, which (for the happy imitation of Horace) I have also published.

AD AUTHOREM.

The Argument.

Till his Sire true doe claim his due
This Infant I doe cherish;
Though without name, it were a shame
It should in darknes perish.

Remember, when blinde Fortune knits her brow,
Thy minde be not deiected over-lowe:
Nor let thy thoughts too insolently swell,
Though all thy hopes doe prosper ne'r so well.
For drink thy teares, with sorrow still opprest,
Or taste pure wine, secure and ever blest
In those remote and pleasant shady fields
Where stately Pine and Poplar shadow yeelds,
Or circling streames that warble, passing by;
All will not help, sweet friend: For thou must die.

The house thou hast, thou once must leave behind thee
And those sweet babes thou often kissest kindly:
And when th' hast gotten all the wealth thou can,
Thy paines is taken for another man.
Alas! what poor advantage doth it bring,
To boast thy selfe descended of a King!
When those, that have no house to hide their heads
Finde in their grave as warm and easie beds.

The following is selected as one of the shortest specimens of Ashmore's translation:

Ad Chloen, Lib. i. Ode 23.
The Argument.
That there's no cause, from *Cupids* lawes
Why *Chloe* free should sit;
For Hymens rites, and sweet delights,
Since shee's already fit.

Thou shunn'st me, Chloe, like the Fawn
Missing her mother in the Lawn,
That trips to th' hills, in feare
Of every blast and breare.

For, whether windes amongst leaves rustle,
Or Lizards in the brambles bustle,
Shee trembles at the hart,
And quakes in every part.

I come not Tiger-like to ill thee,
Or as a Lion fierce to kill thee;
Still follow not thy mother,
Now fitter for another.

The Odes end on p. 28, and a fresh title then occurs as follows: "Epigrammes, Epitaphes, Anagrammes, and other Poems of diuers subiects, in Latine and English." With the device of Humfrey Lownes the printer, and the imprint as before. This part has the Latin dedication to Sir George Calvert, who afterwards became Lord Baltimore, as stated above, and commences with "A Speech made to the Kings Maiestie comming in his Progress to Rippon, the 15 of Aprill, 1617, in the Person of Mercurie." Other epigrams and anagrams are addressed to Charles Prince of Wales, the Princess Lady Elizabeth, George Villiers Marquis of Buckingham, Edmund Lord Sheffield, Sir Francis Bacone Knight Lord High Chancelor of England, Sir Edward Mosley Knight

Attorney of his Maiesties Court of the Dutchie of Lancaster, Sir John Malory Knight, the daughters of Sir Thomas Metcalf Knight, Mr. William Mallory and his brother John children of Mr. William Mallory Esquire, Dr. John King Bishop of London, John Owen the Epigrammatist, Sir Thomas Ferfax of Denton, Ferdinand Ferfax, Captaine William Ferfax, Ben Jonson, and many others.

At p. 79 another half title appears, with dedicatory lines in Latin and English, inscribed "Generis splendore Doctrina, et Pietate viro præcellenti D. Thomæ Wharton, Equiti aurato, D. Philippi Baronis Le Wharton, Filio et Hæredi." The subject of this part is "The Praise of a Country Life," consisting of translations from Martial lib. iv. epigram 90, "De Rusticatione;" Virgil. Georg. lib. ii. "Vitæ Rusticæ Laus;" and from M. Antonio Flaminio, ad agellum suum. Sic incipit: Vmbræ frigidulæ, &c. This, as being rather superior to the rest of the translations, we now present to our readers:

Cool shades, air-fanning Groves,
With your soft Whisperings,
Where Pleasure smiling roves
Through dewie Caves and Springs,
And bathes her purple Wings:

With Flowrs inamel'd ground
(Nature's fair Tapestry)
Where chattering Birds abound,
Flickring from Tree to Tree,
With change of Melody:

Sweet Liberty and Leasures,
Where still the Muses keep,
O! if to those true Treasures
That from your Bosoms peep
I might securely creep:

If I might spend my Daies
(Remote from publicke Brawls)
Now tuning lovely Laies,
Now light-foot Madrigals,
Ne'r check't with sudden calls:

Now follow Sleep that goes
Rustling i'th' green-wood Shade;
Now milk my Goat, that knowes
(With her yong fearfull Cade)
The Pail i'th' cooly Glade,

And with Bowls fil'd to th' Brims
Of milky Moisture new,
To water my dry'd Lims,
And t' all the wrangling Crew
Of cares to bid Adew;

What life then should I lead!
How like then would it bee
Vnto the Gods that tread
I'th' starry Gallery
Of true Felicity!

But you, O Virgins sweet,
In *Helicon* that dwell,
That oft the Fountains greet,
When you the Pleasures tell
I'th' Country that excell:

If I my Life, though dear,
For your far dearer sake,
To yeeld would nothing fear;
From Citie's Tumults take mee,
And free i'th' Country make mee.

The last portion, in praise "Of a Blessed Life," is preceded by a metrical dedication in two stanzas, "To the Right Worshipfull Sir Richard Hutton, Knight, one of his Maiesties Iustices in the Court of Common Pleas," and contains some short translations from Martial and others, the whole concluding with a version of the first Psalm of David, "Beatus vir," &c.

Of the author of this volume, which is seldom met with, or of his personal history, nothing seems to be known. But it is probable that he was a native or resident in Yorkshire, not far from Ripon or Denton, from the names of the Fairfaxes and other persons introduced in his work.—See *Cens. Liter.* vol. ii. p. 411 for an account of this volume. Lloyd's sale, No. 756, 1*l.* 5*s.*; Nassau's ditto, pt. i. No. 196, 1*l.* 10*s.*; Bright's ditto, No. 211, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Perry's, pt. i. No. 204, 2*l.*; Bindley's ditto, pt. i. No. 343, 3*l.* 7*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 890, 4*l.* 4*s.*

It is evident that the copy in the latter work was imperfect, wanting two leaves from p. 28 to p. 33, including the title to the epigrammes, which is not mentioned.

Collation: Title B 2; Sig. B to O 4 inclusive, in fours. The present copy has the blank leaf before the title Sig. B 1. pp. 102, or with the blank leaf 104. Steevens' copy.

Bound by Faulkner. In Brown Calf, gilt leaves.

Aske, (James.)—Elizabetha Triumphans. Conteyning the Damned practizes, that the diuelish Popes of Rome haue used euer sithence her Highnesse first comming to the Crowne, by mouing her wicked and traiterous subiects to Rebellion and conspiracies, thereby to bereaue her Maiestie both of her lawfull seate, and happy life. With a declaration of the manner how her excellency was entertained by her Souldyers into her Campe Royall at Tilbery in Essex: and of the ouerthrow had against the Spanish Fleete: briefly, truly, and effectually set foorth. Declared, and handled by I. A. Post victoriam gloria. 4to. blk. lett. At London Printed by Thomas Orwin, for Thomas Gubbin, and Thomas Newman. 1588. pp. 44.

This little black letter volume of poetry commences with a dedication in prose, "To the Right Worshipfull, indued with all singularitie Iulius Cæsar,

Doctor of the Ciuill Law, chiefe Iudge of her Highnesse honorable Court of the Admiraltie, and one of the Maisters of the Requests to the Queenes most excellent Maiestie;" at the end of which the author signs himself Ja. Aske. This is followed by an address "To the gentle Reader," in which he says that "this his Pamphlet (as he terms it) was both begun and finished very neere with-in the space of one whole moneth, that he was afterwards three long moneths studying, whether it were better for him to burne it, or to giue it to the Presse: but that his determinate purpose was stayed through the intreatie of diuers of his deerest friends;" that it was "his first worke," and "himself a yong versefier:" signed as before Ja. Aske. An acrostic on the title of his work *Elizabetha Triumphans* completes the introductory matter. The poem is divided into parts, with explanatory headings and dates on the margin, and is justly termed by Mr. Collier "a dull and heavy poem." It is, however, remarkable for being one of the very earliest attempts at blank verse in English, being published about eighty years before the time of Milton, on which account it was reprinted by Bishop Percy in the collection he published of blank verse poems anterior to Milton, but which has become very scarce, the whole of the impression having, it is said, been destroyed by fire, with the exception of only four copies.. The courageous character, personal attainments, and noble bearing of Queen Elizabeth are thus described in the opening of the poem:

A maiden Queene, and yet of courage stout,
Through *Wisedome*, rare, for *Learning*, passing all:
Her mother toong is not her only speach,
For *Spanish*, *Greeke*, *Italian*, and *French*,
With *Romans* toong, she understands and speakes,
Ne are these all, though more then may be found
In female sex, except her stately selfe:
For other vertues are (no lesse of force)
Within her royall brest and outward parts.
Her comely stature doth not *Beautie* want,
Ne *Beautie* is from seemely fauour barr'd,
But both of them do, (in the hyest degree
Conioyn'd together) beautefie her port.

The following passage, relating to Mary Queen of Scots, is not particularly complimentary to that unfortunate princess:

The Queen of *Scots* (who late was Queen of *France*)
Consenting to the death of *Iames* the King

Of *Scotland* late, her husband too too true:
Was faine to flie for that unnaturall deede
From that her natiue and long-holden land.
From whence escap'd she tooke her passage thence
To this our land (to happie *English* land)
Where happely she was descri'd by chaunce,
But basely clad and with a simple traine:
And till the cause of this her landing here
Was truely knowne, she closely here was kept.
Yet had she all things for a Princesse meete,
For where of late she had no trayne at all,
But like a simple gentell did remayne:
Now hath she men with women at her call,
To runne, to ride, to do her any worke;
Now hath she sommes, great sommes of English quoyne,
To serue her turne at euery needfull time.
And yet for all these too too good deedes done
To her so bad, quite banish'd from all good:
By this *Popes* meane, she doth perswade the Duke
Of *Norfolke* to rebell agaynst his Queene.

The great day at Tilbury is thus referred to:

On this same day, a faire and glorious day,
Came this our Queene (a Queene most like her selfe)
Unto her Campe, (now made a royall Campe)
With all her troupe, her Court-like stately troupe,)
Not like to those who couteh on stately Doune,
But like to *Mars*, the God of fearefull warre,
And heauing oft to Skies her war-like hands,
Did make her selfe *Bellona*-like renown'd.

Of the personal history of James Aske, or whether any other work proceeded from his pen, nothing is known with any certainty. He appears to have been patronized by Sir Julius Cæsar, then Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, afterwards Master of the Rolls, and Chancellor of the Exchequer to James I., and to have held some situation under him, as he speaks in his dedication of this work to his patron "of the great courtesies he had received at his ever bountifull hands." — See an account of this work by Mr. Park in the *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 451. See also Collier's *Poet. Decam.* vol. i. p. 125; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 2; Rose's *Gen. Biogr. Dict.* vol. ii. p. 257; and Nicholls's *Progr. Queen Elizabeth*, vol. ii. p. 545, where the whole tract is reprinted. It has usually sold for high prices. Bindley's copy sold

in 1820, pt. iv. No. 337, for 8*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; the Gordonstoun ditto in 1816, No. 103, for 7*l.* 7*s.*; Inglis's in 1826, No. 129, for 7*l.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 2, for 15*l.*; and the present copy sold at Midgley's sale in 1818, No. 74, for 13*l.* It has since been rebound by Charles Lewis,

In Olive Morocco, gilt leaves.

Aske, (James.)—Elizabetha Triumphans. Conteyning the Damned practizes, &c. 4to. blk. lett. At London Printed by Thomas Orwin, &c. 1588. pp. 44.

Another copy of the above rare volume of poetry, containing one of the earliest specimens of English blank verse, from the collection of Sir Francis Freeling Bart., with his book plate.

In Brown Calf, blank tooled.

Aunswere (An) to the Proclamation of the Rebels in the North. 1569. Small 8vo. blk. lett. Imprinted at London by Willyam Seres. 1569. pp. 20.

The rebellion which broke out in the north of England in 1569 under the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, gave rise to many ballads and poetical tracts, most of which, from their fugitive and perishable nature, are now become extremely rare; and among the rarest of these is the present small poetical black letter tract. The Protestant religion, restored on the accession of Elizabeth to the throne, whatever progress it might have made in other parts of the kingdom, had not yet gained the affections of the people of the north, who still clung to the ancient faith with great tenacity and warmth of attachment, probably increased at this time by the captivity and persecution of Mary Queen of Scots, the presumptive heiress to the throne. These circumstances, and the favours heaped upon Cecil and other Protestant favourites of the Queen, to the disparagement of the ancient nobility, were the chief causes of the rebellion in the north, and occasioned the rash and hasty outbreak of the followers of the religion of Rome. For it must be considered chiefly as designed, according to the proclamation of

the earls, for the restoration of the ancient faith, and to determine "to whom of right the true succession of the crown appertained." But, begun hastily and unadvisedly, carried on rashly and without energy or judgment, it ended, as might be expected, suddenly and disgracefully; and the leaders, who had blazed for a while like meteors "and certain stars that shot madly from their spheres," fell and perished ignominiously.

The reader who wishes to enter more fully into this subject will find an interesting account of this rebellion in Sir Cuthbert Sharpe's *Memorials of the Rebellion of* 1569, 8vo, 1840, from the Bowes papers, with copious biographical notices of all the chief leaders concerned therein. The original proclamation of the earls, to which this little tract is a poetical *Aunswere*, may be seen in this volume p. 42, and in the *Harl. MSS.* No. 6990, p. 44. It is also given in the *Collection of State Papers* of Lord Burghley, fol. 1740, vol. i. p. 564.

The authorship of this little volume is ascribed doubtingly by Herbert and more positively by Ritson to Thomas Norton, a native of Sharpenhoe in Bedfordshire, and called by Wood "a forward and busy Calvinist." He was a lawyer by profession, and acted as counsel to the Stationers' Company, and also to the City of London. He assisted Sternhold and Hopkins in the translation of the Psalms into meure, and composed no less than twenty-seven of them. He was said also to have aided Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurst in his *Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex*, 4to, 1565, but as is generally believed without much foundation. He was the author and translator of several works which are mentioned by Wood, and is supposed to have died about 1584. Norton certainly wrote several tracts against the papists of his time, which were published in 1569; one especially, an Epistle addressed to those who were drawn into the northern rebellion; and Ritson ascribes the present work to him, but we are rather disposed to attribute its authorship and composition to the printer William Seres, both from the mode of signature "Finis q^{d} W. S.," frequently a sign of authorship, and also because he is believed to have written some other metrical pieces. It ought, however, to be mentioned that these initials have been given elsewhere to William Samuell, minister, for whom Seres printed the same year *An Abridgement of all the Canonical Bookes of the Old Testament*, in Sternhold's metre.

The title is in a wood-cut compartment, with a naked figure on each side, the queen's arms at the top, the printer's mark in the centre of each side, and the stationer's arms at the bottom. The tract opens without any

preface, and is written in the Sternhold and Hopkins metre. The following is the *Aunswere* to the sixth article of the proclamation of the rebels:

You say hir Grace is led by such
as wicked are and euill:
By whom I pray you are ye led?
I may say by the Devill.
Whome would ye poynt to leade hir
Grace
if ye might haue your choyse?
The Pope I thinke, your Father chiefe,
should haue your holy voyse.
And then she should be led in deede,
as Lambe for to be slaine.
Wo worth such heades, as so would fee
hir Grace, for all hir paine.
But this I would ye should me tell:
when she came to hir throne,
What was she then, of age or wit?
giue aunswere euery one.
Was not hir age so competent,
and eke hir head so wise,
As none that heard, or did hir
knowe,
could more in hir deuise?
Yea, you your selues (I dare well say)
at that same present houre,
Of all the Princes farre or neere
tooke hir to be the flowre.
And had she not then will and powre
hir Counsaylers to chuse,
To take in whom that she thought
good,
and whome she would refuse?
If ye should point hir Counsaylers
the case were very straunge.
No marueyle though in deedes ye roue
when so in wordes ye raunge
And yet, good Sirs, this is well
knowne
that nothing hath bene ment
And done, in matters of the Church,
but by the Parliament.
Wherein the Nobles of the Realme,
the Bishop, and the Lorde,
And Commons all gaue their consent
and thereto did accorde.
The booke that called is by name
the booke of common Prayer
Was sent by them to you afore,
though you would it appaire,
By bruting forth that peruerse men
seducers of the Queene
Hath set it out, O simple men,
what shall I of you deeme?
Doth not the act that is set out
speake to you in this wise?
Haue you not read and seene the
same,
and now the same denies?
Will you that be but priuate men
attempt for to put downe,
The thing that was authorised
by hir that weares the Crowne?
What gappe make you to breache
of lawes
if this your fact be good
No Parlament, no Prince shall rule,
but shedding still of blood.
If men may rise against their Prince
that all things doth by law,
Then call for Captaine Cobler in
and wayte upon Jack Strawe.

Dr. Dibdin had evidently never seen the book, and merely alludes to it at the end of his account of the *Abridgment* &c. before named. See the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 11, where a copy of this very rare tract is priced at

21*l.* There is a copy in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, and another in that of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to B 4, in eights.

Fine copy. In Russia, extra.

AVALE, (LEMEKE.) — A Commemoration or Dirige of Bastarde Edmonde Boner, alias Sauage usurped Bisshoppe of London. Compiled by Lemeke Auale. Episcopatum eius accipiet alter. 8vo. blk. lett. Anno Domini 1569. Imprinted by P. O.

It has been supposed by some persons that the name of the author of this exceedingly rare tract is only an assumed one, but as mention is made in the work of John Availe in conjunction with Miles Huggarde, a known writer of the time, and Fox also speaks of John Avale, who may have been a relation of the present author, it is possible to surmise that the name may be real, though nothing be known of the writer, but much more probable that the state of the times may have rendered it perilous for any one to affix his real name to so bitter and severe a satire.

The work is a most pungent and caustic but highly humorous attack on *him* who was called, by way of pre-eminence, "The Bloody Butcher, and the Common Slaughter man," Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, who was committed prisoner to the Marshalsea in April 1560, to which event he probably owed his personal safety, being so hated by the people that if he had appeared abroad in public he would most likely have been put to death by some of those whom he had so cruelly persecuted. He remained in the Marshalsea and died a natural death there on the 5th September 1569, after an imprisonment of several years, and the deprivation of his bishopric.

The main gist of the satire turns upon the generally received report of Bonner being a bastard, the natural son of one Savage, a priest; but Strype, from information that he had received from the Hon. Baron Lechmere, seems to have believed that he was legitimately "born at Hanley in Worcestershire of one Bonner, an honest poor man in a house called Bonner's-Place, a small cottage of about five pounds a year." — Strype's *Annals*, vol. i. p. 574, fol.

There is first a "Preface" in prose, extending to nine pages, on the subject of the illegitimacy of Bonner as a disqualification for his being made

a bishop, which was also said to be the case with Tunstall Bishop of London. This point is argued by the author at some length with "an old *Dunsticall* felowe, sittyng at the table with a graue learned Lawier of the common Lawe, and an eloquente Ciuilian, that were all three together: the one frouned, the seconde did bite his lippe, the third in a greate rage saied; Men maie saie what thei will now a daies, and belye the truthe as you haue doen: He was a blessed confessor, although a bastard, and a true bishop, both by Gods Lawes, the Canonicall lawes, and the lawes of this realme of Englande. To this thei saied all, *Amen.* Proue you the contrary, saied thei, and we wil yelde unto you: Will you, quod he, then will I proue hym no bishop, when he liued, whiche you graunt to bee bastarde by these three lawes. Make proffe saied these three. I will by Gods grace, quod he, proue that neither Tunstall, nor Boner, were any bishoppes of London, but usurped, bicause thei twoo were bastardes: and all such bee under the same predicament." The case is then argued, with quotations from the Scriptures and other works, and closes with the example of Abimelech from Judges, chap. ix. "This base borne Bocher Boner, like Abimeleche, hath slain a great nomber of the legitimate children of God: whose blood asketh the same crewell vengeaunce, that holie Abels doe still in the presence of God, against his brother Cain. So you shall not doubte, but by Gods lawes, the lawes of Englande, and also the Canonicall lawes, that bastardes are all deprived of lawfull parentes, therefore of inheritaunce Temporall: also not lawfull to take Orders, therefore no ministers of Spirituall dignitie, therefore no bishops. Judge of this your selues, and then make answere, when it shall. please you. Sir, we will depart, quod thei, referryng this matter till an other tyme. Here is one, quod he, with plaine Musicke Dirge like, in the next chamber, singeth to a dull base Lute: I praie you let us heare him, it will not hurt us. My thinke he singeth of D. Boner, some merie vanitie of that vain man, whiche spent his daies in vain Papistrie. We are content said thei, to heare this matter, and then to depart hence, when he hath doen: we praie God it be mery, for we haue talked of sad matters. Peace a little, silence my maisters, quod he: Agreed saied thei. Then the fellowe on the other side of the walle, reade in the Bible to hymself alone, and that beyng dooen, he songe in rude rime, against rude Boner, the Papist bastard."

After this "Boner speaketh" in verses of four lines each, and the remainder of the tract, with the exception of the imaginary pedigree of Bonner, and the prayer at the end, is in verse of various metres, interspersed

with Latin lines from the Romish service-book, the whole being in the form of short lessons (nine in number) and responses. Throughout the work there are initials and other remarks referring to persons, whom perhaps it would have been dangerous to name at length, and which are now not easy to be understood. The following curious passage forms part of the *Dirige:*

Mournyng in blacke, wailyng with care and woo
Wryngyng of their handes, thei began with *Placebo.*
Dilexi q. master Papist, I loued well Boner
That was boshoppe of London, and liued in greate honor,
Quia inclinauit aurem suam to our good father the Pope.
Iam iacit ille cinis, alas gone is our hope.
Circumdederunt cum dolores mortis, now rotten in graue,
Well, well, said the protestant, well rid of a K.
Perhaps *cum periculo inferni* with *Chymerus* fell,
Or *Cerborus* the triple hedded dogge of hell.
Tribulationem et dolorem inuenit, that bastarde theefe,
That haue spoiled Christes flocke with spite and greefe.
O domine libera animam meam from this Basan Bull,
That the innocent lambes did teare and pull.
Custodiens paruulos dominus, the Lorde hath helped Sion:
And taken awaie this mad dogge, this wolfe, and this Lion.
Qui erupit animam de morte and my hart from sorowe,
Now gentle maistar Boner, God giue you good morowe.
Lorde surely, thou hast giuen them eternall rest,
Whom Boner in prison moste sore opprest.
Placebo[1] *Bo. Bo. Bo. Bo. Bo.*
Heu me, beware the bugge, out quod Boner, alas,
De profundis clamaui, how is this matter come to passe.
Læuaui oculos meos from a darke depe place.
Now Lazarus helpe Diues with one droppe of grace.
Ne quando rapiat ut Leo animam meam, druggarde, druggarde,
To defende this matter came Jhon Auaile and Miles Huggarde,
From the gates of hell, quod the rebelles, defende B. Boner,
That with S. Fissher and Becket, he maie haue honor.
Amen quod R. C. B. H. and L.
Deliuer hym from this paines of hell.

Of John Availe we know nothing, except that he is mentioned by Fox, and may possibly have been some relation to the supposed author of this

[1] See Dyce's edition of Skelton's works, vol. ii. p. 121.

book. Miles Huggard or Hogard, said by some to have been a shoemaker, by others a hosier in London, and in the service of Queen Mary, was a bitter pamphleteer against the Reformation, and wrote several works, some in verse, which called forth answers by Crowley and others, and is thus praised in a little poem called *The Pore Helpe*, 8vo, 1550, in Skeltonic metre, printed by Strype:

And also Maister Huggarde
Doth shewe hymselfe no sluggarde
Nor yet no drunken druggarde,
But sharpeth up his wyt
And frameth it so fyt
These yonkers for to hyt
And wyll not them permyt
In errour styll to syt.
&c. &c.

Huggard lived in Pudding Lane, London, which occasioned one of his opponents to tell him, "Ye can better skill to eate a pudding and make a hose, then in Scripture eyther to answere or oppose." The initials R. C. in the last line but one may probably be those of Robert Crowley; the others we are unable to appropriate. The fifth lesson, written in short or Skeltonical metre, commences thus:

Homo natus,
Came to heauen gatus:
Sir, you doe come to latus,
With your shorne patus.
Frequentia falsa Euangelii
For the loue of your bealie
Cum auro et argento,
You loued the rules of Lento,
Whiche the Pope did inuento . . . . .
Thou art *filius populi*,
Go, go to *Constantinopoli*,
To your maister the Turke,
There shall you lurke:
Emong the Heathen soules.
Somtyme your shorne brethren
of Poules
Were as black as Moules
With their cappes fower forked,
Their shoes warme corked,
Nosed like redde Grapes,
Constant as she Apes,
In nature like blacke Monkes
And shoote in Sparowes trunkes
And boule when thei haue din'de,
And kepe them from the winde,
And thei whiche are not able
Doe sitte still at the table,
With colour Scarlet pale
So small is their good ale.
Thus from God thei did tourne
Long before their churche did
burne,
Then when riche men wer sicke,
Either dedde or quicke,

Valde diligenter notant,
Vbi diuites egrotant
Ibi currunt nec cessabunt,
Donec ipsos tumilabunt,
Oues alienas tondunt,
Et parochias confundunt.
These felowes pilde as Ganders
Muche like the friers of Flanders,
Whiche serue Sathan about the cloisters,
Thei loue red wine and Oisters.
Qui vult Satana seruire
Claustrum debet introire,
And euer haue suche an hedde
As bastarde Boner that is dedde,
And buried in a misers graue
Like a common k.

Lo, lo, now is he dedde
That was so well fedde,
And had a softe bedde.
Estote fortis in bello;
Good Hardyng and thy fellowe;
If you be Papistes right,
Come steale hym awaie by night
And put hym in a shryne,
He was the Popes deuine.
Why shall he be forgotten,
And lye still and rotten;
Come on and do not fainte,
Translate with spede your sainct.
And put hym in a tombe,
His hart is now at Rome.

The following is the Response to the sixth Lesson:

Responde.

Ne recorderis peccata,
But open heauen gata
Sainct Peter with your kaies,
Shewe my lorde the right waies
He dwelt ones at Poules,
And had cure of our soules:
I wisse he was not a baste,
But holie, meke, and chaste:
It is a great pitie
That he is gone from our citie;
A man of great honor,
Oh, holy sainct Boner,
You blessed Friers,
That you neuer wer liers,

And you holy Nunnes
That neuer had sonnes,
Set this child of grace
In some Angelles place.

Dum veneris iudicare,
Helpe, helpe S. Marie,
Noli cum condemnare,
He burned many in
The daies of Quene Marie.
Sicut Leo querens prædam,
Animas deuorauit.
If this was not a blessed deede,
Aske L. R. S. P. and H. Crede.

It is well known that Crowley the printer, and author of several small works, was also a preacher of the Reformation; and it appears from this tract that he delivered a sermon before the prison door of Bonner in the Marshalsea, in hopes of converting him to the Protestant faith:

One morne betime I loked forth
As ofte as I did before:

And did se a pulpit, in churches wise,
Made by my prison dore.

A Preacher there was, that Crowly hight,
Whiche preached in that place,
A meane if God had loued me
To call me then to grace.
Hodie si vocem, was this theme,
And harden not thyne harte:
As did the fathers the rebelles old
That perished in desarte.

Thus Protestantes haue me slain
With the power of the worde:
But if the world had serued me,
With fire, and with sworde,
I would haue killed and burned al
More then I did before:
But now farewel you papistes al
From hensforthe euermore.

At the end of the *Dirige* is given "a liniall Pedegree of Boners kinred," which extends beyond four pages. In this imaginary pedigree it is stated that "Bastarde Edmonde Sauage, beyng a greate lubberly scholer, was supposed to be the sonne of one Boner," and his descent is pretended to be drawn from "a Jugler or wild roge, a villaine ingrosse, a Cutpurse, a Tom of Bedlam, a proctor of a Spitle, a theffe or a rebell, a wilde Irishman," &c. and the work concludes with "A Praier to the Holy Trinitie, against ignorance of Goddes worde, and Wolues."

The writer, whoever he was, is often coarse and scurrilous, full of violent personal invective, but possesses much genuine satirical humour.

Collation: Title, A 1; Sig. A to C 6 inclusive, in eights; 22 leaves.

W. (R.) — A recantation of famous Pasquin of Rome. 8vo. blk. lett. An. 1570. Imprinted at London by Iohn Daye.

Bound up with the preceding tract is another curious and interesting poetical piece of a similar kind, but an entirely separate work, with the initials of the writer R. W. at the end. This also relates to Bishop Bonner, who was now dead, and is equally curious and severe. And if William Roy were living at this time, who was burnt in Portugal for heresy, it might almost be supposed to have come from his bitter and satirical pen, with the initials of his name reversed. On the back of the title is a short notice of the mode of affixing placards to the image of Pasquin at Rome, and of the excommunication set upon it against those who either fixed them up or read them. The poem thus commences:

I Pasqwin long haue dwelt in Rome
before the Pope was borne:

I know y^e^ time when twas a shame
for priestes crownes to be shorne.
I know also when not a Friar
in Rome could be espied.

Pasquin then declares:

Some holde the Pope can pardon sinne,
but he can geue no breath.
But I poore *Pasquin* long haue sayd,
and so say still I can:
That he which by right pardoneth sinne,
may also make a man.
But that the Pope can make a man,
I meane not so to say:
But thus I know, destroy he hath
ten thousand in a day.
* * * *
But as for me I beare no rule,
but dayly will I pray:
That neuer proud olde Popishe Priest
may see his golden day.
Except it be as *Boner* doth,
which lieth deepe under grasse:
For whose good rest I will in hast
now say my Requiem Masse.

In troibo ad altare Dei,
Thinking on *Boner* by the wei.
Confiteor deo, and to our good Lady,
Et omnibus Sanctis quia peccaui
In homicide and lechery,
In sacrilege and glotony,
And in all kinde of knauery.
Et Iddio precor beatæ Maria,
That thou wilt not thinke I euer did lia,
Nor that Gods people I caused to fria,
Because that the truth they semed to tria.
Mesereatur vestri let the Pope haue,
For he is starcke honest take away the knaue.
He useth many times to forgeue sinne,
But y^e^ more he forgeueth the more you are in.
Absolutionem et remissionem omnum peccatorum vestrorum,
So that all your life still be in *reprobum.*
Otherwise blessed father hath nothing to do,
For he him selfe wholy is inclined therunto.
Kirieleyson, Christeeleyson, Kirieleyson, Pater noster,
For olde Sauage bloudy *Boner* the Butcher.
Requiem eternam, Lord, let him haue,
For he was a great man, sage, and graue.
Te decet himnus in Sion,
Boner playde the ramping Lion.
Therefore, sweete Lady, let him haue rest,
For he was a man of the Pope blest.

The writer describes in somewhat plain and coarse language, and with much severity, the vices and peccadillos of the several cardinals, which, however, will not bear to be here quoted. But the most curious portion of this tract is the information that it gives us of the escape of the three Hey-

woods, old John, Elis, and Jasper,[1] along with Harding, Saunders, Story, and others, and of their flight to Louvaine on the re-establishment of Protestantism under Elizabeth, from whence they are styled by the writer "Louanistes," and also the fact that John Heywood, the father, the author of "The Spider and the Flie" and of various interludes, was then living in 1570, although Wood and others after him had supposed that he died in or about 1565:

Memento etiam Domine,
Boner that is dead
His sonne that is fled
Kate Darbishire and mother *Clone,*
Doctor *Darbishire* his second sonne,
His sonnes and daughters euery chone,
Not forgetting any one.
Remember also *Boners* frendes,
Where that they be in Alehouse or Indes.
Harding, Saunders, or *Dorman,*
Story, Rastall, or *Horman.*
Taylor, Butler, and *Knot,*
Cope, Allen, and *Scot.*
Marshall, Gilet, and *Bullocke,*
Kirton, Harris, and *Clenocke.*
Griffen, Henshaw, and *Wilson,*
Goldwell, Inglefield, and *Morton.*
Stapleton, Iohnson, and *Pillinges,*
Shackloc, Powlot, and *Pinninges.*
Elis Haywood, and *Wiles,*
Geasper Haywood, and *Giles.*
Iohn Haywood, and *Brooke,*
Morlred, Freman, and *Hooke.*
Wikes, Young, Wiles, and *Wilkin,*
Peto, Price, and *Pirkin.*
Shely, Dygby, and *Parker,*
Pridiockes, Alway, and *Fowler.*
Haruy, Daniell, and *Filames,*
Shepheard, Smith, and *Fuwilliams.*
Preston, Purpoynt, and *Peter,*
S. Simon, S. Wright, and *S. Oliuer.*
These with the rest beare *Boner* good will,
And these be those which thinke Pope no ill.
Yet they are true subiectes as they say,
But I maruell why they ran away.
Some of them had licence to passe to *Spayne,*
But their yeares are out, they come not agayne.
Where in I will not say they do rebell,
But of my conscienee they do not well.
No, no, these be none of those which shewed to the Pope,
To keepe Abby landes for a day of hope.
No, no, these be none of those which mony haue spent,
To haue the Popes licence to eat flesh in Lent.
No, no, these be none of those, nor of that guise,
Which caused the rebels of late to rise.
These be true subiectes of English soyle,
Which neuer sought their countrey to spoyle.
But this I know they pray night and day,
That *Spainyardes* in England might haue a pray.

[1] Jasper, the son of the epigrammatist, was the first Jesuit that came into England. He was one of the twenty Jesuits and priests transported by the Privy Council to France in 1581. — See Foulis's *Romish Treasons,* 1671, fol. p. 420.

After praying that popery

may soone haue an end,
And ech Christian and Papist their liues may amend,

the writer proceeds to give the names of some of the characters whom Bonner was said to have maintained when in power in the reign of Queen Mary:

A wilde Roge and a Ruffeler,
A Paylyard and a proud Pedler.
A tame Roge and a Tynker,
A Abraham man and a Frater.
A Jackman and a Patrico,
A Whipiack and a Kitchinco
A Dell and a Antemorte,
A Counterfait Cranke and a Doxe.
A demaunder for Glymar,
A Baudy Basket and a Domerar,
A Kitchinmort and a fresh Mariner.

These be those which *Boner* did hate,
More I thinke than mother *Clonnes Kate*,
No he did hate euen all this whole summe,
Euen as he did the Popes grace of Rome.
Wherfore honest Roges where euer ye go,
Haue *Boner* your Saint in *memento*.

The author concludes his poem with these words:

Dominus vobiscum,
And beware of treason from Rome.
Requiescant in pace,
With Frier *Forest* and *Chace*.
Ita missa est,
Mery may you rest,
Untill more newes come,
From the Citie of Rome.
Absolutionem I *Pasqwin* geue you all,
Hoping shortly it shall so fall:

That I shall shew the Romish guise,
How that by murder theft and lies,
Their Church maintained long hath bene,
Which is the authour of all sinne.
Finis quoth Petrus
Pasqwinus. R. W.

Mr. Heber was of opinion that "both these tracts, which have a great deal of humour as well as coarseness, were probably written by the same author R. W., who puts his initials only to the last, having written the first under the assumed name of Lemeke Avale, as if he were some relation to John Availe, whose actions are celebrated."

This work, as well as the former tract, were entirely unknown to Ames and Herbert, and Dr. Dibdin also never saw the work, but has only noticed it from Mr. Haslewood's account of both these pieces in the *Brit. Bibliogr.* vol. ii. p. 288. — See Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.* vol. iv. p. 119. Consult also

further Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.* p. 14; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. p. 43; and Jolley's *Catal.* pt. ii. p. 365.

Collation: Title A 1; Sig. A to D 3 inclusive, in fours; 15 leaves.

Extremely rare. From the collections of Bindley, Heber, and Jolley. Bound by Faulkner, in Brown Calf.

Austin, (Samuel.) — Austin's Vrania, or, The Heavenly Muse, in a Poem fvll of most feeling Meditations for the comfort of all soules, at all times. By S. A. B. of Arts of Ex:Colledge in Oxford. Aut perlegas, aut non legas.

What e'r thou be, whose eye doe chance to fall
Vpon this Booke, reade all, or none at all.

London, Printed by F. K. for Robert Allot and Henry Seile. 1629. pp. 156.

Besides the general title given above, this copy has also a second more enlarged one thus: "Avstins Vrania, or, The Heavenly Mvse: Being a true story of man's fall and redemption, set forth in a Poem containing two Bookes; Whereof one resembles the Law, the other the Gospell: Wherein is chiefly imitated the powerfull expressions of holy Scripture: very necessary to be read of all, both Diuines and others, especially those who labour vnder the heauie burden of their sinnes, and would faine be comforted. By S. A., B. of Arts of Ex. Colledge in Oxford." With quotations from 1 Tim. iv. 12, John iii. 16, Rom. v. 19, 21. The title is followed by some lines by the author, entitled "An Apologie for my Muse, that it chose this subiect before any other, which might seeme more pleasing to the Times;" dated from his study in Exeter College, 24th May 1628; and by a prose dedication "To the Right Worshipfull, the especiall fauorer of my Studies Mr. Dr. Prideaux, the Kings Professor of Diuinitie, and the most deseruing Rector of Exeter Colledge in Oxford," in which he "proclaimes vnto the world the many dutifull ties, and especiall engagements, wherein (says he) I stand bound vnto you; how that (next vnder God) I haue liu'd in this happy place aboue this foure yeeres, especially by sucking in the sweet ayre of your continuing fauours: and not so onely, but how in a neerer kind of reference, you haue vouchsafed to take me into your owne Diuine Tutorage, and honour'd me (beyond all desert) with the priuiledge of vsuall

disputes before your selfe, amongst those that were your Noble Scholers: for which, and for diuers other particular respects, if I had not iust occasion to present you these first fruits of my Studies, which were nourish'd vp in your owne Garden; yet here againe I could appeale vnto you, as to a common Patron, or Godfather as it were of the Diuine Muses. If these my labours may also prooue any way beneficiall to Gods Church and Children by your good approuement; let them, I beseech you, as my first conceptions, haue leaue to breathe forth their sorrows to the world vnder your Name: Neither let it be accounted my pride that I seeke after the vain-glory of the world by being in Print; for these, I hope, can sufficiently witnesse for mee, that if I glory in any thing, it is with *Paul* in my infirmities: but if any thing herein seeme praise-worthy, I would intreate all men to know, that this came from a higher Spirit, and my selfe can glory in nothing of it, but by being the Instrument. If you knew but the paines I haue suffer'd in trauell hereof, how many precious houres and dayes I haue detain'd from those sports and vanities which are common to others: yea, how much time I haue stolne from my other priuate Studies (which lay of necessitie on mee in this place) and sacred them onely to this: and then againe, when I came about it with earnest intents, how vnaptly I was disposed for it; how ready for any thing besides it; what drowzinesse would set vpon me; and when I went sometimes more happily onwards by the strength of Gods Spirit, what Legions of euill thoughts would suddenly interrupt me; in briefe, what heauy and hard conflicts, and what a tedious trauell I haue had (as God knowes) in the producing of it, I dare promise my selfe, it would make your yeelding heart e'en bleed to thinke on't. . . . . But now (thankes bee to my God) after two yeeres tedious trauell, I haue at length finished it." After this occurs a short address in prose "To the Christian Readers," two lines "My Muse to my Censurers," and some others "To that famous Nursery of Learning and Religion, my Mother Exeter Colledge in Oxford, all happinesse." To this preliminary portion succeed four leaves of verse, styled "Austins Advertisement," addressed "To my euer honovred Friends, those most refined Wits and fauorers of most exquisite learning, Mr. M. Drayton, Mr. Will. Browne, and my ingenious Kinsman Mr. Andrew Pollexfen, (all knowne vnto me) and to the rest (vnknowne) the poets of these times, S. A. wisheth the accomplishment of all true happinesse." From this interesting piece we cannot resist the temptation of quoting that portion of the poem addressed to the three individuals personally named:

And thou, deare *Drayton*! let thy aged Muse
Turne now diuine: let her forget the use
Of thy earst pleasing tunes of loue, (which were
But fruits of witty youth:) let her forbeare
These toyes, I say, and let her now breake forth
Thy latest gaspe in heau'nly sighes, more worth
Then is a world of all the rest; for this
Will usher thee to heau'ns eternall blisse:
And let thy strong-perswasiue straines enforce
These times into a penitent remorce
For this their sinfull frowardnesse; and then
Heau'n shall reward thee; neuer care for men.
And honour'd *Willy*, thou whose maiden straines
Haue sung so sweetly of the Vales and Plaines
Of this our Ile, that all the men that be
Thy hearers, are enforc'd to honour thee,
Yea, and to fall in loue with thee; I say,
Let me intreate thee to transport thy Lay
From earth to heau'n: for sure thy Muses bee
So good, the Gods will fall in loue with thee,
As well as men: besides, 'tis fit thy Layes
Should scorne all Crowns, saue heau'ns eternall Bayes.
Then bid the world farewell with *Sydney*, (he
That was the Prince of English Poesie,)
And ioyne with me (the worst of all thy traine)
To bring these times into a better straine.
And dearest *Pol'sfen*, last of all the three,
Which should be first, by that affinitie
And int'rest that thou hast in me: I here
Intreate thy helpe amongst the rest, whose deare
And precious apprehensions reach so high
As nought but heau'n, or pure Diuinitie
Should be the subiect of thy straines: for they
Are farre too good e're to be cast away
On earth's base worthlesse vanities, which be
At best but emblems of mortalitie,
So soone they die, and quaile away: but thine,
Thy wits, I meane, are heau'nly and diuine
Emblems of Euerlastingnesse, and can
Create conceits were neuer form'd by man,
No, nor so much as thought upon, ere thou
Thy selfe gau'st being unto them,

* * * * * *

Come then, I say, deare *Drayton*, *Browne*, and thou
And all the rest that euer made a Vow
To keepe the Muses sacred Lawes, come here
And ioyne with me: let neither loue, nor feare
Make you proue partiall, till this hum'rous rage
Be banisht quite from off our Englands stage:
What shall I urge you more? &c. &c.

The poem of Vrania is divided into two books, each preceded by a short argument or summary of "The Contents" in verse. The first describes the fall of man by sin, the miseries of the human race in consequence, and that he is dependent on divine grace alone for his recovery. It is chiefly an amplification of the Scriptural account, showing the author's deep and genuine piety, and perfect knowledge of the Bible, and contains lengthened versions of the Talents, the Prodigal Son, and other Scripture parables. At page 31 the author relates a dream concerning the approach of the Last Judgment, which he had in the town of Totnes in Devon 1623, and which he describes at some length. The style of Austin is smooth and easy, and seldom if ever offends against taste. Without much power or force, there is occasionally, however, amidst some flatness, considerable sweetness in the lines, as witness the following passage:

O thou great Maker of this goodly frame,
And all therein; at whose dread glorious Name
The deuils tremble; by whose Word alone
This All had being, and without had none;
And thou that hast thy seat of Maiestie,
Beyond the reach of any mortall eie,
Within the Heau'n of Heau'ns, and as a King
Of Kings dost sit in glory, where each thing
Is subiect to thy beck, and all those traines
Of Heau'ns blest Citizens with highest straines
Doe warble forth thy prayses, and adore
That Three-Vnited-Holy, (which tofore
Hath been, and is, and shall hereafter be
From this time forward to eternitie:)
Lo, here a wretch that's summon'd to appeare
Before thy seat of Iudgement, there to cleare
Himselfe within thy sight, if that a soule
In rags of humane flesh may dare controule
As 'twere, thy high discourse, and shew that hee
Hath reason good whence to dispute with thee.

At the end of the first book there is another title-page, "Austin's Vrania; or, The Heavenly Mvse: The second Booke. Wherein is set forth the great mystery of Mans Redemption by Christ Iesus, and (the free-will and merits of Papists being experimentally confuted) the true and only meanes whereby we are to obtaine saluation is plainely declared: to the great comfort of all those that either are, or desire to be true Christians. By S. A., B. of Arts of Ex. Colledge in Oxford." With quotations from 2 Cor. i. 3, 4; Psal. lxvi. 16; Psal. lxxxix. 1. This part is dedicated "To that Honorable Gentleman Mr. Iohn Robarts, Sonne to my Lord Robarts, Baron of Truro in Cornwall," and has also "An Advertisement to the Readers on my second Booke" in prose. This second book sets forth the redemption of mankind by Jesus Christ, and the true and only means whereby we are to obtain salvation. It concludes with a farewell to the world by the writer, and a pious dedication of himself and all his faculties to God and religion during the remainder of his life, till he is called forth again at the last day to join his Redeemer in the kingdom of heaven.

The author of this sacred poem was the son of Thomas Austin of Lostwithiel in Cornwall Esq., in which place he was born. He entered at Exeter College, Oxford, in 1623, at the age of seventeen, and after taking the degree of M.A. in 1630 was admitted into holy orders, and settled on a benefice in his native county. During his residence at Oxford he became acquainted with Drayton, Will. Browne, and other poets of his time, with whom he continued in intimacy in after life, and besides the publication of his present poem was a frequent contributor of verses both in Latin and English to the works of his friends. The exact time of his death seems not to be known. Whatever may be thought of the poetry of this volume, which, however, is not without merit, the sincere and devout piety of the author, his simple and unaffected humility, his modest diffidence of himself and his abilities, must secure the respect and praise of the reader, and form a striking contrast to the subject and contents of the succeeding article.—See Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. col. 499, and Rose's *Biogr. Dict.* vol. ii. p. 376.

This is a very scarce volume, and was not in the collections of Bindley, Perry, Lloyd, Strettell, Sykes, North, Rice, Heber, and Utterson; nor in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* It sold in Skegg's sale, No. 60, for 2*l.* 2*s.*; Sotheby's in 1821, 1*l.* 10*s.*

Besides having the more enlarged title-page, this copy has also a portrait

of Austin by Glover added, but this is a representation of William Austin, the author of *Hæc Homo*, 12mo. 1637.

Collation: Sig. A to K 4, in eights, exclusive of three preliminary leaves. Bound by C. Smith. In light Blue Calf, gilt leaves.

Austin, (Samuel.) — Naps upon Parnassus. A sleepy Muse nipt and pincht, though not awakened. Such Voluntary and Jovial Copies of Verses, as were lately receiv'd from some of the *Wits* of the Universities, in a Frolick, dedicated to *Gondibert's* Mistress by Captain Jones and others. Whereunto is added for Demonstration of the Authors prosaick Excellency's, his Epistle to one of the Universities, with the Answer, together with two Satyrical Characters of his *Own*, of a *Temporizer*, and an *Antiquary*, with Marginal Notes by a Friend to the Reader. Vide *Jones* his *Legend*,[1] Drink Sack and Gunpowder, and so fall to't.

Ουαρ εκ διος εστι. Hom. *Iliad.* a.
Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

8vo. London, Printed by express Order from the *Wits*, for N. Brook, at the Angel in *Cornhill*, 1658.

Of this humorous and satirical publication by some of the wits of the University of Oxford, and of the chief known contributors to the volume, a full and interesting account has been given by Mr. Park in *Cens. Liter.* vol. iii. p. 219, and also (compiled from the same gentleman's notes) in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 500. The chief contributors to the collection, as yet discovered, were Thomas Flatman, Fellow of New College; Thomas Sprat, of Wadham College, afterwards Bishop of Rochester; Sylvanus Taylour, of All Souls' College; Samuel Woodford, of Wadham College; Gilbert Ironside, of the same; George Castle, of All Souls' College; and Alexander Amidei, a Jew, and teacher of Hebrew at Oxford; but it is probable that several other persons joined in this piece of university waggery. The object

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[1] The *Legend of Capt. Jones*, an amusing extravaganza, was published in two parts in 1659, 12mo; the first part had previously appeared in 1636, 4to.

of their ridicule was Samuel Austin, a Cornish man, and a Commoner of Wadham College, who is believed to have been a son of the preceding Samuel Austin, the author of *Urania*, but a character of a totally different stamp from his father, being, as we are informed by Anthony Wood, "a conceited coxcomb, who, through his exceeding vanity and folly, was made use of, like Tho. Coryate, by certain poets of Oxon in their respective copies of verses set before his Naps on Parnassus." "Such was the vanity of this person," again says Wood, "that he being extremely conceited of his own worth, and over-valuing his poetical fancy, more than that of Cleveland, who was then accounted by the bravadoes the 'hectoring prince of poets,' fell into the hands of the satyrical wits of this university, who having easily got some of his prose and poetry, served him as the wits did Tho. Coryat in his time." A list of the various pieces is given in the *Cens. Liter.*, amounting to twenty-three, which are preceded by a humorous prose "Advertisement to the Reader," dated May 30, 1658, from the Apollo in Fleet-street, and signed "Adoniram Banstittle, alias Tinderbox." A few stanzas from the first piece in the book will serve to show the jocose style and banter of these burlesque poems:

1.

Then come along Boyes,
Valiant, and strong Boyes,
For here's a *Poet* I tell ye
That *Naps on Parnassus*
And (o Heavens bless us)
Takes *Deep-sleeps* too out of *Heli-*

2.

con. Avaunt then poor *Virgil*,
Thou ne're drank'st a pure Gill
Of Sack, to refine thy sconce:
Thou stol'st all from *Homer*,
And rod'st on a low *Mare*,
Instead of *Pegasus*, for th' nonce.

3.

Let *Martial* be hang'd,
For I'le swear I'le be bang'd
If he makes me ought else but sleepy;
He's onely at last
For a brideling cast
And his *Wit* lies at th' *end of his Epi-*

4.

grams. Then for *Ovid*.
Why? was not his Love hid
In's *Book* of Toyes, call'd *Amorum:*
Indeed there he wrote *madly*,
But in's *Tristium sadly;*
Our Poet's th' *Apollo virorum.*

5.

And then *Flaccus Horace*,
He was but a sowr-ass,
And good for nothing but *Lyricks:*
There's but One to be found
In all English ground
Writes as well, who is hight *Robert Herick*.

6.

Our Author's much better
In every letter
Than *Robin* and *Horace Flaccus:*
He is called *Samuel*,
Who ends well, and began well;
And if we'r not glad he can make us.

We are told by Wood that Austin having taken his degree of B.A. in 1656, went to reside at Cambridge for a time: at the end, therefore, of these first poems is an "Epistle Dedicatory made by the Authour (upon some dislike) and presented to his now adopted Mother the University of Cambridge," commencing "Dear Dam," together with an answer from Alma Mater to her "dearest adopted Biern." There is then another title, "The Authors own Verse and Prose. With Marginall Illustrations on his *Obscurities*, by a Friend, to the Reader. Semel in anno ridet Apollo. Printed by the same Order." These pretended originals of the author, which are much in the same burlesque style as the former, are twenty in number, including one "Upon Mr. John Cleeveland, my quondam Chamber-fellow," and "A Pyndarique Ode, on the ingenuous Poet Mr. Cowley." At the close of these a third title appears, "Two Exact Characters, one of a Temporizer. The other of an Antiquarian. Notus nimis omnibus Ignotus moriar mihi. Printed by the same Order." These two short characters in prose conclude this singular and humorous production. At the end of the volume, the signatures being continued, is a long and curious list of books printed for Nath. Brook, and sold at his shop at the Angel in Cornhill, filling eleven pages.

Wood says that Austin published *A Panegyric on K. Charles II.* Lond. 1661, 8vo, in which he promised to publish some more poems, the subjects of which are there set down, provided that he met with encouragement; but thinks that death in 1665 prevented him from accomplishing his intentions. More probably the want of success of his first effort might be the real cause. — See Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. col. 499, and vol. iii. col. 675. Lloyd's sale, No. 884, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Bindley, pt. i. No. 98, 3*l.* 5*s.*, pt. iii. No. 2193, 1*l.* 18*s.*; Nassau, pt. i. No. 83, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Strettall, No. 971, 1*l.* 5*s.*; Sir M. M. Sykes, No. 171, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Perry, pt. i. No. 133, 1*l.* 13*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. viii. No. 62, 1*l.* 19*s.*; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 500, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Fine copy. Bound by Winstanley. In Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

AUSTIN, (SAMUEL.) — Naps upon Parnassus. A sleepy Muse nipt and pincht, though not awakened &c. &c. 8vo. London Printed by express Order &c. 1658.

Another copy of this scarce little work. It is the one from Longman's

Bibl. Ang. Poet. No. 500, which had belonged to Mr. Park, from whose manuscript notes at the commencement of it, the account of this volume, and of the contributors to it in the *Bibl.*, was compiled. Wood appears to have confounded this Samuel Austin with the author of *Urania*, who was his father. It has Brook's Catalogue of Books at the end.

From the libraries of Park, Heber, &c.

In the original Calf binding.

Austin, (William.) — Atlas under Olympus. An Heroick Poem. By William Austin of Grays-Inn, Esq.

An melius per te Virtutum exempla petemus?—Ovid *ad Livium.*

Atlas

Axem humero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.—Virg. *Æn.* i. 6.

Hunc ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.—*Ibid.*

Quod Numen in isto

Corpore sit dubito, sed corpore Numen in isto est.

Ovid *Met.* l. 3, fab. 8.

8vo. London, Printed for the Author, 1664.

The title is succeeded by a prose Dedication "To his Sacred Majesty Charles II." and by another "To the Bright Mirror of Loyal Duty, the admired Crown and Support of Royalty, the George of Honour, Peace, Strength, and Security to these three Kingdoms, The most Noble and most Illustrious George Duke of Albemarle, Earl of Torrington, Baron Monk of Potheridge, Baucamp, and Teys, Captain General and Commander in Chief of all his Majesties Forces in his Kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland; Master of his Majesties Horse, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Majesties most honourable Privie Council." These are followed by "The Epistle to the Reader," after which the poem commences, which is a fulsome and adulatory strain, in heroic verse, in praise of the two great personages to whom the work is dedicated. There are very copious classical quotations in the notes both to the poems and to the dedications and epistles. Indeed it would seem as if the poem, which is the veriest bombastical doggrel ever produced, was merely intended as a theme on which to parade in the notes the extent of the author's classical acquirements, nearly every other line having appended to it a quotation

from some Latin writer. For instance, the fame of General Monk is thus immortalized:

Thy *Exploits* serve as presidents to men,
And thy life only fits a *Jeroms* Pen.
None but an *Hesiod* deserves to be
Recorder of your Genealogie.
Thy *History*, *Great George*, will keep alive
Like *Dictys's*, and in the grave survive.
Well may'st thou with *Agesilaus* deny
Art should delineate thy Phisnomy.
For 'tis thy Nature, Person, and Desert,
Can only tell us truly who thou art.
The more we with Ideas frame out these,
The more we're puzled like *Simonides*.
Phidias and *Pyrgoteles* may try
Who Idols made so many Cubits high,
If they can find room for thy Statue here,
Being limited to this streight Hemisphere.
Where's one who for a rude design now can
Carve *Athos* out into the shape of man?
Who footes thee on earth, must advance thy Head
Till it prop Heaven, and stand in *Atlas* stead.

The reader will, we are sure, think this quite enough. The author, William Austin of Gray's Inn Esq., was most probably the son of William Austin of Lincoln's Inn Esq., a gentleman remarkable for his piety and devotional disposition, who wrote a little essay called "Hæc Homo, wherein the Excellency of the Creation of Woman is described," published in 1637, 12mo, with an engraved title by Glover, containing a portrait of the author; and also *Certaine devout, godly, and learned Meditations*, folio Lond. 1637, with portrait by Glover. He was a friend of James Howell, to whom he wrote for advice respecting the publication of a poem he had written on "The Passion of Christ." He died in 1633. Of the son we know nothing more than that he was the author of this poem, and the next on *The Anatomy of the Pestilence*.

The present volume contains 94 pages, exclusive of the "imprimatur" and table of errata two leaves more. — See Bindley's *Cat.* pt. i. No. 44, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Lloyd, No. 41, 17*s.*; Sir M. M. Sykes, No. 170, 19*s.*; Perry, pt. i. No. 134, 1*l.* 8*s.*

Bound in White Calf, extra.

Austin, (William.) — *Επιλοιμια επη.* Or, The Anatomy of the Pestilence. A Poem, in three Parts. Describing the deplorable Condition of the City of London under its merciless dominion, 1665. What the Plague is, together with the Causes of it. As also, The Prognosticks and most Effectual Means of Safety, both Preservative and Curative. By William Austin, of Grayes-Inne, Esq. Sm. 8vo. London, Printed for Nath. Brooke, at the Angel in Cornhill. 1666.

The great plague of London in 1665, celebrated by Defoe, which destroyed more than sixty-eight thousand of its inhabitants, formed the theme of many discourses, tales, and poems, descriptive of its horrors and sad events. Amongst the latter of these may be included the very scarce poem now before us, written by the same author as the last. It is divided into three parts, and is preceded by a short address from "The Printer to the Reader," and by a list of "Errata," one leaf. In the former it is stated, "that this Poem was written at the earnest request of some very worthy persons in the Countrey, at that time of the Sickness, when the Mortality in London was so great, that (waving what was generally believed, that they, not to scare the City from itself, were afraid to own and publish half the number of the dead) according to the account of the usual Bills, there dyed seven or eight thousand a Week, with some hundreds over and above. An affliction never to be forgotten, and a Subject worthy to be dedicated to eternall Posterity."

A short quotation from the first part will suffice to shew the reader the nature and style of Austin's poem, who seems fond of coining new words and epithets — as, *imbellick*, *meticulous*, *gulfey*, *effrene*, *ammaliating*, *traliniate*, *stelleg'd honour*, *vesanous ablepsie*, *pumicate*, *interequitate*, &c. &c.:

By night and day the dead walk ev'ry where
As if the day of doom drew very near.
Dis shows us his *black princes* in the dead,
Being more tall then others by the head.
As they are softly carried on their way,
Death seems to make triumphant holyday.
Many attend them to the graves; are taught
How to come there next day; so then are brought,
As if sins punishment with sin did meet,
To be alike infectious and sweet.

Thus, as such in their duty are well read,
We do but *let the dead bury the dead.*
The doleful Parish-bell all night and day
Beating, as pulse, its sickness does betray.
Mortality all sermons does contain,
As ev'ry silver fountain courts the main.
All divine rayes are center'd in this text,
As amply round us spreads as heavens convex.
T' illustrate *holy Scripture* well, his breath
Best does it to the life, best sets forth death.
The Gospels full summe and epitomy,
To prove life's warfare is *Prepare to die.*
In this *the graves great Jubile*, we choose
No place but *Church-yard* for our rendesvouze.

At the end is a list of books printed for Nathaniel Brooke; and prefixed to the volume is a well engraved portrait of Austin in a large flowing wig, by Hertocks, inscribed "Effigies Gulielmi Augustini, A.R.M."

Few copies of this poem have occurred for sale. Bindley's, pt. i. No. 45, sold for 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 41, 1*l.* 9*s.*

Bound in Calf, neat.

AYLETT, (ROBERT.) — Susanna: Or, The Arraignment of the Two Unjust Elders. Deut. xvi. 20. That which is just and right shalt thou follow that thou maist live and enioy the Land which the Lord thy God giueth thee. By Robert Aylett, D.C.L. Sm. 8vo. London, Printed for Iohn Teage, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Ball. 1622.

The story of Susanna and the Elders was a favourite subject of verse among our poetical writers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and numerous were the ballads, poems, and plays that were composed on this narrative of Scripture history. We shall have occasion to introduce one or two other poems on the same subject in the course of this work; and the present little volume, which is one of the earliest productions of its author, demands from us a passing notice. It is dedicated in four lines of verse "To the Right Honourable Robert Earle of Warwicke, and to his most vertuous and Noble Countesse, the Lady Frances:

Thou who art in thy Country iustly hight
Another *Daniel* for iudging right:
And thou his *Dame*, a *Susan* of this age;
Let Both be graced with your Patronage.

A short "Argument or Morall of the whole Historie," in verse, is the only other prefix. The poem, written in rhyming heroic couplets, is divided into four books, each preceded by a brief metrical preface of six lines. It strictly follows the Scriptural account, and is not remarkable for any poetical taste or power. For what can be said of the author's taste who compares Susanna's teeth to ivory *piles*, and her lips to *scarlet ribbands?* The following embraces a portion of the description of Susanna and her employments, and is perhaps as favourable a passage as can be selected for transcription:

Amongst the fruits of her industriousnesse
Who neuer eate her bread in idlenesse,
Shee plants an orchard fruitfull, rich, and faire,
Whither she with her Lord doth oft repaire,
Themselues awhile from worldly cares to free,
And on their handy workes Gods blessing see:
There might they please smell, touch, eare, taste, and sight,
With flowers, fruits, and musiques sweete delight;
For through the same a pure streame murmured,
To which the Birds sweete trebles warbeled,
The winds amongst the trees a Base did sound,
And flowers all enamelled the ground.
But lo the winds, birds, streames, and all were mute,
At nimble touch of *Susans* trembling Lute,
Brooke staid, Birds ceast, and aire calme became,
To heare the heau'nly musique of this Dame;
But most it doth her husbands heart reioyce,
To heare her Lute outwarbled by her voice:
Which seem'd a quire of *Angels*, which did praise
The *King* of heau'n in Dauids holy laies.
So haue I often heard, in forrest faire,
When Spring begins with calme and gentle aire,
Groues citizens, which thither doe resort,
Oft sing by turnes, oft ioyne in one consort;
Till *Philomele* to welcome *Phœbus* light,
Hauing their musique heard with due delight
Sends from her brest such lute-like warbeling,
The other Birds are all asham'd to sing;

And listening, in one straine most sweete and cleare,
Doe all their changes in one Dittie heare.
And so haue I often seene the shepheard swaines
Wooing the shepheardesses on the plaines,
Challenge their mates by single pipe and voice,
And ioyne in consort with harmonious noise:
That all the shepheards dance to heare them sing,
And forrests all with ioy aloud doe ring,
Till *Phillis* with one stroake of warbling Lute,
The shepheards pipes, and voices all makes mute;
Yea *Collin Clout* doth breake his pipe for shame,
To heare the heauenly ditties of his Dame.

This work is sometimes found in conjunction with two other pieces by Aylett published in the same yeare for John Teage, viz. *Peace with her four Gardens, viz. Five Morall Meditations;* and *Thrifts Equipage, viz. Five Divine and Morall Meditations;* and with another poem entitled *Joseph*, not published till the following year. They were all, however, printed separately, and are exceedingly scarce, especially the first. At the end of the poem are these two lines:

In all thy Poems thou dost wondrous well,
But thy *Susanna* doth them all excell. — R. C.

A copy, containing the whole of the four pieces mentioned above, sold in the *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 44, for 2*l.* 3*s.*, which formerly belonged to the Rev. Jonathan Boucher. Another copy without the *Joseph* sold at Dr. Bliss's sale, pt. i. No. 95, for 4*l.* 6*s.*; Sir M. M. Sykes's *Cat.* No. 172, 1*l.* 12*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 45, 10*s.*; Perry's ditto, pt. i. No. 121, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Collation: Title A 1; Sig. A to C 8, in eights.

The Sykes copy. In Calf, extra.

Aylett, (Dr. Robert.) — Divine and Moral Speculations in Metrical Numbers, upon Various Subjects. By Dr. R. Aylet, one of the Masters of the High Court of Chancery. Beati qui custodiunt judicium et faciunt justitiam omni tempore. — *Psal.* iii. 8vo. London, Printed for Abel Roper, at the Sun against St. Dunstans Church in Fleet-street. 1654.

Dr. Robert Aylett, the author of *Susanna* and of this volume of poetry

of somewhat unfrequent occurrence, was born in 1584, and was educated at Trinity Hall in Cambridge, of which university he became Doctor of Laws in 1614. He devoted himself to the study of his profession, and was made one of the Masters in Chancery, and also appointed Master of the Faculties on the death of Sir Charles Cæsar in 1642. He amused himself in his leisure hours with the company of the Muses, of which relaxation the present rather thick octavo volume was the fruit. It is ornamented opposite to the title with a portrait, engraved by Cross, of himself æt. 51, 1635, in his master's gown and ruff, with this quotation from the Psalms underneath:

Psal. { 102 { Dies mei sunt ut umbra inclinata.
90 { Consumpsimus Annos tanquam sermonem.

This portrait has been copied by Richardson. The volume is most irregular both in the paging and signatures, but is perfect, as will be seen by a comparison of its contents with the table at the commencement; and as these have not been described that we are aware of in any bibliographical work, they shall be particularly specified from the present copy. It begins with an epistle dedicatory in verse "To the Right Honourable Henry Lord Marquesse of Dorchester: and his Incomparable Lady," five stanzas; and is followed by commendatory verses by R. Beaumont Bart., Jam. Howell, and W. Martin, Eq. Aur., and a table of the several poems contained in the book. The book then commences with "The Song of Songs which was Solomons," preceded by "The Argument," and divided into eight chapters, each having a preface of four lines. At the end are four stanzas intended as an introduction to the next poem, which is entitled "The Brides Ornaments," in twenty divine meditations. These are divided into four books, each containing five meditations. The first book is preceded by a stanza, explanatory of the contents, and by "The Proeme," which enumerates the subjects of the different meditations in some not unpleasing or inelegant stanzas. We quote one as a specimen. It is a description of

—a courteous Lady then assign'd
To Keep the Court Gate, hight *Humility*.
She was a lovely Lady cloth'd in gray
Of russet wool which her own hands did spin
Nor would expend her state in garments gay,
Her care was to be glorious within:
Yet had this Lady goodly comings in,

Which for Loves sake she dealt amongst the poor,
To fill their bellies she look'd lean and thin,
Would stoop to heal the meanest *Lazars* sore,
Yet when she had done all, griev'd she could do no more.

The subjects of the meditations are: Book I. 1. Of Heavenly Love. 2. Humility. 3. Repentance. 4. Faith. 5. Hope. Book II. 1. Of Justice and Righteousnesse. 2. Truth. 3. Mercy. 4. Patience. 5. Fortitude. Book III. 1. Of Heavenly Knowledge. 2. Zeal and Godly Jealousie. 3. Temperance. 4. Bounty. 5. Spiritual and Heavenly Joy. Book IV. 1. Of Wisedom and Prudence. 2. Obedience. 3. Meeknesse. 4. God's Word. 5. Prayer. This part ends with p. 247, on Sig. R 4.

A new title now occurs: "Susanna: or the Arraignment of the two unjust Elders. Deut. xvi. 20. That which is just and right shalt thou follow, that thou maist live and enjoy the Land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. London, Printed for A. R. 1654." This is similar in its contents to the first edition noticed before, with the exception of the dedication to the Earl of Warwick and his Countess, and has the royal arms engraved before the first book. The paging of this part extends from p. 1 to 44, and the signatures from Ii 1 to Ll 8.

Next occur "Five Moral Meditations. Of 1. Concord and Peace. 2. Chastity. 3. Constancy. 4. Courtesy. 5. Gravity." At the end of the meditation on constancy are these lines inscribed

Authoris Votum.

Might I a Life enjoy to my desire,
I would no wealth, or honour vain require,
Nor troups of Horsemen after me to ride,
Nor clouds of Servants trouping by my side:
In private Fields and Gardens I would walk;
Now with my Muse, now with my Friends to talk:
(By Muse I prayer mean, and Meditacion;
By Friends, a holy loving Conversacion)
At Peace with all, but Ill: My Conscience
Both good and quiet, free from foul offence:
So when the hower of my change shall come
I with a willing heart will leave my room
To whom it is ordain'd by Destiny:
Thus I desire to live, and thus to die.

Then come "Five Divine and Moral Meditations. Of 1. Frugality. 2. Providence. 3. Diligence. 4. Labour and Care. 5. Death." At the

end of these are two short pieces "On being visited with the ague," and "Of dying young;" and "A Funerall Elegy consecrated to the memory of his ever honored Lord Iohn King late Lord Bishop of London." The paging of this portion of the volume from the end of *Susanna* is numbered from p. 361 to 480, and the signatures extend from Aa 1 to Hh 4.

Another title page now appears as follows: "A Wife, not ready made, but bespoken, by Dicus the Batchelor, and made up for him by his fellow Shepheard Tityrus. In four Pastorall Eglogues. The second Edition: Wherein are some things added but nothing amended.

All Husbands that do laugh or weep,
Read over this before you sleep;
Here's virtue in each line and letter,
To make both *good* and *bad* wives better:
But they that are resolv'd for none,
Were better let this Book alone,
Lest seeing here the good of *Wives*,
They change their *Votes* for married *Lives*.

London, Printed for A. R. 1653."

This part is dedicated in verse "To my Honoured Good Friend Sir Robert Stapleton." This was the translator of *Juvenal* and *Musæus*. Then follow some verses addressed "Lectori Cælibi. To the single Reader," signed J. H., which Mr. Park in the *Restituta* imagined to be "probably John Hall, the friend of Stapleton, Stanley, &c.;" but may perhaps be more properly ascribed to James Howell, who had already contributed, as we have seen, a copy of verses to the "Divine and Moral Speculations." Besides these are some lines, "The two married Shepheards T. and D. to R. and G. Batchelours," other verses signed G. H. and a few lines addressed "To the Courteous Reader" by Dicus. The subject of these Pastoral Eclogues is a poetical strife or dispute concerning the advantages of a married or single life, in which the respective opponents display great ingenuity, but the palm is evidently decided in favour of the former. The following is the opening speech of the bachelor:

Good Tityrus! what shall I do?
I love, yet am afraid to wooe,
Such freedom is in single life
I dread the yoaking with a Wife;
For now I revell, sing and play,
Go where I list each Holiday,
Laugh, caroll, pipe: thus blithe and merry,
I to my Lambs sing Hey down derry:
But if I once turn married man,
Then say or do I what I can,

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All is too little her to please,
I fain would wive, yet live at ease;
I hear some married men, that say,
That wives will brow-beat all the day,
At night within the curtains preach,
And men must learn what they do teach:
Against this how may I provide?
They best can teach us that have tri'd.

At the end are some songs and other short pieces, one of which entitled "A Mandee to Grammar Scholars" has been partly given by Mr. Park in *Cens. Liter.* vol. ii. p. 380. The last of them is the author's own epitaph:

Hæc suprema Dies sit mihi prima quies.
Lord let this last be my first day of Rest.

After these succeed "A Pair of Turtles; viz. Two Elegies on the Deaths of Edmund Alleyn Esquire, Son and Heir to Sir Edward Alleyn of Hatfield in Essex, Baronet, and Mary his Wife, left by him with Childe, and died soon after her Delivery." The first of these is quoted at length in the *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 39. These elegies close another portion of the volume, which has a separate paging and signatures, the latter being whimsically irregular. This portion is not unfrequently met with as a separate work, and as such is described by Mr. Park in *Cens. Liter.* vol. ii. p. 379, and in the *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 38.

Another separate title now succeeds, inscribed "Joseph, or Pharaohs Favorite. Ecclus. xxxix. i. 4. He only that applieth his mind to the Law of the most High, and is occupied in the Meditation thereof, shall serve among Great Men, and appear before the Prince. London, Printed for A. R. 1654." This poem is divided into five books, and contains a metrical history of the life of Joseph, and his adventures in the land of Egypt, with "Jacob's last Blessing," and at the end "Joseph's Epitaph." The first edition was published in 1622. It has a commendatory couplet at the close, addressed to the author:

Susanna was of all thy Poems best
But *Joseph her* excels, as *she* the rest.

The poem of Joseph is followed by another in quatrains, entitled "Urania, or the Heavenly Muse," in which allusion is made to Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Lucretius, Spenser, and Du Bartas. The verses in general partake of the author's usual ordinary style, but the subjoined description of Urania may perhaps bear quotation:

Her gesture and her grace angelical,
With wings whereby her self to heav'n she rears;
Her countenance fair, sweet, celestial,
Her voice like Musick of the heav'nly spheares.

A glorious Garland crown'd her golden head,
Bedeck'd with all the Flowers, sweet and gay,
That could on *Tempes* Plains be gathered,
By *learned Sisters* in their fairest *May*.

Immortal Flowers, which spring and flourish ay,
And ay their verdure and sweet scent retain,
Like heav'nly arts, which never do decay,
But by their using greater glory gain.

On shoulders hangs her azure mantle light,
With silver spangles all adorned fair,
Twinkling like brightest stars in frosty night,
As they are moved by the gentle ayr.

Her nether parts to hide from vulgar eye,
A Kirtle like heav'ns Canopy did cover.
Where all the *Signes* of heav'n imbroidred fly,
And all the *Graces* seem about to hover.

To Urania succeed two short poems, "The Authors Vow or Wish, at the consecration of a Chappel founded by the Right Honourable William Lord Maynard, at his House in Eston in Essex;" and "The Muses Health: or, To the Right Honourable William Lord Maynard, at the Consecration of his Chappel at Eston Lodge in Essex." Then "The Converts Conquest," and some lines "Upon sight of a most honorable Lady's Wedding Garter." These are followed by "Divine Quadrains," forty-four verses, and "Quadrains Moral and Civil," seventy-three verses; and the volume concludes with "A Christmass Carol, 1645," in which allusion is made to the political distractions then prevailing, and the death of Charles I. This portion of the volume has also a separate paging and signatures, the former extending to p. 120 and the latter from Mm 1 to Tt 9.

Such are the contents of this miscellaneous poetical volume, which when found with the whole of the pieces and the portrait as in the present copy, is of some rarity. The author published some other works, and besides the volume in 1622 "Peace with her four Gardens," &c., mentioned in the preceding article, wrote also in 1655 a small volume, entitled "Devotions, viz. 1. A good Woman's Prayer. 2. The humble man's Prayer. By R. A.,

D. L. 8vo. London, Printed by T. M. for Abel Roper at the signe of the Sun in Fleet-street. 1655." It contains a neatly engraved frontispiece by Cross, representing a female figure at prayer, and in the margin "*Pulchrior intus.*" It is dedicated "To the right Hon^ble^ Lady Anne Pierpoint, elder Daughter to the Lord Marquesse of Dorchester," and is described by Mr. Park, with some short quotations from it in the *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 41.

Lowndes is able to refer to few sales of copies of the present work. Nassau's copy, No. 84, with the scarce portrait, and Richardson's copy of it, sold for 1*l.* 2*s.*; Bindley's, pt. i. No. 90, 2*l.* 7*s.*; Dr. Bliss's, No. 96, 1*l.* 13*s.*

The present copy has the portrait by Cross inlaid, otherwise a fine copy. Bound in Olive Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

AYRES, (PHILIP.) — Emblemata Amatoria. Emblems of Love. Embleme d'Amore. Emblèmes d'Amour. In four Languages. Dedicated to the Ladys. By Ph. Ayres Esq. 8vo. London 1683. Sold by R. Bentley in Covent Garden. S. Tidmarch at the Kings head in Cornhill &c.

These emblems, forty-four in number, are engraved on copperplates, on separate leaves from the letter-press, each plate occupying the whole of the page, and are illustrated with suitable designs, which according to Lowndes were engraved by Nicholls, but on the title page the initials are "J. R. inv^t^ fecit." Each emblem is accompanied with four lines in four several languages, Latin, English, Italian, and French, all engraved on one side only of forty-four leaves.

The title, which is inscribed "Cupid's addresse to the Ladies," is engraved on a curtain held up by a winged Cupid, with another at the side pointing to the inscription, and is followed on the next leaf by an allegorical engraved frontispiece, and a sonnet in English and French, inscribed "Cupid to the Ladies," and "L'Amour aux Dames." These are succeeded by the emblems, the engravings to some of which appear rather like etchings. The twelfth emblem represents a farm yard, with Cupid watching two cocks fighting. We subjoin the Latin and English verses that accompany this device, as a short specimen of the work:

Pro Gallinis.

Ut pro Gallinis victoriæ amore salaces
Non prædæ Galli bella cruenta movent;
Sic pro virginibus certat lasciva Juventa,
Atq. etiam sævo vulnere sæpe cadit.

Life for Love.

Not the brave Birds of Mars feel half that rage
Though likewise spur'd by love and victory,
Or can more freely bleed upon the stage
Than rival lovers, that dare fight and dye.

Another edition of these emblems was published without any date, printed for John Wren. *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 9, 1*l.* 1*s.* See also Fry's *Bibliogr. Memoranda*, p. 68. The White Knights Collection had both editions.

Bound in Calf, gilt leaves.

Ayres, (Philip.) — Lyric Poems, made in Imitation of the Italians. Of which, many are Translations from other Languages.

Mart. Epigram.

Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?

By Philip Ayres Esq. Licensed, R.L.S. 8vo. London, Printed by J. M. for Jos. Knight and F. Saunders at the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange, 1687.

An engraved frontispiece to these poems, representing Apollo with his Lyre, is probably by the same artist who engraved the emblems. The poems are inscribed "To the Honourable Sir John Fenwick Baronet, Brigadier General of His Majesty's Forces, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Troop of His Majesty's Guards of Horse." A "Preface" follows, in which the author explains in reference to the title of *Lyric Poems* that he had "herein followed the modern Italian, Spanish, and French poets, who always call *Lyrics* all such sonnets and other small poems which are proper to be set to music, without restraining themselves to any particular length of verse. And our grand master of *Lyrics*, even Horace himself, has sometimes inserted the *Heroic* amongst his. This also his great imitator

Casimere the Polander has often done: And the ingenious Mr. Gibbs or Gibbesius our Countrey-man at Rome takes the same liberty." Ayres professes to have translated his poems from Petrarca, Marino, Preti, Guarini, Tassoni, amongst the Italians; from Garcilasso de la Vega, Quevedo, Gongora &c. among the Spaniards; and Camoens among the Portuguese. A short commendatory poem by C. Dartiquenave is the only other prefix. Some of these translations are not without merit. There is a certain degree of ease and freedom in the language, and many of the lines are not inelegantly expressed, as witness the following "Sonnet:"

The Rose and the Lily.

Courted by *Cupids* and the amorous Air,
Upon a shady Throne, at her repose,
She sate, than whom, none e're so sweet or fair;
It was the Queen of Flowers, the Blushing Rose.

With no less pride, upon his Bed of State,
A Lily, pale with Envy, look'd that way:
With humble Flowers, encompass'd round he sate,
And scorn'd the Sceptre at her Feet to lay.

To Arms, with Thorns and Prickles, they prepare,
And each designs to try it out by War;
Till on good Counsel, they in Rule combine:
So in your Face, the lovely White and Red,
Cynthia, I see, all Quarrels banished,
And Rose and Lily do in Empire joyne.

The subjoined verses are not without merit:

A Character of his Friend W. B. Esq. (*William Bridgeman*).

To raise up Vertue when 'tis sinking down,
Toyle less for Wealth than to acquire Renown,
T'enrich the Mind, and crown the Head with Bays,
Subdue the Passions, and the Soul to raise;

T' increase in Glory, as in years he grows,
To bear ripe Fruit, e'en e're his Blossom blows,
Faster than Honours, Merits to repeat,
Keep the Sense cold, but fill the Soul with heat;

Not Arts neglect, nor slight *Apollo's* Lute,
Whilst of *Astrea* he's in hot pursute,
In ancient Tongues new Eloquence rehearse,
To master both the Greek and Latine Verse;

'Gainst Sloth, perpetual Hatred to maintain,
But with the *Muses* Friendship still retain,
Here upon Earth all others to transcend,
Is still the labour of my Noble Friend.

"An Heroick Poem," entitled "Endymion and Diana, written in Italian by Allessandro Tassoni," in octave stanzas on p. 30, is well deserving of notice, but is too long, and perhaps too free for quotation. We prefer transcribing

The Withered Rose.

Go, Fading Rose, a Present to my Fair,
To whose ungrateful Breast I gave my Heart,
And tho' my Grief could ne'er affect her Care,
To her do thou my dying Mind impart.

I late have seen thee, Lovely, Sweet, and Gay,
Perchance the influence of her looks on thee;
Now pale as Death, thy Beauty's gone away,
Thou art the Emblem of my Misery.

Say, if to cast an Eye on thee she deign;
Since no Relief from her my Life receives,
My Body soon as Bloodless will remain
As thy once fresh, but now decaying Leaves.

And thou perchance the Benefit may'st find,
For, thy pale Looks and Message understood,
To cure thy dying Spoils she may be kind,
With Water of my Tears, or with my Blood.

There are verses "To his Grace George Duke of Northumberland," p. 62; "To his Ingenious Friend Mr. N. Tate," p. 97; and "To John Dryden Esq. Poet Laureat, and Historiographer Royal, his Honoured Friend," p. 145. But the most extraordinary poem in the book is one on p. 105, "An Essay towards a Character of his Sacred Majesty King James the II." Certainly "the force" of adulation "can no farther go." After saying

His mind, as Head, with Princely Vertue crown'd,
To him no Equal can on Earth be found,
His ev'ry Action has peculiar Grace,
And MAJESTY appears in Mien and Face:

the climax is thus wound up:

His Actions lasting Monuments shall frame,
None leave to future Age so sweet a Name.
Add ten times more, the Royal Image must
Fall short of JAMES the Great, the Good, the Just.

See Fry's *Bibliogr. Memoranda*, p. 68. Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 118, *5s. 6d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 8, *12s.*; pp. 190.

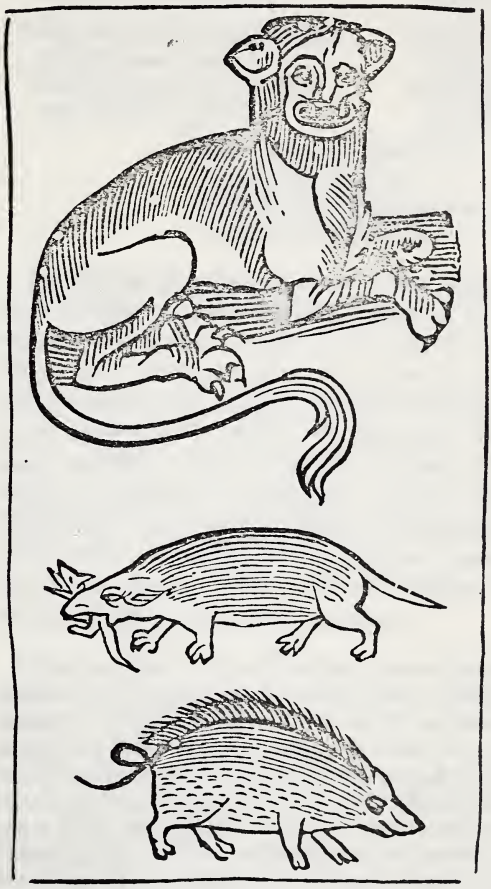
In the original Brown Calf binding.

(G.) — BEWARE THE CAT. Sm. 8vo. blk. lett. Imprinted at London at the long Shop adioyning unto Saint Mildreds Church in the Pultrie by Edward Allde. 1584.

There are few rarer or more curious volumes in this collection than the present, which is the only copy known, and even this unfortunately wants the title. It appears from an entry in the *Registers of the Stat. Comp.* for 1568-9, as noticed by Mr. Collier, that it was written by William Baldwyn, the author of the first part of the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, the *Funerals of Edward the sixt*, and other works, and that the initials G. B. are intended for Gulielmus Baldwyn. It is supposed to have been first printed in 1561, a fragment existing with that date. It was also licensed for printing in 1568-9, and was certainly printed in 1570, a portion consisting only of the first four leaves of this hitherto unknown edition being in the editor's possession, the title of which runs thus: "A Marvellous Hystory intitulede, Beware the Cat. Conteynyng diuerse wounderfull and incredible matters. Very pleasant and mery to read. blk. lett. Imprinted at London in Fleete-street at the signe of the Faulcon by William Gryffith: and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstons Church-yarde. Anno 1570."

This title is within a woodcut border with Griffith's device and motto of a griffin, and around it "Geve God the glorye nowe and euer more." On

the reverse of this title is a singular woodcut representation of the cat and its subsequent transformations, as seen below:



After the title in the later edition of 1584 on Sig. A 2, are prefixed eleven verses inscribed "T. K. to the Reader," the last word of each verse commencing that of the next, thus:

This little book Beware the Cat
moste pleasantly compil'd:

In time obscured was and so
Since that hath been exilde.

Exilde, because perchaunce at first
it shewed the toyes and drifts:
Of such as then by wiles and willes,
maintained Popish shifts.

Shifts, such as those in such a time
delighted for to use:
Wherby ful many simple soules,
they did ful sore abuse.

Abuse? yea sure and that with spight
when as the Cat gan tel:
Of many pranks of popish preests,
bothe foolish, mad and fell.

Fel sure and vaine, if iudgement right
appeere to be in place:
And so as fel in pleasant wise,
this fixion shewes their grace.

Grace? nay sure ungratiousnes
of such and many mo:
Which may be tolde in these our daies
to make us laugh also.

These lines do not occur in the earlier edition of 1570, Sig. A 2 being there occupied with the dedicatory epistle to John Young. Mr. Collier, in speaking of this curious work in his extracts from the *Register of the Stat. Comp.* vol. i. p. 200, remarks that "as soon as it appeared in 1561, both it and the author were violently attacked and abused in a broadside, preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, without writer's or printer's name, entitled *A short Answere to the Boke called Beware the Cat.* The volume is dedicated by Baldwyn "To the Right Worshipfull Esquire John Yung," who was the "maker of interludes, comedies and playes" to Henry VIII. After this is "The Argument," which introduces us to Ferrers, one of the writers in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, Willot, Streamer and others, and which commences as follows:

It chaunced that at Christemas last, I was at Court with Maister Ferrers then maister of the Kings Maiesties pastimes, about setting foorth of sertain Interludes, which for y^e^ Kings recreation we had deuised and were in learning. In which time among many other exercises among our selues, we used nightly at our lodging to talke of sundry things for the furtherance of such offices, wherin eche man as then serued; for which purpose it pleased Maister Ferrers to make me his bedfellowe, and upon a Pallet cast upon the rushes in his owne Chamber to lodge Maister Willot and Maister Stremer, the one his Astronomer, the other his Diuine. And among many other things too long to rehearee, it hapned on a night (which I think was the twenty eight of December) after that M. Ferrers was come from the Court, and in bed: there fel a controuersie between maister Streamer (who with Maister Willot had already slept their first sleep) and mee that was newly come into bed, the effect wherof was whether Birds and Beasts had reason, the occasion therof was this. I had heard that the Kings Players were learning a play of Esops Crowe, wherin the moste part of the actors were birds, the deuice wherof I discommended, saying it was

not Comicall to make either speechlesse things to speake, or brutish things to commen resonably. And although in a tale it be sufferable to immagin and tel of some thing by them spoken or reasonably doon (which kinde Esope lawdably used) yet it was uncomely (said I) and without example of any authour to bring them in liuely parsonages to speake, doo, reason, and allege authorites out of authours. M. Stremer my Lordes Diuine, beeing more diuine in this point then I was ware of, held the contrary parte, afferming that beasts and foules haue reason, and that as much as men, yea, and in some points more. M. Ferrers him self and his Astronomer, waked with our talke, and harkned to us, but would take parte on neither side. And when M. Stremer had for proofe of his assertion declared many things of Elephants that walked uppon cords, Hedghogs that knew alwaies what wether would come, Foxes and Dogges that after they had been all night abrode killing Geese and Sheep, would come home in the morning and put their necks into their collers, Parats that bewailed their keepers death, Swalowes that with Sellendine open their yung ones eyes, and an hundred things more which I denyed to come of reason, and to be but naturall kindely actions, alledging for my proof authoritie of moste graue and learned Philosophers, &c.

The book is divided into three parts, and appears to be an allegorical satire under the fiction of cats, probably intended to censure the Romish Church, and contains a variety of humorous stories concerning the transmigration of souls, the history of werwolves, the witchery of cats, and other incidents of a similar character. The chief story or oration of Stremer, who is supposed to understand the language of the feline race, opens in this manner:

Beeing lodged (as I thank him I haue been often) at a frends house of mine, which more rowmish within then gerish w'out, standing at Saint Martins lane end, and hangeth partly uppon the towne wall that is called Alders gate.

This was the house of John Day, the printer, where, says he,

I lay often times and that for sundry causes. Sometimes for lack of other lodging, and sometime as while my Greeke Alphabets were in printing, to see that it might bee truly corrected. And sure it is a shame for all yung men that they be no more studious in the tunges, but the world is now come to that passe, that if hee can prate a little Latin, and handle a Racket and a pair of six square bowles: he shall sooner obtain any liuing then the best learned in a whole Citie, which is the cause that learning is so dispised, and bagagicall things so much aduanced.

Against yung mens negligence.

Against vnlawful games.

While I lay at the forsaid house for the causes aforesaid; I was lodged in a Chamber hard by the Printing house, which had a faire bay window opening in the Garden, the earth wherof is almost as high as S. Annes Church top which standeth therby. At the other end of the Printing house as you enter in, is a side door and iii. or iiii. steps which you go up to the Leads of the Gate, wheras sometime quarters of men (which

is a lothely and abhominable sight) doo stand up upon Poles. I call it abhominable because it is not only against nature: but against Scripture. For God commanded by Moyses, that after the Sun went down, all such as were hanged or otherwise put to death should be buried, lest if the Sun saw them the next day, his wrath should come upon them and plague them, as he hath doon this and many other Realmes for the like transgression. And I meruel where men haue learned it, or for what cause they doo it, except it be to feed and please the Deuils. For sure I belecve y^t^ some spirits *Misanthropi* or *Molochitus*, who liued by y^e^ sauour of mans blood, did after their sacrifices failed, in whiche men were slaine and offered unto them, put into butcherly heathen tyrants hed, to mangle and boile christen transgressors, and to set up their quarters for them to feed upon. And therfore I would counsail all men to bury or burn all executed bodies, and refrain from making such abhominable sacrifice, as I haue often seen with Rauens or rather deuils feeding upon them in this forsaid Leads. In the which euery night many Cats assembled, and there made such a noyse that I could not sleep for them.

God plageth abhomination.

Euil spirits liue by the sauour of mans blood.

good gostly counsail of Maister Streamer.

Wherfore on a time I was sitting by the fire with certain of the house: I told them what a noise and what a wawling the Cats had made there y^e^ night before from ten a clock til one, so that neither I could sleep nor study for them. And by menes of this introduction, we fel in communication of Cats. And some affirming as I doo now (but I was against it then) that they had understanding, for confirmation wherof one of the seruants tolde this story.

A wise man may in some things chaunge his opinion.

He then proceeds to relate a singular story of a cat which spoke to a man in Kank (Cannock) Wood in Staffordshire. Perhaps one of the most curious portions of the volume is the notices it contains of Irishmen and events in Ireland, from which it would appear that Baldwyn had sojourned for some time in that country:

Civil warre betweene the Kings subiects.

The fashion of the Irish warrs.

A Churles tale.

this was an Irish town.

While I was in *Yreland* in the time that *Mackmorro* and all the rest of the wilde Lords were the kings enemies, what time also mortall warre was between the *Fitzharises* and the Prior and Conuent of the Abbey of *Tintern*, who counted them the kings freends and subiects, whose neighbour was *Cayr Macart* a wilde Irish man, then the kings enemy, and one which dayly made inrodes into the countie of *Washford*, and burned such Townes and caried away all such Cattell as hee might come by, by means wherof, all the Cuntrie from *Climine* to *Rosse* became a wast wildernes and is scarce recouered until this day. In this time I say, as I was on a night at *Coshery* w^t^ one of *Filzberies* churles, we fel in talke as we haue doon now of straunge aduentures and of Cats, and there among other things the Churle (for so they call all Farmers and Husband men) told me as you shall heare. There was, not seuen yeres past, a *Kern* of John Butlers dwelling in the *Fassock* of *Bantry* called *Patrik Apore*, who minding to make a pray in the night upon *Cayer Makart* his maisters enemy, got him with his boy, (for so they call their horse keepers be they neuer so olde knaues) into his Cuntrie, and in the night time entred into a town of

two houses and brake in and slue the people, and then took such cattel as they found which was a Cow and a Sheep, and departed therwith homeward, but douting they should be pursued (the Curre dogs made such a shril barking) he got him in to a church, thinking to lurk ther til midnight was past, for there he was sure that no man would respect or seek him, for the wild Irish men had Churches in such reuerence, til our men taught them the contrary, that they neither would nor durst either rob ought thence, or hurt any man that took the church yard for sanctuary, no though he had killed his father: and while this Kern was in the Church, he thought it best to dine, for he had eaten little that day, wherfore he made his boy go gather sticks and strake fire with his feres, and made a fire in the Churche and killed the Sheep, and after the Irish fashion layd it there upon and rosted it, but when it was ready, and that he thought to eat, there came in a cat and set her by him, and said in Irish, *Shane foel*, which is, giue mee some meat, he amased at this, gaue her the quarter that was in his hand, whiche immediatly she did eat up, and asked more til she had consumed all the sheep, and like a cormorant not satisfied therwith asked stil for more, wherfore they supposed it were the Deuil, and therefore thinking it wisdome to please him, killed the Cow which they had stolen, and when they had flaid it, gaue the Cat a quarter which she immediatlye deuoured; then they gaue her two other quarters, and in the mean while after the cuntrie fashion they did cut a peece of the hide and pricked it upon fower stakes which they set about the fire, and therin they set a peece of the Cow for them selues, and with the rest of the hide they made eche of them laps to were about their feet like broges, bothe to keep theire feet from hurt all the next day, and also to serue for meat the next night if they could get none other, by broyling them upon coles. By this time the Cat had eaten three quarters and called for more, wherfore they gaue her that which was a seething, and doubting lest when she had eaten that, she would eat them too because they had no more for her, they got them out of the Church and the *Kern* tooke his horse and away he rode as fast as he could hie. When he was a mile or two from the Church, the moone began to shine, and his boy espied the cat upon his maisters horse behinde him, tolde him, where upon the kern took his Dart and turning his face toward her flang it, and stroke her thorough with it: but immediatly there came to her such a sight of Cats, that after long fight with them, his boy was killed and eaten up, and he himself, as good and as swift as his horse was, had much to doo to scape. When he was come home and had put of his harnes (which was a Corslet of maile made like a Shirt, and his Scul couered ouer with gilt lether and crested with Otterskin) all weary and hungry set him down by his wife and tolde her his aduenture, which when a kitling, which his wife kept scarce half a yeere had heard, up she started and said, hast thou killed Grimmalkin? and therwith she plunged in his face, and with her teeth took him by the throte, and ere shee could be taken away, she had strangled him. This the Churle tolde mee, now about xxxiiii. winters past, and it was doon, as he and diuers other credible men infourmed mee not seauen yeeres before, wherupon I gather that this *Grimmalkin* was it which the Cat in *Kank wood* sent newes of unto y^e^ cat which we heard of euen now. Tush, quoth an other that sate by, your coniecture is to

Irish Curs bark sore.

The wilde Irishe men were better then we in reuerencing their Religion.

The olde Irish diet was to dine at night.

A malapart gest that cometh vnbidden.

A Cat did eat a sheep.

the wood kerns Cookry.

Kerns for lack of meat eat their shoos rosted.

A kerne killed Grimalkin.

Cats did kill and eat a man.

the Kernes Armour.

A kitling killeth the kern that slew Grim.

A very straunge coniecture.

unreasonable, for to admit that Cats haue reason, and that they doo in their owne language understand one another, yet how shoüld a Cat in *Cank wood* knowe what is doone in *Ierland?* How, quoth hee, euen as wee knowe, what is doon in the realmes of *Fraunce, Flaunders*, and *Spain*, yea and almost in all the world beside. There be few ships but haue Cats belonging unto them, which bring newes unto their fellowes out of all quarters. Yea quoth the other, but why should all cats looue to heare of *Grimmalkin?* or how should *Grimmalkin* eat so much meat as you speak of? or why should all cats so labour to reuenge her death? Nay that passeth my cunning (quoth hee) to shew in all: how it be in parte coniectures may be made, as thus. It may be that *Grimmalkin* and her line is as much esteemed and hath the same dignitie among Cats, as either the humble or maister Be hath among ye whole hiue, at whose commaundement all Bees are obedient, whose succour and safegarde they seek, whose wrongs they all reuenge, or as the Pope hath had ere this ouer all Christendome, in whose cause all his clergie would not onely scrat and bite, but kil and burn to pouder (though they know not why) whome so euer they thought to think but once against him. Which Pope all things considered, deuoureth more at euery mele then *Grimmalkin* did at her last supper. Nay said I then, although the Pope by exactions and other baggaicall trumpery haue spoyled all people of mighty spoyles, yet as touching his owne personne, he eateth and weareth as little as any other man, though paraduenture more sumptuous and costly, and greater abundance prouided. And I heard a very proper saying in this behalf of King Henry the seuenth. When a seruant of his tolde him what abundance of meat he had seen at an Abbots Table: he reported him to be a great Glutton. He asked if the Abbot eat up all, and when he answered no, but his Geasts did eat the most parte (ah! quoth the King) thou callest him glutton for his liberality to feed thee and such other unthankful churles. Like to this felow are all Ruffians, for let honest worshipful men of the Citie make them good cheer or lend them money as they commonly doo, what haue they for their laboure? but foule reprochful names. . . . . But as touching this *Grimmalkin:* I take rather to be an *Hagat* or a *Witch* then a Cat. For witches haue gone often in that likenes, and therof hath come the prouerb as trew as common, that a Cat hath nine liues, that is to say, a witch may take on her a Cats body nine times.

Each realme knoweth what is doon in all other.

Cats cary newes.

Bees looue and obey their gouernour.

the Pope's clergie are crueller than Cats.

The Pope a great waster.

A little suffiseth him that hath inough.

Such geastes a man may haue inouw.

the wisdome of king Henry the Seuenth.

Witches may take on them the liknes of other things.

We have next in this book a remarkable and interesting account of "men turned into wulves." This relates to the ancient and popular superstition prevalent in various ages and nations of the world, of the existence of werwolves or lycanthropy.

Men turned into wulues.

There is also in Ireland one nacion, whereof some one man and woman are at euery seuen yeeres end turned into Wulues, and so continew in the woods the space of seuen yeers, and if they hap to liue out ye time, they return to their own forme again, and other twain are turned for the like time into the same shape, which is a penance (as they say) enioyned that stock by Saint Patrick for some wickednes

of their ancestors: and y^t this is true, witnesed a man whom I left alive in Ireland, who had performed this seuen yeeres penance, whose wife was slaine while she was a Wulf in her last yeer. This man told to many men whose cattell he had wooried, and whose bodyes he had assailed, while he was a wulf, so plain and euident tokens, and shewed such scares of wounds which other men had giuen him, bothe in his mannes shape before he was a wulf, and in his wulfs shape since, which al appered upon his skin: that it was euident to all men, yea and to y^e Bishop too (upon whose grant it was recorded and regestred) that the matter was undoubtedly past peraduenture.

A man prooued himself to haue been a wulf seuen yeeres.

This is a curious illustration of the ancient tradition of werwolves, and does not appear to have been known to the correspondent on this subject in Sir Frederick Madden's edit. of *The Romance of William and the Werwulf*, printed for the members of the Roxburghe Club in 1832.

Much of the second part is taken up with long accounts of the process of forming various philters and mixtures, by which Streamer is made capable of understanding the language of the cat whose name was Isegrim, the difference between voices and noises, and the harmony of elemental mixtures. Allusion is made to Chaucer's *House of Fame;* and in one part descriptive of the discordant and distressing noises made by the cats on the leads of the house by their catterwawling, "the poeticall furie came upon him," and some verses of a Skeltonical kind are introduced. These are printed as prose, and most of them are here given in metrical form:

barking of dogges,
grunting of hogges,
wauling of cats,
rumbling of ratts,
gagling of geese,
humming of bees,
rousing of bucks,
gagling of ducks,
singing of swannes,
ringing of pannes,
crowing of cocks,
sowing of socks,
kackling of hens,
scribbling of pennes,
peeping of mice,
trulling of dice,
corlinge of froges
and todes in the bogges,
chirping of crickets,
shutting of wickets,
skriking of owles,
flitring of fowles,
rowting of knaues,
snorting of slaues,
* * * *
with many thing else,
as ringing of belles,
counting of coines,
mounting of groines,
whispering of loouers,
springling of ploouers,
groning and spuing,
baking and bruing,
scratching and rubbing,
watching and shrugging,
&c. &c.

The third part contains some odd stories and incidents not particularly delicate, including one relating to a priest, and another of a cat that was shoed with walnut shells. The list of names given to the witches of the feline tribe is also highly curious. Besides Grimmalkin who was slain in Ireland, we have "Hagat and Heg the Witches which the Cats do worship,"

"Lord Cammoloch the cheef Prince among Cats," Mousleyer or Mousleir and Birdhurst, Catchrat and Slickskin, Grimolochin, Grisard, Isegrim, and Poilnoer, Glascaion "cheef Prince of the Cats after Grymolochin," and others.[1] At the end of this part is "An Exhortation" in prose, and the volume concludes with a "Himne of Maister Streamer's making," in five four-line verses of ten syllables each, and the colophon on a separate leaf. We present our readers with a portion of the hymn, which shews that Streamer, although styled a court jester, was in the Church.

Who giuest wit to Whales, to Apes, to Owles:
And kindely speech to fish, to flesh, to fowles.
And spirit to men in soule and body clene:
To marke and know what other creatures mean.

Which hast giuen grace to Gregory no Pope:
No King, no Lord, whose treasures are their hope.
But sily preest, which like a Streamer waues:
In ghostely good, despisde of foolish knaues.

Which hast (I say) giuen grace to him to knowe:
The course of things abooue and heer belowe.
With skil so great in languages and tunges:
As neuer brethde from Mithridates lunges.

For some further notices of this rare little volume see Ritson's *Bibl. Poet.* p. 118; *Brit. Bibliog.* vol. ii. p. 618; Herbert's *Ames' Typ. Ant.* vol. ii. p. 1238; *Bibl. Hebr.* pt. viii. No. 107; Dr. Bliss's *Catal.* No. 99; Collier's *Extr. Reg. Stat. Comp.* vol. i. p. 200; and *Notes and Queries*, vol. v. p. 318.

From the collections of Rawlinson, West, Herbert, Steevens, Duke of Roxburge, Heber, Loscomb, and Dr. Bliss.

Collation: Sig. A to F 4, in eights.

In Brown Calf.

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[1] Southey would have luxuriated in this book. "My cattery," he says in one of his letters to Mrs. Bray (*Correspond.* vol. iv. p. 496), "consists at present only of Thomas Baron Chinchilla and Grey de Rythen, his spouse and half sister Knurra-Murra-Purra-Hurra-Skurra, and the elder half brother of both, who is an out-of-door freebooter, and whose name is Chaka-chekka-chikka-cheeka-chokka-choaka-chowski. The late reigning cat was his Serene Highness the Archduke Rumpelstilzchen, Marquis Macbum, Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide Waowlher and Skarack."

B. (W.) — That whiche seemes best is worst. Exprest in a Paraphrastical Transcript of Iuvenals tenth Satyre. Together with the tragicall narration of Virginias death interserted. By W. B.

Nec verbum verbo curabit reddere fidus interpres.
The pith is Juvenal's, but not the rime:
All that is good is his, the rest is mine.

Sm. 8vo. London, Imprinted by Felix Kyngston for Nathanael Newbery, and are to bee solde at his shop vnder Saint Peters in Cornehill, and in Popes-head Alley. 1617. pp. 52.

The translation is preceded by an "Argument," consisting of three six-line stanzas, and is without dedication or other prefatory matter. The version is not without interest, as it is believed to be the earliest attempt at a translation of any portion of the Roman satirist into English; but the whole may be considered, properly speaking, rather as a paraphrase than a translation; or as, what the author himself terms it, "a Paraphrastical Transcript." The story of Virginia occupies twenty pages, and is according to the author interserted, *i. e.*, as has been remarked, "lugged in by the head and shoulders." Juvenal's slight allusion to the fate of Virginia, which occupies little more than a line,

Cuperet Rutilæ Virginia gibbum
Accipere, atque suam Rutilæ dare,

is here amplified, and the whole story related with much minuteness from the account given in the third book of Livy.

There is a long account of this scarce little volume, with several extracts from it, in Sir Eg. Brydges' *Restituta*, vol. i. p. 41, by Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, who conjectures with some probability the author of it to be William Barkstead, who had previously paraphrased much in the same manner the tale of "Myrrha the mother of Adonis," from the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The following reflections upon the fate of Virginia may be taken as an example of the author's style and talent as a poet:

Alas! Virginia! hard was thy fate
And thy admired face unfortunate!
Hadst thou been foule, or not so passing faire,
We needed not with cries thus fill the aire:

Thy beauty 'twas which did thee so commend,
And 'twas thy beauty brought thee to thy end.
Beauty's a rose whose colours are most faire,
Whose precious odours do perfume the aire:
Yet to it selfe is neither faire nor sweet
But onely unto those who smel't or see't.
Men for this cause plucke roses from the tree,
Because so sweet and beautiful they be:
While as the nettle and the docke doe stand,
And grow untouch't by any curious hand.
The proper man (they say) the worst luck hath,
Whereas deformitie is free from scath.

The present copy was bought by Mr. Perry at Mr. Lloyd's sale by Sotheby in July 1819, No. 699, for 4*l.* 10*s.* and has since been bound. At Perry's sale in March 1822, pt. i. No. 568, it was bought by Mr. Heber for 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* with commission, and was obtained at the sale of the library of the latter gentleman in 1834, pt. iv. No. 1300.

It is not noticed by Geo. Steevens in his Catalogue of "Ancient Translations from Classick Authors" prefixed to his edition of *Shakespeare*.

Bound by C. Smith. Olive Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

Bagwell, (William.) — The Merchant Distressed his Observations, when he was a Prisoner for debt in London, in the yeare of our Lord 1637. In which the Reader may take notice of I. His observations of many passages in the prison during his being there. II. The severall humours and conditions of his fellow prisoners and others. III. His advice to them, and to some of his and their kinde and unkinde friends. IV. Gods singular care and providence over all distressed prisoners and others who put their trust in him, and depend wholly upon him in their afflictions. Written in plaine Verse, by William Bagwell. 4to. London, Printed by T. H. for F. B. and are to be sold at his Shop in Pauls Churchyard at the signe of the Marigold. 1644.

A dedication "To the Worshipfull William Barkeley Alderman of London, and one of the Commissioners for the receipt of Customes," an

"Epistle to the courteous Reader," "The Preface," a list of authors quoted "in the Margent," and a table of contents form the introductory portion of this volume. In the second of these Bagwell states that

Having formerly lived in good credit, respected of friends and kindred, he had since fallen into troubles, and then lost himself and his friends, his estate, credit, and trading; and after that (says he) to make up the tragedy, I lost my liberty, being cast into prison for a small debt, which I was not able to pay, and being there a while, destitute of all outward comforts, did then begin to thinke of the vanities of the world, and lifting up my soule to God, desired him to give me some inward comfort, which was not in vaine, for being directed by him, I found patience, and peace of conscience: I found contentment, love and favour, I found joy of heart, and liberty of minde, so that at length mee thought I found a great deale more then I lost, all which by a diligent search I found out of Gods word the holy Bible, which was the onely Booke I had (for in my necessities I was forced to pawne and sell away all my other books.) Wherefore I applying myself wholly thereunto, found therein such variety of matter (wherewith my soule was so delighted) that I could not be quiet in my mind untill I had set up a new trade (for, for want of other imployment I was fain to turne Poet) and although I was very unskilful therein, being but a new beginner, yet my endeavours were not wanting to give the best content I could to all my customers both at home and abroad. Yet notwithstanding all this, in regard I could not procure so much as would discharge my chamber rent, I was threatned by my Landlord (the Master of the Prison) to be turned out of my lodging, and put into a worse place in the same prison, which did in some sort trouble my minde, because I knew not how to prevent it. But whilst I was musing with myselfe how I should be able to endure that misery, the Lord raised me up a friend in another Kingdome, by whose meanes I was forthwith delivered out of that distresse, and set at liberty.

The contents of the book are divided into chapters, and are addressed by Bagwell to his fellow-prisoners, and to various other persons not prisoners. They are written in a quaint and prosaic style, with numerous Scripture references on the margin of every page.

In the following lines from Chap. XIV. the author makes allusion to the great plague, which was at that time raging in London:

To his youngest Daughter.

When thou into this wretched world cam'st crying,
Ten thousand round about thee lay a dying.
Many which in the morning had their breath,
Before night were depriv'd thereof by death.
Death in those dayes with his sharp poyson'd Dart,
Smote thousands weekly through the very heart;

And led them captives to their graves, where they
Must needs remaine untill the Lords great Day.
This domineering Death took rich and poore,
And some that liv'd with me were at his doore.
He at that dolefull time was fierce and bold,
And made more havock of the young then old.
Great was his priviledge then in the City,
For fooles and wise men he took without pitie.
He then spar'd none at all that were in's reach,
But did amongst all callings make a breach.
The Belfrees he caus'd to be full of people,
Who made the Bells to ring in every steeple.
A dolefull sound there was, then graves were plenty,
Which made the streets of *London* to be empty.

Several of the poems are addressed in acrostics to individual friends by name, Richard Lane, Sir Paul Pinder, Mrs. Julian James, Jephson Juell, Richard Limbery, and Lawrance Brinley, the two last being his friends who got him discharged out of prison.

Bagwell wrote some other works, among which are "Sphynx Thebanus: an Arithmeticall Description of both the Globes: and the Mystery of Astronomy made easy to the meanest Capacity," 8vo, London, 1653, with a frontispiece by Gaywood; and "Wits Extraction, conveyed to the Ingenious in Riddles, Observations and Morals," 8vo, London, 1664, with a portrait of the author. He is believed to be the person alluded to by Edmund Gayton as Will Bagnall in his *Will Bagnall's Ghost, or the Merry Devil of Gadmunton*, 4to, 1655. He spent much of his youthful time abroad in foreign countries, and mentions that he was more than forty-five when he wrote the verses "To his Sonne;" that he lived in Fenchurch-street, and before his troubles came had his country house in Kent, and afterwards in the town of Battersea; and bitterly complains that his elder brother had allowed him to remain for five months in prison without having sent him any relief.

The present volume has a portrait of Bagwell, ætat. 66, Anno Dom. 1659, inserted, which is copied from the original prefixed to Bagwell's "Wits Extraction, or Book of Riddles"—See Granger's *Biogr. Hist.* vol. iv. p. 59. At Inglis's sale, No. 134, a copy, with the portrait of Bagwell inserted, sold for 2*l.* 11*s.*

Collation: Title A 2; Sig. A to R 4, in fours. A 1 contains the licenser's approval for printing the work.

In White Morocco, gilt leaves.

BAKER, (SIR RICHARD, KNT.) — Cato Variegatus, or Catoes Morall Distichs: Translated and Paraphrased with variations of Expressing, in English verse. By Sr Richard Baker Knight. 4to. London Printed by Anne Griffin, and are to be sold by Anne Bowler dwelling at the signe of the Marigold in Paule's Church-yarde. 1636.

The most singular circumstance with regard to this publication is that it was composed when the author was in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and was the first of a series of works which he began to write at that late period of his life, to maintain himself whilst confined a prisoner in the Fleet, and to soothe and direct his mind under the pressure of his severe misfortunes. Baker, who was a man originally of good fortune, and had been knighted by James I. and appointed high sheriff for the county of Oxford, had married a daughter of Sir George Mainwaring of Ightfield in Shropshire, and through his connexion with that family, then sinking fast into ruin, by imprudently becoming surety for the payment of debts contracted by some of its members, he lost the whole of his own property, and was confined in the Fleet prison for the remaining years of his life, where he died in 1645 at the age of seventy-six. It was under these misfortunes that Baker, having received an excellent education at Oxford, and afterwards in one of the Inns of Court and in foreign travel, found support in his religious principles, and solace and amusement in the composition of various works on the Psalms and on Prayer, and of his great *Historical Chronicle*.

In a prose address "To the Reader" prefixed to the work, Baker speaks of having spent one month in writing it, and alludes to "a Lover of Learning, who had translated these verses of Cato into English some twelve years since: whose labours," says he, "I cannot blame: but tying himselfe strictly to the words he could not alwaies, either so fully or so gracefully, expresse the mening: for indeed, the words of one language cannot alwaies be reached by the very same words of another: which made an able man in this cause to say: *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere.*" This may possibly refer to *Cato's Precepts and Sententiæ Pueriles, translated grammatically by John Brindley*, published in 1612, 8vo. — After giving some account of the author of these verses, the worthy knight thus concludes his addresses: "And for myselfe, if any man think me *Repuerascere;* and to enter upon a worke that were fitter for a schoole

boy: let him know that one *Planudes*, long since, and of late, *Joseph Scaliger*, two excellent men, and of singular learning; have both of them, thought it no disparagement to their grauitie, to translate them into Grecke; as many learned men have likewise done into other languages; whose examples, I dare boldly oppose to the censure of any, or all inferiour Iudgements."

The work consists of several poetical English translations of each of the distichs of Cato in couplets, with occasional references in the margin to similar passages in the Scriptures; from which we select the following in order to show the nature of the work.

1. Si Deus est animus, nobis ut carmina dicunt:
Hic tibi præcipue sit pura mente colendus.

If God a Spirit be, as Poets write,
He must be worshipt with a minde upright.

Or thus: The chiefest duty of thy life is this:
To serve God purely, who a Spirit is.

Or thus: As God in truth a Spirit is, So He
In spirit and in truth must worshipt be.

Or thus: God's outward worship must not be neglected;
But 'tis the inward that is most respected.

Or thus: God must be serv'd with Tongue, with every part;
But no such service as an upright Heart.

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19. Quum dubia et fragilis nobis sit vita tributa:
In morte alterius spem tu tibi ponere noli.

Since thou art sure to dye, thou know'st not when,
Put not thy hope in death of other men.

Or thus: Since all are mortall, what more vaine can be
Then hope to bury them may bury thee.

Or thus: Since God a fraile, vncertain life doth give thee,
Hope not on dead mens shooes that may out live thee.

Or thus: Why should we hope of being others Heyres?
Doth not our owne sand runne as fast as Theirs?

Or thus: Since in us all Life hath a doubtfull scope,
To hope for dead mens Goods is dead mens Hope.

Although we have only quoted five, the verses on this distich by Baker

extend to seventeen sets. At the end is a list of faults escaped in the printing, one leaf.

A copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 26, is marked 1*l.* 18*s.*; Mr. Constable's copy, with his arms on the sides.

In Brown Calf extra.

Baldwin, (William). — The Funeralles of King Edward the sixt. Wherin are declared the causers and causes of his death. [Woodcut Portrait of King Edward in an ornamented oval, with an inscription round it, Edvardus Sextus Dei Gracia, Anglie, Francie, et Hibernie Rex. etc. ætatis suæ xv.]

Wisedome iiii.

He pleased God, and was beloved of him, and therfore hath God removed him from sinners among whom he lived. Yea sodaynly was he taken awaye, to the ende that wickednes should not alter his understanding. Though he dyed yong, yet fulfilled he much time, for his soule pleased God, therfore hasted he to take him awaye from among the wycked.

4to. blk. lett. [Colophon.] Imprinted at London in Fletestrete nere to saynct Dunstons church by Thomas Marshe. Anno domini, 1560. pp. 24.

For a full account of this poem, which is one of the rarest of Baldwin's publications, the reader is referred to an article by Mr. Haslewood in the second volume of the *Brit. Bibliogr.* p. 97, in which the prose address of Baldwin to the reader, which forms the only prefatory matter is given at length, and also a long quotation from the principal poem. On the title is a neat woodcut portrait of Edward, not noticed by Granger or Bromley, in an ornamented border, which is repeated on the recto of the last leaf, with an inscription round it on the rim, Edvardus Sextus Dei gracia, Anglie, Francie, et Hibernie Rex. etc. ætatis suæ xv. The work consists of twelve leaves, and is divided into three poems. The first and longest, occupying seven leaves, is entitled "The Funeralles of the most noble and godly Prince Kyng Edward the syxt." It commences thus:

When bytter Wynter forced had the Sun
Fro the horned Goat to Pisces ward to run;

And lively sap, that greneth gardins soote,
To flye the stocke to save her nurse, the roote;
And sleety Cech that blowth by North fro East,
Decayd the health and welth of man and beast;
The almighty minde that rayneth thre in one,
Disposing all thinges from his stable throne,
Beheld the earth, and man among the rest:
Movde by the crye of such as wer opprest.
And when he had the maynland throughly vewed,
With Mahometrie and Idol blud embrewed,
Wherthrow his Law and Gospel wer defylde,
His love, his awe, his worship quite exilde,
He turnd his iyes from that so fowle a sight,
And toward the Iles he cast his looke a right:
In hope that where true knowledge did abound,
He should sum lovelyer sight have quickely found.
But when he sawe all vice most vile and naught
Most rifely swarme, where truth had most be taught,
In England chefe, which he of speciall grace
Had made his wurd and chosens resting place,
And had for that cause powrd on it such store
Of welthy giftes as none could wishe for more,
Joynt with a King of such a godly minde,
As seldome erst he elswhere had assinde,
All wo and wroth he flang away his face,
And to him selfe he thus bewayld the case.

The Almighty, beholding the people thus given up to sin, and wearied with waiting for their repentance, threatens them with his vengeance and entire destruction:

What els remayns but to destroy them all,
The yong, the old, the myghty with the small.
Chryst hearing this, and moved with the teares
Of vertuous folke, (for whose sake God forbeares
The wicked sort although their sinnes be great)
For his elect on this sort gan intreat.
If Justice due (dere father) should haue place,
I knowe it booteth not to sewe for grace:
But though their sins all measure far excede,
Yet stay thy wrath, haue mercy on our nede.
And sith through fayth a mayny of them be mine,
Graunt leaue this once to water this thy vine:
That doen, if so their fruytes do not amend,
As barrayne brambles bryng them to an end.

To this merciful request of our Saviour, the Almighty

> Neyther graunted it, nor yet denayd,

but after enumerating the sins of the people he promises at the request of his Son not to destroy them, but that he will afflict their king, as a warning to the rest to amend their lives, which if they delay and do not attend to, will end in his death. For this purpose the Almighty summons his agent "Crasy cold" to execute his behest on the youthful king:

> This sayd, he called to his seruaunt Crasycold,
> Whom the Isy king kept prisoner in his hold
> Beneath the Poales, where under he doth dwell
> In grysly darke like to the diepe of hell,
> In rockes and caves of snow and clottred yse,
> That never thaw.

He directs him to proceed to the resort of the youthful prince, but not to hurt him to the death:

> Thou shalt but stop his Loungpipes that his breth
> Constraynd, may cause the cough brede in his brest.

He was also not to harm him while he was at his book, or other kind of vertuous exercise, but to strike him when overtoiled with dice or tennis:

> Scarce was this errand throwly to him tolde,
> But forth he came this shivering crasy cold,
> With Ysikles bebristled like a Bore,
> About his head behind and eke before.
> His skin was hard, al made of glassy yse
> Ouerheard with hore frost, like gray Irishe frise
> His armes and legges, to kepe him warme I trow,
> Wer skaled through with flakes of frosen snowe,
> And from his mouth there reekt a breth so hot,
> As touched nothing that congeled not.

Crasy Cold thus passing Iceland, rode past York, and came to London:

> To watche his time when he the King might hourt:
> And when he saw him on a morning, sweat,
> And call for drinke to coole his tennis heat,
> He slyly crept, and hid him in the cup:
> And when the King, alas, had drunke him up,
> Into his stomacke downward he him got,
> And there parceyving all the inwards hot

And that eche part ful gredily did plucke,
To save it selfe, all succour it might sucke,
He markt the chile that went unto the Lounges,
And throwly myxt his vertue ther amonges:
And cooling it, so stopt the pipes therwith,
As to dissolve pure nature wanted pith.

The king shortly fell sick, and the preachers seeing the prince thus plagued for the sins of the people, exhorted them to repent, and amend their lives, warning them, if they delayed, not only that the king should die, but that they should be afflicted with other plagues:

The Magistrate was playnly tolde his fault,
The man of lawe was warned not to halte:
Request was made the church goodes to restore,
Or put to the use that they wer taken for.
Leasmungring Landlords, such as raysed rent,
Wer moved to bate their Lands to auncient stent;
The waste, the fare, the vaynnes of attyre,
Extorcion, malice, covetous desyre,
All Papistry, with fruteles gospel boast,
Was cryed agaynst, and damnde as wicked most.
And to be briefe, fro the lowest to the hyest,
All wer desired to live the lawe of Christ.

The people however, unmoved, despised the warnings of the preachers, and turned them into "a common iesting stocke." The Almighty, therefore, seeing how all refused his grace, issued his final command to death to visit the suffering Edward at Greenwich, and to "cleave in twayne his vertuous godly hart." The struggles and tears of death on being commanded to cut off one so

beawtifull and young,
So learnd a prince, so manly, and so meeke
As seldome had, nor eft shall have his like:

the prayer of the youthful monarch for himself and for his realm, and how death

with his percing dart
He strake in twayne the kinges yet praying hart;

are all touchingly described, and the poem concludes as follows:

Thus dyed this King, this giltles blessed childe,
In body and soule, a virgin undefilde,

The sixtenth yere of his unperfect age.
Wo wurth us men, whose sins let run at rage
Have murdred him: wo wurth us wretches all,
On whom the wreke of righteous bloud must fall.
Wo wurth our sins, for they, alas, have slayne
The noblest prince that dyd, or eft shall rayne.

Sapien. iiii.

☞ Thus the righteous which is dead, condemneth the ungodly which are liuing, and the youth that is soone brought to an ende, the long life of the unrighteous.

The second poem of two leaves is entitled "An exhortacion to the repentaunce of sinnes, and amendment of life, which were the cause of the kinges death, and wil be the destruction of the Realme if God be not the more mercifull unto us." This consists of twelve eight-line stanzas, and contains exhortations to repentance to the princes, prelates, subjects, officers, lawyers, merchants, judges, &c.

The third poem is entitled "An Epitaph. The Death playnt or life prayse of the most noble and vertuous Prince, King Edward the syxt." It occupies one leaf, is in four seven-line stanzas, ending thus:

Wo wurth our sinnes, our sinnes, our sins I say,
The wreke wherof hath reft us such a loan
As never realme the like recover may,
In princely giftes, the Phenix byrd alone.
Oh happy he, but we full wo begoen
Whose haynous sins have slayne the giltles gide,
Whose soule the heaven, whose corse this herse doth hide.

Finis.

¶ King Edward sickened the first day of February, at Whitehall, and on the syxte day of Julye next folowing, died he at Greenwich, and was buryed in Westminster church. Anno. 1553.

On the recto of the last leaf is the portrait of Edward, and on the reverse, under a representation of a man in the centre of a labyrinth, is the colophon, both mentioned above.

Of Baldwin, the writer of this very rare poem, we learn from Ant. Wood that he was a west countryman, who after studying at the University of Oxford became a compositor or corrector of the press to Edward Whitchurch the printer, who printed for him in 1547 *A Treatise of Moral Phylosophie contayning the Sayinges of the Wyse*, 16mo, which he had compiled, and which afterwards went through several editions. The

only work yet known to be printed by Baldwin himself is a metrical version of Solomon's Song from his own pen, entitled *The Canticles or Balades of Salomon, phraselyke declared in Englysh Metres*, by William Baldwin, 4to, 1549; of which rare work a copy was in Herbert's collection, and a very fine one in the library of St. John's College, Oxford. An imperfect copy, wanting Sig. N 1, was described in the *Bib. Ang. Poet.* No. 29, priced 10*l.* 10*s.* and sold in Inglis's sale, No. 135, for 5*l.* There is a copy in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth Palace, another in the collection of the Hon. T. Grenville, and an imperfect one in the British Museum. The scarcity of works from his own press may be probably accounted for from the circumstance of his entering into holy orders, when he no longer exercised his trade as a printer, but continued only to write for others. Previous however to this event, Baldwin was much engaged in the reign of Edward VI. and his successor in preparing theatrical exhibitions for the court, probably of the nature of mysteries or moralities now lost. Wood also states that he wrote a treatise on the use of comedies as well as of adages and proverbs, now also unknown. But he is better known as one of the original projectors, with Thomas Sackville Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, first published in 1559, 4to, to which he contributed several of the legends, and assisted with George Ferrers in the management and editing of that popular work. A second edition of it, also edited by Baldwin, containing twenty-seven legends, was published in 1563. It has been satisfactorily shown by Mr. Payne Collier in his *Hist. Dram. Poet.* vol. i. pp. 20 and 152, that Baldwin was the author of a tract entitled *Beware the Cat.* "It seems," says Mr. Collier, "that this tract had been imputed to 'Maister Stremer,' who is mentioned in it, but in a curious broad-side in verse, belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, headed 'A short Answere to the Boke called Beware the Cat,' are these lines, which seem to establish the fact of Baldwin's authorship of this tract:

> Whereas there is a boke called beware the cat,
> The veri trueth is so, that Stremer made not that,
> Nor no suche false fabels fell ever from his pen,
> Nor from his hart or mouth, as knoe mani honest men.
> But wil ye gladli knoe, who made that boke in dede,
> One Wylliam Baldewine, God graunt him wel to speede."

Baldwin appears to have lived for some years after Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, but we hear no more of him as a writer after the pub-

lication of the second edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates* in 1563, and the exact time of his death is not known.

For further particulars concerning him, consult Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 341; Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.* p. 121; Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iv. p. 3; Dibdin's *Typograph. Antiq.* vol. iii. p. 503, and vol. iv. p. 498; Watts's *Bibl. Brit.* vol. i. p. 66; *Brit. Bibliog.* vol. ii. p. 97; Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.* vol. i. pp. 20 and 152; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 28; Rose's *Gen. Biograph. Dictionary*, vol. iii. p. 59.

The present work was reprinted by the Rev. J. W. Dodd, one of the masters of Westminster School, as his contribution to the members of the Roxburghe Club in 1817, 4to, the number of copies being limited to forty, which have occasionally been sold for nearly 4*l.* each, and was also reprinted again in 4to. There is a copy of the original work in the collection of the Hon. Thomas Grenville; another in the library of King's College, Cambridge.

This volume has always sold in public sales for high prices, as will be seen from the following list: Dr. Farmer's, No. 6855, 1*l.* 17*s.*; Nassau, pt. i. No. 371, 4*l.* 6*s.*; both these copies have the date 1553; Fillingham, 3*l.* 6*s.*; Perry, pt. i. No. 824, 14*l.* 14*s.*; Midgley, No. 75, 15*l.* 15*s.*; Townley, pt. ii. No. 1556, 18*l.* 18*s.*; Bindley, pt. i. No. 752, containing on a single leaf, within an engraved border, a prayer for King Edward VI. "Imprynted by R. Copland," supposed to be unique, 18*l.* 18*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 28, in Russia, 25*l.* probably the one from Midgley's sale. The present is the Duke of Roxburghe's copy, which sold at his sale, No. 3309, for 19*l.* 19*s.* It is the same copy which was in the Midgley collection, and in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* and belonged also to Mr. Hill, whose autograph is on the title. It was afterwards in the possession of Sir Mark M. Sykes, Bart., who gave 17*l.* 17*s.* for it, and at the sale of his library, No. 393, was bought by Thorpe for 11*l.* 11*s.* It has since been in the hands of Messrs. Harding and Lepard, and was purchased by the editor at the sale of their stock in 1836.

Bound in Russia, with Roxburghe crest, gilt leaves.

Ballads (Religious). —1. The Grace from God the Father hye.
2. A New Balade, or Songe of the Lambes Feast. Two early Religious Ballads. Mounted in 4to. blk. lett. Anno 1574.

Numerous were the religious ballads published in our popular rhyme during the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, caused no doubt in part by the change of religion which then took place, and increased by the theological contentions and controversies carried on between the two Churches. It was in these ballads and religious rhymes that the feelings of the people were often expressed; and prejudices, which might sometimes have resulted in greater severities, were counteracted and extinguished by these lighter ebullitions of piety and enthusiasm.

We have here two ancient ballads of this kind, printed in a singular blk. lett. type as broadsides. The first, which is headed "Another, out of Goodwill," contains thirteen octave stanzas, with numerous marginal references to passages in the Scriptures, and is subscribed "Per W. S. Veritatis Amorem. Anno 1574." The second, entitled "A New Balade, or, Songe of the Lambes Feast," is in fourteen octave stanzas, with a refrain of two lines at the end of every verse. As a specimen of these religious rhymes we quote the opening stanzas of the latter ballad.

1.

I hearde one saye
Com now away:
Make no delaye:
  Alack! why stande yee than?
All is doubtlesse
In redynesse,
There wantes but Gesse,
  To the Supper of the Lamb.
    For Hee is now blest
      in verye deede,
    That's found a Gest
      in y^e^ mariage weede.

2.

The Scriptures all,
Perfourmed shall
Bee, in this my call,
  Voyced-out by H. N. (than):
I am God's Love,
Com from above,
All men to move,
  To the Supper of the Lamb.
    For Hee is now blest, &c.

3.

Make haste and speede,
I am indeede
That Maryage-weede,
  That those must putt on, than,
Which shall bee fitt,
Or els permitt
Downe for to sitt,
  At the Supper of the Lamb.
    For Hee is now blest, &c.

4.

Do not dispyse
Thys myne Advyse,
Yee that bee wyse,
  And lust for to eate than,
Of the syuinge Blood,
Or heauenlye Food,
So pure and good,
  In the Supper of the Lamb.
    For Hee is now blest, &c.

7.

For none I saye,
Saue onlye thaye
That shall obaye,
Myne holye Seruyce, than
(Which doth brynge in
The Death of Sin)
Maye enter in,
To the Supper of the Lamb.
For Hee is now blest, &c.

These ballads, which were in the Utterson Collection, are neatly laid down, and bound

In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

Ballads. — Early Black Letter Ballads and Broadsides. Folio. Blk. lett. London, Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, and others. Various years.

A series of twenty early black letter ballads, several of which are contained in the second volume of the celebrated Roxburghe collection of ballads now in the British Museum. They are all without any dates, which are rarely given on these broadsides, but are chiefly printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackery, and T. Passinger, for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Pye corner, or for J. Conyers at the Black Raven in Holbourn, who exercised their trade from about the middle to the end of the seventeenth century. They are each of them ornamented with curious rude woodcuts, some of them of a most barbarous and grotesque character. The following are the titles of a few of these ballads, which are now of great rarity.

Anne Askew, intituled, I am a Woman Poor and Blind. — An Answer to the Maidens Frollick &c. — The Ballad of the Cloak; or, The Cloak's Knavery. To the tune of "From Hunger and Cold; or, Packington's Pound." [This is a religious ballad.] — Chastities Conquest. — The Counterfeit Court Lady. — The Second Part to the Counterfeit Court Lady. — Coridon and Parthenia. — The Languishing Shepherd made Happy; or, Faithful Love Rewarded. — Cupid's Court of Equity. — Flora's Farewel; or, The Shepherds Love Passion Song. — Fair Flora's Answer to the Shepherds Song. — The Lamentation of Mr. Pages Wife of Plimouth: who being enforced to wed against their will, did consent to his murder for the love of George

Strangwidge, for which fact they suffered death at Barstable in Devonshire. The tune is, "Fortune my Foe." — The Lamentation of George Strangwidge, who for the consenting to the death of Mr. Page of Plimouth, suffered death at Barstable. — The Complaint of Mrs. Page, for causing her Husband to be murdered for the love of Strangwidge, who were executed together. — The most Rare and Excellent History of the Dutchess of Suffolks Callimity. To the tune of "Queen Dido." — A New Ballad of the Souldier and Peggy. — The Northern Ditty. — Cold and Raw the North did blow. — A rare Example of a Vertuous Maid in Paris, who was by her own Mother procured to be put in Prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery, but she continued to the end, and finished her Life in the Fire. Tune is, "O Man in Desperation." — The Soldier's Fortune; or, The Taking of Mardike. — The Woman to the Plow, and The Man to the Hen-Roost, &c. &c.

They are all neatly mounted, and are
Half-bound in Green Morocco.

Ballard, (George.) — The History of Susanna. Compiled according to the Prophet Daniel, amplified with convenient Meditations; sung by the devoted honourer of the divine Muses, George Ballard.

Conscia mens recti ridet mendacia famæ.

Sm. 8vo. London. Printed by Thomas Harper for William Hope, at the Vnicorne in Cornhill, neere the Royall Exchange. 1638.

The name of this theological versifier appears to have been unknown to Lowndes and Watt; nor has it been noticed, as far as we can trace, by any other bibliographer. The tract is dedicated, in rather high flown language, "To the right Honourable Anne Countesse of Northumberland," which is succeeded by "The Proposition Apologicall to the Learned Readers," in verse as follows:

No Storie of transformed Dames (of old)
By Poets changed into stars of gold,
Into cleere Fountains, Birds and Branches green;
Nor of the Pagan-prays'd *Ephesian* Queen,
Who (naked) bath'd with Virgin Nymphs of wood
In bubbling streame: whose Nymphs about her stood
Like Iv'ry pales (in vain) to hide their Dame
From *Cadmus* Kinsman, that a Hart became:

No laud of her; but I Encomiums sing
Of new *Titania* bathing in a Spring:
More constant, chast, more beautifull divine,
Of whom *Diana* was a former signe.
Who weares of glory an unchanging crowne,
(A starre which never falls from Heaven down.)
Had she been known *Thessalian* Bards among
Her stories true had in their times been sung;
Not one, but two Acteons found her, laving
Her dainty limbs in Fountains ever-waving.
Who unattended (by her Virgin-train)
To beastly monsters chang'd the lustfull twain.
Her peerlesse forme, and vertues do inspire
My bosome with a holy warming fire:
Emboldning me (whom Fortune barr'd) to climbe
The Muses mountains in my Sylvan rime,
To sing her prayses, which will dure even
Longer on earth then shining Lamps in Heaven.

To these succeed some lines headed "The contents of the whole," and "The Authors Petition: To the fairest of all Beauties, the King of Glory, the everlasting Sunne of righteousnesse, and the consolation of men and angels, who raignes and shines for ever in Trinitie and Vnitie." The poem is divided into sections, each preceded by a short argument in verse, with a Latin motto prefixed, suitable to the subject. The number of sections and meditations are seventeen each, and at the end are six verses styled the "Conclusion."

The poem follows the scriptural account of Susanna and the Elders, and is written in rather pompous diction, combined with considerable smoothness and elegance of versification. Some of the compound epithets are well chosen, and the pictures of scenery tastefully and luxuriantly drawn. The poem opens with a description of the abode of Joachim, the future husband of Susanna, in the city of Babylon, and will furnish the reader with a specimen of the anthor's talent in pourtraying scenery.

Sect. i.

On *Shinar*-plains, where haughty *Ninus* would
His *Babel*-towr to heaven should be extoll'd,
Stands scituat (within a wall of stone
Bitumenate) the City *Babylon*,
Where dwelt an Hebrew Lord of taintlesse fame
And high descent, Lord *Ioachim* by name;

A man to whom the Governour of heaven
Vertue and riches bounteously had given.
* * * * *
His turrets (not so tall as comely,) stood
Among the greene trees of the famous floud,
That (comming out of *Eden*) swiftly goes
To fatten *Shinar* with sweet overflows,
Which Turrets seem'd from tow'rs, that stood above
Bizantium-like within a palmy grove.
His orchards, *Edens*, artificiall mountaines,
His gardens watred well with wells and fountaines,
(Which like to mirrours, did diversifie
The Architectures glory to the eye)
Contented more admiring gazors on
Then golden Mansions of King *Salomon:*
Mens industry, like Paradise, almost
Adorn'd the gardens, that his house embost.
The hanging plat-forme made for *Arams* Queen
Compar'd with them, a toy of earth had beene.
Alcinous Orchards, nor the banks of *Poe*
Could (like his Orchards) fruits nor flowrs show.
Dame Nature there built *Flora* painted bowers,
And painted earth glister'd with shining flowers.
Those verdant summer parks, whereon he trod,
Seem'd like the blisseful garden-grounds of God
Where Natures quiristers quaint anthems sang,
That marble rocks with various ecchoes rang,
The diapason of whose musickes mood,
Waken'd the *Naiades*, nymphs of the wood.

The portrait of Susanna herself, though somewhat too highly charged, must not be omitted.

Her forme and vertue (interblending raies)
Transplended theirs, that liv'd before her daies.
Before her, such a beauty was not seene
Within the City of King *Ninus* Queene;
Cleerely in whose complexion glory shone,
Like *Titan* in serenest Horizon,
Beyond expression beautifull, her nation
Admir'd her forme with more than admiration.
Some paralell her by the fond compare
Of mundane things, some call her Phœnix faire:

Some said her front seem'd like an Iv'rie hill,
Whereon some God did Nard and Amber spill:
Her lovely cheeks resembling summer-fields,
Which damaske-rose, and silver-lilly yeelds:
Her haires the golden threads; or in the skien,
Like bright *Apollo's* morning-beames, her eyn
Sparkling like Diamonds, or stars that shone
With influence, to comfort lookers on.
Others affirme, her head's a little heaven
Imperiall, where blessed angels liven;
Her breathing like perfumed wind, which moves
In balmy sweet Ægyptian autumne-groves;
Her teeth like orient pearle, whose comly rows,
Her lips (like Rubie) very seldome showes
In her discourse: whose voyce to standers by,
Seem'd like supernal seav'n-spheer'd harmony.
Some said her necke a turret seem'd of one
Smooth pollisht snow-white Alabaster stone:
And that the same (for evermore) inzon'd
A Carquenet of costly diamond.
Her paps two Swan-down worlds, that each contains
Like Rivulets, bright azure-branched veines.
Such kinde of commendation did but staine
Her holy count'nance in a purer graine
Then blushing rose, then Vespers crimson skie,
Then snow-bals tincted with vermilion dye.

Susanna, "while bathing in the silver spring," sings the 137th Psalm, which is thus rendered by Ballard, and may be compared with the versions of the same Psalm by Archbishop Parker and others which are given hereafter.

PSALM CXXXVII.

Psalmus comes optimus.

When by the flouds of *Babylon*
We sate us downe, did flow
Flouds from our eyes, to ponder on
Our mother *Sion's* wo.
As for our Harps we hanged them
On willowes to remain:
Which crowned *Perah's* winding streame
In midst of *Shinar*-plain.

Then our Captivors mockt our mone
Thus taunting with their tongues:
Come tune your Harps, and sing us one
Of *Sions* holy songs.
Lord, how can we our songs command,
To our great God and King!
Can we be glad? within a land
Of strangers, can we sing?

Hierusalem if I doe let
From my remembrance slide:
Then let my dexter-hand forget
My warbling Harpe to guide.
And if I thee remember not
Cleaue to my mouth, (O tongue)
Hierusalem if I preferre
Not thee within my song.

Forget not *Edom's* sonnes (O Lord)
When thou did'st *Sion* wound:
How they against thy *Sion* roar'd,
Down, down with 't to the ground.
(O daughter *Babel*) thou shalt be
Quite overturned thus:
He shall be blest, rewardeth thee,
As thou hast served us.

They shall be blessed, that shall take
The children of thy sonnes:
And for thy fornications sake
Dash them against the stones.

The story being finished, at the end, on the last leaf, are these lines of

Conclusion.

Monuments of marble-stone,
Tombs with golden writings on,
(Like mortall bodies balm'd in gummes)
Last but a while, and time consumes.

Goodly Cities die like men,
Corn is sown, where such have been:
Niniveh and *Babylon*,
Old *Troy*, and strongest towns are gone.

Towns, and Towres, and Bulwarks fall,
Pyramids of *Nile*, and all
Dian's Altars are uptore:
Delphian wonders are no more.

Monstrous Tyrants from renown
In a moment tumble down
To the den of lasting shames,
And black oblivion hath their names.

Gods of *Egypt*, *Greece*, and *Rome*,
To a *finall* end are come:
(Vain) they vanisht from the ground,
Their ruines can no more be found.

Age, and fate return'd them dust;
But (all ages) Vertue must
Live immortall; and her prayse
Must dure in ever-during dayes.

Of the author of this religious poem we are unable to state any particulars, or whether he was the writer of any other poetical work. It is exceedingly rare, and we know of no other copy than the present. The popular character of the subject of Susanna and the Elders is evidenced by the great circulation of the old ballad, the "Constancy of Susanna," quoted by Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 3, where Sir Toby sings the first line, with the burden of it, "Lady, Lady." It was licensed to Thomas Colwell in 1562, under the title of "The godly constant wise Susanna," and there is a later copy of it in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. Bishop Percy has printed the first stanza, commencing "There dwelt a man in Babylon," &c., in his *Reliques of Anc. Eng. Poet.* vol. i. p. 224. There was also a play on this subject licensed to Thomas Colwell in 1568, but

apparently not printed until 1578. It was entitled *The Commedy of the moste vertuous and godlye Susanna*, and was written by Thomas Garter, but no copy of it is at present known. We have already noticed another poem on the same subject by Dr. Robert Aylett.

Collation: Title, A 3; Sig. A to I inclusive, in eights; K two leaves; three additional leaves Sig 2; 1, 2, 3 between Sig. A and B.

Bound by Bedford in Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

BALTHARPE, (JOHN.) — The Straights Voyage, or, St. David's Poem: Being a Description of the most remarkable Passages that happened in her first Expedition against the Turkes of Algeir, Sir John Harman Commander, Rere-Admiral of his Majesty's Fleet: Beginning May 1669. Ending April 1671. By John Baltharpe, belonging to the foresaid Ship. With Alowance. 12mo. London, Printed by E. C. for T. Vere, at the Angell without Newgate. 1671.

The name of the ship in which Baltharpe sailed was the St. David, the voyage being directed through the Straights of Gibraltar; the work is therefore called *The Straights Voyage, or, St. David's Poem.* It is dedicated in a metrical epistle "To the Right Worshipful Captain Thomas Darcy Esq. late Commander of his Majesty's Frigot, the Dartmouth." Darcy was second in command to Sir John Harman the admiral of the expedition. After this is "A Catalogue of the chiefest Heads treated on in this ensuing Journal," and a list of errata. The poem is a sort of journal of all the proceedings of the expedition, and is divided into four parts or books. It is written in sad doggrel and halting rhymes, and is more curious than pleasing. A short passage descriptive of his first setting sail will be sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of those who have never seen the book, which is rather uncommon.

July the sixth from *Downs* we sail,
But got we had Westerly Gale,
Which made us anchor Tide and Tide,
But so to Wind-ward we still ply'd,
That on the tenth of that same *July*
We saw Sir *Thomas Allen* truly
At the *Spit-head* where he did ride
With several men of War beside:
That day some Powder in was burn'd
And into nothing it was turn'd,
Upon Salluts as is the fashion
Of our Sea-faring *English Nation:*

If Guns Eleven we him give,
Two lesse be sure we shall receive:
Sir *Thomas* being Admiral
We must salute him first of all;
Sir *Edward Spragge* we next salute,
Because Vice-Admiral hath repute.
All other Captains, but them two,
Salute us first, as is our due.
About a fortnight we did ride
In *Portsmouth* Road, called *Spit-head*,
Where we did get what things we want,
Good Beer and Brande was not scant
With them which money had, for they would buy,
They which had none would pass away.
One thing of note I told you not,
I had it almost quite forgot;
Our Fidlar did in triumph fetch
His Fiddle from aboard a Ketch
Call'd the *Portsmouth*, and did play
Oft times to pass the time away;
Sometimes to passe sad Cares away,
On Fore-castle we dance the Hay;
Sometimes Dance nothing, only hop about,
It for good Dancing passes mongst the rout:
Yet on my word I have seen Sailors
More nimble Dance than any Taylors.
When we in *Portsmouth* Road did ride
I went ashoar on *Gospar* side:
For there Acquaintance I had got,
With them I meant to crack a Pot;
An Hostess, she but of coarse fashion,
Yet honest woman by relation,
She needs would stop my clothes a shoare
For an old Reckning on the score:
But I was no such Fool I think
To let my Clothes be stopt for Drink;
But off the Hedge I my self took them,
And aboard that night I bravely brought them.

It seems clear that Baltharpe held only a very subordinate rank in the ship, and nothing more is known of his after life. The volume is scarce, and a copy sold in Lloyd's sale, No. 49, for 6*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Perry's Do., pt. i. No. 570 (same copy), 3*l.* 10*s.*; Heber, pt. iv. No. 61, 1*l.* 19*s.* We do not find it noticed in any bibliographical work.

Collation: Title A 1; Sig. A, six leaves; B to E 12, twelve leaves each. pp. 108.

In old Red Morocco Binding, with the Royal Crown and double cipher of King Charles II., gilt leaves.

Bancroft, (Thomas.)—The Glvttons Feauer. Written by Thomas Bancroft. 4to. London. Printed by Iohn Norton, for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop, at Furniuals-Inne gate, in Holborne. 1633.

This is the earliest poetical production of Thomas Bancroft, a Derbyshire

poet, afterwards better known to the public by his *Two Bookes of Epigrammes and Epitaphs*, and his poem of the *Heroical Lover*, both described in the next articles. It is of the greatest rarity; only two other copies being known. It commences with a poetical dedication, "To the nobly accomplisht Gentleman Wolstan Dixie Esquire," in which he speaks of this as his "first designe:" and in some not altogether inelegant lines compares his own more humble flight with that of some of our more illustrious poets.

For as a vernall Larke, but lately drest
In her first Downe, abandoning her nest,
Stretcheth her pinions, her small force assayes
Flutters, and fals before her flight shee raise,
Feares euery blast, that scarce commit she dare
A Walnuts waight to the light wafting ayre:
So fares my muse, yet scarcely got on wing,
Nor in the Region high enough to sing:
Such be the musters of her feares, so much
She doubts her strength, and blasting enuies touch.
But the chast bay not euery songster weares,
Nor of Appollo's sonnes prooue all his heires:
'Tis not for all to reach at *Shakespeares* height,
Or thinke to grow to solid *Iohnsons* weight,
To bid so faire as *Chapman* for a fame,
Or match (your family) the *Beaumonts* name,
Whose *grace*, due to the Muses, is your claime
Their height, your honour, and their worth your ayme.
Let such as these draw Nectar from the quill,
For freshest Garlands climbe the sacred Hill
And with high verse the eares of greatnesse swell;
Whilst I, scarce touching at their Thespian well,
With thirsty zeale their happy draughts admire,
And but your censures truth, no test desire.

Some lines "To his friend Mr. Bancroft, on his Poeme stil'd *The Glutton's Feauer*," signed "Tho: Dixie Gent," conclude the introductory portion.

The poem is written in seven-line stanzas, the main subject of it being taken from the Scripture Parable of Dives and Lazarus, and descriptive of the sufferings and torments in hell of the Glutton. It opens with a description of the author "in heate of summer height of noone," walking forth on Ambeame Hill, in Leicestershire, on the borders of which was fought the fatal battle of Bosworth, the final scene of Richard's toils and hopes,

Where lives, as cheape as leaues, were in the Wood,
When downe the Valley ranne a sanguine Flood,
As frighted with the horrour of the fight,
And Earth did blush at such a savage sight.

While "here, disarmed of ambitions sting," the usurping Richard "shot out his soule," our author rambles to a neighbouring wood to rest his "weary limbes inclin'd,"

Where a quaint arbour, by some lover made
Of sharpe-set Holly with faint Iuie twin'd,
The embleme of his loue with loue repaid,
Straight entertain'd me with a pleasing shade,
While the mou'd leaues seeme in the sunny ray
Like guilded Laurell, ore my head to play.
* * * * *

Here, like a Corse, bestucke with Cypresse boughes
I hid my sorrowes, while dull dreaming sleepe
In a darke vapour stealing on my browes
Did softly thence to euery member creepe,
In iuyce of Mandrake did my senses steepe,
That, like deiected cowards, now had left
Their Port besieg'd, of succour quite bereft.

Deepe was my sleepe, and deepe, me thought, I went
Into the bowels of a dark abysse,
That woe and horrour did as much present
As highest Heauen doth happinesse and blisse
To glorious Saints, that worldly snares did misse.
It was the caue, where blacke Destruction lies
Not fear'd, because not seene with mortall eyes.

Here shall they languish in eternall night,
Whom prisoners he takes, who ne're tooke rest,
Nor flying Comfort, nor estrang'd Delight;
But balefull Sorrow with his wounded brest,
Harsh Horrour, Rage, and Famine most distrest,
Pale wither'd Sicknesse, Paine, and wrinkled Care,
With thousand Woes, his sad attendants are.

Here Gluttony, enrag'd for want of food,
Eats Enuies vipers, while the monster tires
On her owne heart: here in a freshing flood
Lust doth his penance for his hot desires;
His owne life-blood here vengefull Wrath requires,

Here Murther burnes on piles of dead mens bones,
And vnder Mounts of Gold oppression grones.

Here lies Ambition, that no bound did know,
Rowl'd in the dust, still sinking in disgrace;
Here rugged treason, full of wounds, doth flow
In his blood; here Sloth, to finde his pace,
Is sharply scourg'd, and in this dreadfull place
I, like a plummet to the center flung,
Did seeme a while in ayrie ballance hung.

But what I heard, what mortall tongue can tell,
Or eare containe, and not in sunder riue?
It was the moane the Glutton made in Hell,
That, from his owne, vnto Heauens gates did driue
Poore *Lazarus*, the wretchedst soule aliue;
But now of friends, wealth, pleasures all forsooke,
With hideous cries this empty Kingdome shooke.

Now, memory, be faithfull to my muse;
Tell how he begg'd, that erst so swel'd in pride,
And what high language *Abraham* did vse,
T' vpbraid his life, that misery defi'd,
Tell to his speeches what the wretch repli'd,
Who, like an Oxe of fatall garlands proud
Thus in his fall began to roare aloud.

The writer then goes on to describe the horrors of the Glutton in his place of torment, and his piercing remorse at his former conduct; and after picturing, in highly poetical language, the palace of the King of glory and the joys of heaven, he continues the lamentation and remorse of the Glutton at the loss of his soul, and of these immortal joys; and concludes with an earnest warning to others to avoid his dreadful fate. The poem finally closes with the author being awoke out of his dream by a storm of thunder, and finding his way down into the town of Bosworth, as we suppose,

Fain'd* by the Poet's song and bloody fight.†

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* Query, Famed.

† It is evident that Bancroft had visited the scene of the battle of Bosworth, and was acquainted with the features of the country around. Ambeame, Ambion, or Amyon Hill, with its adjoining wood, a well known spot in the midst of Redmoor Plain, where the battle was fought, is still the most conspicuous feature in the scene.

There is a smoothness and grace, as well as force and propriety, in Bancroft's poetical language, which have not, as we think, been sufficiently noticed, and which might have better merited a niche in such works as those of Campbell and Ellis than some others included in their selections. For, although he never rises to the highest flights of poesy, there is a pleasing power of description; his similes are apt and well chosen, and not too redundant, and there is occasionally a charm and sweetness of versification which are far above mediocrity. In exemplification of these remarks, a portion of the description of the bower or palace of the King of glory is here transcribed.

In Hutton's *Bosworth Field*, edited by John Nicholls Esq., p. 69, the locality is thus described: "*Amyon Hill* is nearly in the centre of the field, and is by much the highest ground: the summit is two or three hundred yards beyond the well, called at this day King Richard's Well. The hill has a steep descent on every side, but is steepest towards the North or the Bosworth side, and terminates with a rill, a bog, and a flat, called *Amyon-leys*. The field extends a mile further towards Bosworth; but that part was not the scene of action. Not one human being resides upon this desolate field or near it, as if that place was studiously avoided which had been the scene of blood." "The plain called Bosworth Field is spacious, and being very nearly surrounded with hills and woods, has a beautifully noble appearance. The woods of Sutton Chainell, and of *Ambien* in particular, have a striking effect: but no pillar is erected to commemorate the event. The place famed for one of the most important events in the English annals is only ascertained by oral tradition." Cannon shot, armour, weapons, &c. have at various times been found in Amyon Hill, and the bones of the slain have been met with in profusion in Dudlington Church yard.

"Thy cemeteries, Dudlington, declare
The dreadful carnage of th'embattled train;
And Ambiens leafy groves will ever bear
The sombre vestige of the Heroes slain."

These localities, together with Ambien or Amyon Wood, are frequently referred to by Hutton and in other accounts of the battle. We may also refer the reader to Throsby's *Hist. Leicest.* vol. i. p. 340, and to Nichols's *Hist. Leicest.* vol. iv. pp. 550–5. A friend writing on this subject, says: "A few years before his death, I accompanied the lamented Haydon to the field. He made several drawings on the spot in his sketch book — an outline of the landscape, Richard's Well, &c. &c. We also visited Kirby Muxloe Castle, built by Lord Hastings (according to popular tradition) as a retreat for Jane Shore, where he also made several sketches; one of them, of a geometrical brick staircase, that he intended to make use of in a picture which he purposed painting of Macbeth descending with the daggers. These sketches, I presume, still remain in the possession of the family."

It is that Pallace built to lasting ioyes,
Into whose height the King of glory goes,
That in his hand the mundane Globe doth poize,
And to the blest a world of pleasure showes;
To whom he doth rich Diademes dispose,
That here (as pendant on the golden threads
Of their pure liues) adorne their happy heads.

Wall'd all with Iasper is this lofty Bower,
Which, as his *base*, vnvalued gemmes vphold;
The Porters, Angels high in place and power;
Each gate, a pearle of bright celestiall mould;
The pauement Starres, fixt in eternall Gold;
Roof'd, as with Siluer, with condensed flame
Of glorious light, that filles th'immortall frame.

In dazeling splendour of ten thousand dayes
Shines the high Monarch, that all glory lends,
Sunning all treasures in those precious rayes
On whom the heauenly hierarchie attends,
As on whose Throne all vitall ioy depends.
In his pure beames let flights of Angels soare,
And with presented Crownes all Kings adore.

* * * * *

Pure Maiesty, that may'st all Crownes refine!
Thrise hallowed flame of light, of life, of loue!
Bright Orbe of grace, that doth to glory shine!
High treasurer of honours stor'd aboue!
Circle, and center vnto all that mooue!
Natures sweet Organist! thy highest straine
What voyce can reach, to sing thy happi'st raigne?

One beame of thine out-shines a world of light,
One call would start corruption from the graues,
One glance would clear the cloudy brow of night,
One nod becalme the Oceans surging waues,
One smile send sorrow sighing to his caues,
One Altar-sparke of thine in lightlesse Hell
Would kindle day, and all the shades dispell.

Of Heauens rich beauties to the rauisht sight
One mirrour here all treasures do reflect,
One Globe all beames of glory doth vnite,
One load-starre all the voyagers direct,
One soueraigne power in safety all protect,
One banquet here both soules and senses feasts,
And filles, and feeds, nor euer cloyes the guests.

The ten-fold curtaine of these azure spheares
Serues but to vaile this Arke from fleshly eyes;
But when her head the soule exultant reares
With open wings where heauenly glory flies,
What wonder doth her faculties surprize!
How doth she here extend her powers wide
To drinke in pleasures from the boundlesse tide!

One more stanza of some beauty in its imagery shall conclude our extracts from this interesting poem:

The warbling murmurs of the siluer floods,
The numerous swarmes that on fresh *Hybla* light,
The whistling gales that fanne th' *Arabian* woods,
The Swannes high rapture at his lowest flight,
Strike not an accent of that sweet delight
That in this message of deare Heaven is found,
Whose euery note doth precious Musick sound.

The poem is rather irregularly printed, the spaces between the words in some of the stanzas being much greater than in others. We have already adverted to its extreme rarity, in proof of which it may be stated that it was not in the collections of the Duke of Roxburghe, Bindley, Heber, Rice, Perry, Caldecot, nor in the *Bibl. Ang. Poetica*. It was reprinted in 1817 by John Delafield Phelps Esq. for the members of the Roxburghe Club, the number of copies being limited to thirty-six, one of which sold at Bindley's sale, pt. iii. No. 1796, for 9*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Lowndes refers only to this reprint, and has taken no notice at all of the original edition. The two only other copies known are one in the collection of the late William H. Miller, Esq., and the other in the Malone collection in the Bodleian Library. The present copy came from the library of Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., No. 403, and is bound by Charles Lewis in

Olive Green Morocco extra, tooled inside with joints, gilt leaves.

BANCROFT, (THOMAS.) — Two Bookes of Epigrammes and Epitaphs. Dedicated to two top-branches of gentry: Sir Charles Shirley Baronet, and William Davenport Esquire. Written by Thomas Bancroft. 4to, London. Printed by I. Okes, for Matthewe Walbancke, and are to be sold at his shop in Grayes-Inne-gate. 1639. pp. 86.

This is a scarce and interesting production of Thomas Bancroft, who was afterwards the author of *The Heroical Lover*, described in the next article, and also of the *Glutton's Feaver*, 4to, 1633. The present work commences at once without any prefatory introduction: the first epigram being addressed to his patron Sir Charles Shirley, Baronet; the two next to the Reader; and the fourth "To his Booke." The great majority of the epigrams in the First Book are addressed to various individuals—some of them friends and neighbours of the author, or public characters, such as poets and eminent men of the time — among whom may be enumerated Randall, Shirley, Ben Jonson, May, Sir Philip Sidney, Shakespeare, Sir Aston Cokaine, Overbury, Donne, Ford, Quarles, &c. &c. The Second Book is nearly altogether on sacred and moral subjects. These epigrams are many of them not without merit, and we quote one or two from the First Book as specimens of the work. Bancroft was a native of Swarkeston, or Swarston, in Derbyshire, not far from the Peak; and the first we give is

An Epitaph on his Father and Mother, buried neare together in Swarston Church.

Here lies a paire of peerelesse friends
Whose goodnesse like a precious Chaine
Adorn'd their soules in liues and ends;
Whom when detractions selfe would staine,
She drops her teares in stead of gall,
And helps to mourne their Funerall.

Bancroft was a contemporary with Shirley the poet at Catherine Hall in Cambridge, as we learn from the following epigram "To James Shirley:"

James, thou and I did spend some precious yeeres
At *Katherine-Hall*; since when, we sometimes feele
In our Poetick braines (as plaine appeares)
A whirling tricke, then caught from *Katherine's* wheele.

21. *To Ben Jonson.*

As *Martials* Muse by *Cæsars* ripening rays
Was sometimes cherisht, so thy happier dayes
Joy'd in the Sun-shine of thy Royall IAMES,
Whose Crowne shed lustre on thine Epigrammes:
But I, remote from favours fostering heate,
O're snowy Hills my Muses passage beate,
Where weeping Rocks my harder Fates lament,
And shuddering Woods whisper my discontent.

What wonder then my numbers, that haue rowl'd
Like streames of Tygris, run so slow and cold?

78. *To Trent.*

Sweet River, on whose flowery Margin layd,
I with the slippery Fish haue often play'd
At fast and loose: when ere th' enamour'd ayre
Shall in soft sighes mine ecchoed accents beare,
Gently permit the smoother verse to slide
On thy sleeke bosome, and in tryumph ride
Unto the Mayne: where when it sounds along
Let Tritons dance, and Syrens learne my song.

79. *To Swarston.*

Swarston, when I behold thy pleasant sight,
Whose River runs a progresse of Delight,
Joy'd with the beauties of fresh flowery plaines,
And bounteous fields, that crowne the Plow-man's paines;
I sigh (that see my native home estrang'd)
For Heaven, whose Lord and tenures never chang'd.

81. *To Grace-dieu.*

Grace-Deiu, that under Charnwood stand'st alone,
As a grand Relicke of Religion,
I reverence thine old (but faithfull) worth,
That lately brought such noble Beaumonts forth,
Whose brave Heroick Muses might aspire,
To match the anthems of the Heavenly Quire.
The mountaines crown'd with rockey fortresses,
And sheltering woods, secure thy happinesse,
That highly favour'd art (though lowly plac'd)
Of Heaven, and with free natures bounty grac'd.
Herein grow happier, and that blisse of thine
Nor pride ore-top nor Envy undermine.

89. *On Sir Philip Sidney.*

Idols I hate, yet would to Sidney's wit
Offer Castalian healths, and kneele to it.

112. *To Sir Thomas Overbury, on his Wife.*

Others by Children lengthen out their life,
Thou onely art eterniz'd by thy wife.

118. *To Shakespeare.*

Thy Muses sugred dainties seeme to us
Like the fam'd apples of old Tantalus:

For we (admiring) see and heare thy straines,
But none I see or heare those sweets attaines.

119. *To the same.*

Thou hast so us'd thy Pen (*or shooke thy Speare*)
That Poets startle, nor thy wit come neare.

136. *To Dr. Donne.*

Thy Muses gallantry doth farre exceed
All ours; to whom thou art a *Don* indeed.

192. *To John Ford the Poet.*

The Verse must needs be current (at a word)
That issues from a sweet and fluent *Ford.*

193. *To his brother John Bancroft deceased.*

You sold your Land, the lightlyer hence to goe
To forraine Coasts: (yet Fates would have it so)
Did ne're *New-England* reach, but went with them
That journey towards *New Jerusalem.*

It appears from this epigram that his elder brother, who inherited the paternal property in Derbyshire, sold it to go out as a settler in New England, but died before he arrived, probably on his passage there. From the following epigram to Francis Quarles it seems probable that Bancroft had at one time intended to have written a poem upon the principal events of our Saviour's life, but having been forestalled by Quarles, had afterwards abandoned his intention.

233. *To Francis Quarles.*

My Muse did purpose with a pious strife
To haue trac'd out my sinlesse Saviours life:
But thou hadst lanch'd into the Maine (I heare)
Before my Barke was rigg'd; which shall forbeare
To interrupt so prais'd an enterprize
('Bout which with Quarles no quarrels shall arise).
Ply then thy steerage, while deficient gales
My wishes still supply, and swell thy sailes.

The First Book concludes with another epigram to Sir Charles Shirley, Baronet, to whom this book is dedicated. The Second Book is addressed to William Davenport, Esquire, and is chiefly on religious subjects. The following epigram is the

91. *Of Heaven.*

When I admire some starres, whose magnitude
Doth the earths vastnesse many times include:
And those least Lights more radiant to behold
Than Diamonds, or Diadems of gold:
Methinkes I feele my lightned heart (inflame
Of rapture) mount to that illustrious frame,
Yet fall backe like a dying sparke, that must
Be turn'd to ashes, and confus'd with dust.
But (O the wonder!) when the pavements are
So rich: how glorious, how transcending faire
Is the great Chamber! and how bright that face
Where pretious beames of beauty, glory, grace,
Are sweetly all (as flowers for sacrifice)
Commixt, and offered to joy-ravisht eyes.

We also give the concluding one:

242. *To William Davenport Esquire.*

Some argue (as blind phantasie invents)
That active discords of the elements
Did worke the World up from its articke masse;
But howsoere (to let that fiction passe)
Some verball jarres betwixt my selfe and you,
Have made a world of reall love ensue
In our affects: Which when I violate
By mixing friendship with one dramme of hate,
Let Phœbus give me for a Lawrell Crowne
A wreath of Snakes, to hisse my Poems downe.

Bancroft was a near neighbour of Sir Aston Cokaine in Derbyshire, with whom he lived on terms of friendship, and to whom he had addressed one of his epigrams, No. 120; in return for which Cokaine paid a similar compliment to Bancroft in his *Small Poems of Diverse Sorts*, published in 1658, 8vo, where, in the First Book of Epigrams, is the following:

To Mr. Thomas Bancroft.

Sir, in your Epigrams you did me grace
T' allow me 'mong your many Friends a Place.
T' express my gratitude (if Time will be
After my death so courteous to me
As to vouchsafe some few years to my name)
Freely enjoy with me my utmost Fame. (p. 156.)

He also addressed some other "Encomiastic Verses" "To his very good friend Mr. Thomas Bancroft, on his Works," in which he speaks of his having redeemed their native land of Derbyshire from obloquy,

> that never as I knew
> Afforded us a Poet until you;

and that as

> Virgil by 's birth to Mantua gave renown,
> And sweet-tongued Ovid unto Sulmo town,
> Catullus to Verona was a fame,
> And you to Swarston will become the same.
> Liue then, my friend, immortally, and prove
> Their envy that will not afford thee love.

Cokaine wrote two other copies of encomiastic verses to the same person. One "To my learned friend Mr. Thomas Bancroft, upon his Book of Satires," meaning probably his *Epigrams and Epitaphs*, in which he says:

> 'Tis hard to write but Satires in these days,
> And to write good Satires merits praise;
> And such are yours, and such they will be found
> By all clear hearts, or penitent by their wound:

and speaks of Bancroft's muse as far transcending that of Withers. The other is addressed "To my learned friend Mr. Thomas Bancroft, on his Poem entitled the *Heroic Lover*."

Bancroft is not noticed by Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, nor by Ellis or Campbell in their *Specimens*; nor is he included by Chalmers in his collection of *British Poets*. He was a contributor to Brome's *Lachrymæ Musarum; or, The Teares of the Muses*, 8vo, 1649, in which his poetical offering is thus most humbly and modestly inscribed: "To the never-dying memory of the noble Lord Hastings, &c., the meanest Son of the Muses consecrates this Elegie;" and was living in retirement at Bradley, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, when he published his *Heroical Lover* in 1658. It is probable that he continued there till his death, of the exact date of which we have no knowledge. See the *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 490, where numerous quotations are given from this work; the new *General Biogr. Dict.* begun by Mr. Rose, vol. iii. p. 105; and the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 80, where a copy is priced at 20*l.* It sold at Mr. Townley's sale, pt. i. No. 391, for 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; at Mr. Strettell's, No. 363, for 4*l.* 15*s.*; at Mr.

Bindley's, pt. i. No. 744, for 4*l.* 17*s.*; and at Mr. Lloyd's, No. 220, for 10*l.* 10*s.*

The present is a very beautiful copy.

Bound in Russia.

BANCROFT, (THOMAS.) — The Heroical Lover, or Antheon and Fidelta. A Poem written by Thomas Bancroft.

Μοῖσας Ερως καλεοι, Μοῖσαι τον Ερωτα φεροιεν.

Byon Smyrnæus.

May Love the Ladies skill'd in song
Invite, and they bring Love along.

Small 8vo. London, Printed by W. G. and are to be sold by Isaac Pridmore. at the Golden Falcon, near the New Exchange. 1658. pp. 102.

Sir Aston Cokaine Bart. who, as we have already seen, was a native of the same county with Bancroft, and with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, in his commendatory verses prefixed to this allegorical poem, which is of considerable rarity, speaks of Bancroft as then living in retirement at Bradley in Derbyshire, and compares it with the *New Atlantis* of Bacon and the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More.

From your retir'd abode in *Bradley* town,
Welcome, my friend, abroad to fair renown.
Nova Atlantis and *Eutopia* you
Again expose unto the publique view
By your heroick Piece; unknown before
T' all mankind save to *Bacon* and to *More*.
To the tripartite world *Columbus* erst
The westerne *India* did discover first,
Yet (after that his perfecter survey)
Vesputius much on's glory tooke away
By giving it his name: so though those two
Most learned Lords did first those conntryes shew,
Yet by your *Antheon* (and his fair Delight)
Farre-sought *Fidelta*, does your skill unite
Eutopia and *Atlantis:* what these two
Ow'd singly to their pen, they both owe you.
&c. &c. &c.

The poem of *The Heroical Lover* is dedicated "To the Right Honourable the Lord Rosse," in which, in allusion to the country in which he was residing, Bancroft remarks: "This Poem, though compos'd in a *Peak-like* country, has yet no cause to be proud of its high birth, unless more worthy it were of your Lordship's perusal. . . . . Yet as the ancient Muses delighted to climb mountains, Parnassus, Helicon, and others; so has mine been moved with a pleasing ambition to ascend to the eminency of your presence." After this are the above commendatory verses by Sir Aston Cokaine, and another copy of a similar nature by Anth. Harwood. Then follows the poem consisting of eighty-eight pages, divided into eight cantos. The following passage may be taken as a fair specimen of the author's heroic verse. The hero Antheon

—— passing on the way
Through the fresh fields of rich *Campania*,
Whose pleasures once their sinews all unstrung
That marcht with warlike *Hannibal* along
To *Capua:* — some Rusticks (fit to sort
With sheep, and with rude *Sylvanes* to disport)
Bluntly inform'd him that a Lady gay,
Who in that region bare a Queen-like sway,
And courted was by braver men than swaines,
Did adde much sweetness to their flowery Plains:
On the green margin of a chrystal lake
Stood her more shining house, built high to take
Far-distant eyes; — about it myrtle-groves
And bowers did emblemize more pleasant loves;
In mystique beds (all fair and odorous
As *Flora's* bosome) glow'd the *Paphian* Rose
'Mongst flaming *Heliotropes*, whilst violets blew
And star-like Lillies heavens fair figure drew.
There planted was rich store of bounteous vines
That swell'd her Cellars with *Nectarean* wines;
There fields seem'd Seas of plenty, and did wave
With corne as much as greedy Hinds could crave;
There goodliest cattell graz'd, and all things else
Were such as few could find their Parallels.
Thither the Knight (with hope of sweet content
Drawn eas'ly on) his course directly bent,
And when he now approching was espy'd
The Lady all her magnetismes emploid
More to attract him; rich perfumes were made;
On loud sweet Instruments her Vassalls plaid,

Wherewith the heightened water in its fall
Kept time, with purlings rarely musical.

In the course of his travels in search of the fair Fidelta, through Italy, France, Spain, Greece and other parts, the hero, Antheon, comes into Belgium, and in his visits to the various towns in that country he thus alludes to two illustrious characters, both of them interesting to the dwellers of our own land:

But with no small content he view'd the town
That bred *Erasmus*, *Belgium's* chief renown,
Who with pure flowing style far off to drive
Th' *Augean* filth of Barbarisme did strive;
Render'd the Muses walkes more sweet and clean,
And made their troubled spring run clear again.
To *Zutphen* when he came, and heard some tell
That there that star of honour, *Sidney*, fell,
A cloud of sorrow over-cast his face
And thence a show're of tears distill'd apace,
Whilst freshly he remember'd that the fame
Of that brave Hero to *Atlantis* came,
Long ere his amorous task he undertook;
And that his worthy Father bad him look
Upon such noble Patterns, and aspire
With main contention of a high desire
To reach their excellencies, and to be
(If possible) their equal in degree.

A copy of this rare little volume of poetry was sold in Mr. Heber's *Catal.* pt. iv. No. 62, for 4*l.* 16*s.*, and at Reed's sale, No. 6554 (the only one mentioned by Lowndes), for 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bound in Brown Speckled Calf.

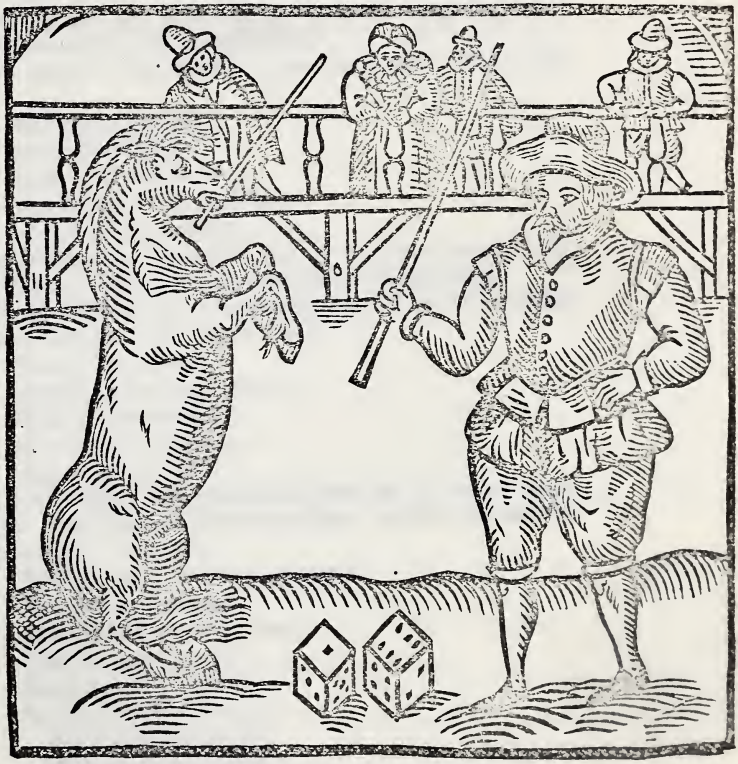
BANKES. — Maroccus Extaticus. Or Bankes Bay Horse in a Trance. A Discourse set downe in a Merry Dialogue between Bankes and his beast. Anatomizing some abuses and bad trickes of this age. Written and intituled to mine Host of the Belsauage and all his honest Guests. By Iohn Dando the wier-drawer of Hadley, and Harrie Runt, head Ostler of Bosomes Inne. 4to. Printed for Cuthbert Burby. 1595.

Many and frequent are the allusions in our early writers to Bankes and his celebrated horse Marocco. They are far more than can be enumerated here, and we must content ourselves with the mention of only a very few of them. Shakespeare has alluded to "the dancing horse" in *Love's Labour Lost*, act i. sc. 2. Ben Jonson says in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "He keeps more ado with this monster than ever *Bankes* did with his *horse*," and has also spoken of him in one of his epigrams (134th). Bastard has one of his epigrams "Of Bankes's horse" in his *Chrestoloros*, 8vo, 1598, lib. iii. ep. 17; and Bp. Hall in his *Satires*, lib. iv. sat. 2, alludes to "strange *Marocco's* dumbe arithmeticke." Few persons mention him more frequently than Dekker, who in his *Seven Deadly Sinnes*, 4to, 1606, sig. F 2, says of the barbers, they "are so well customed, that they shave a whole Citie sometymes in three dayes, and they doe it (as *Bankes* his horse did his tricks) onely by the eye and the eare;" and in *The Guls Hornbooke*, 4to, 1609, and *The Owles Almanacke*, 4to, 1618, he alludes to the horse's exploit in ascending to the top of St. Paul's. This feat is also noticed in *The Blacke Booke*, 4to, 1604; by Rowley in his *Search for Money*, 4to, 1609; and by other writers. Dekker again mentions him in the preface to his *Wonderfull Yeare*, 4to, 1603, where he says that the "rank-riders of art" are "glad to shew tricks like *Bankes* his *curtall*." In Tarlton's *Jests*, 1611, one of them is styled "Tarlton's greeting with Banks his horse." Mr. Douce says: "The best account of Bankes and his famous horse Marocco is to be found in the notes to a French translation of Apuleius's *Golden Ass* by Jean de Montlyard, Sieur de Melleray, Counsellor to the Prince of Condé: first printed in 1602, 8vo, and several times afterwards." He is mentioned by Donne in one of his satires; by Sir Walter Raleigh in his *History of the World*; by Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas Nash, Gervase Markham, Bishop Morton, Richard Brathwaite, Sir William Davenant, John Taylor the water poet, and others. And there are one or two ballads extant on the same subject.

Bankes, it is said by the author of the *Life of Moll Cutpurse*, 1662, 8vo, was a "vintner in Cheapside, who taught his horse to dance, and shoed him with silver." It appears that he and his horse visited Paris in 1601, where he was exhibited at the Golden Lion, Rue Saint Jaques. He afterwards travelled through various countries; and, on visiting Rome, it is related that both Bankes and his horse were burnt by the Inquisition as magicians; while by others it is asserted that this event took place in

Portugal. Mr. Hunter, in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 265, has shown that a daughter of Banks, "who kept the horse with the admirable tricks," married John Hyde of Urmston in Cheshire, an old respectable family in that county.

The present tract consists of only thirteen leaves. It is a curious, witty, and satirical piece, chiefly in prose. After the title is a short address "To the Reader," by the author, apologizing for the publication of his pamphlet; on the reverse of which is a rude woodcut, a fac-simile of which we present to our readers, representing an exhibition of tricks between Bankes and his



horse, with spectators looking on from a gallery above, Marocco standing on his hind legs with a stick in his mouth, his master with one in his hand,

and at their feet a pair of dice on the ground. The tract is carried on in the form of a dialogue — "Interlocutores, Bankes and his Horse" — and professes to anatomize some of the abuses and bad tricks of the age. Thus, in allusion to the puritanical characters of the time, an instance is mentioned which will serve as an example of the style of the work, and of the poetry interspersed in it.

Horse (to his master). You and I should doo verie ill to speake in priuate, we are so plaine.

Bankes. Plaine, Marocco: nay and I were as plaine as I will bee, I should crie out-right, for in this I agree with thee, and with thee the world agrees; and besides teares and commiseration on the state of Gentlemen that haue vngentlefied, why I might saie, dishonored themselues by buying and selling.

Horse. Haue they so, master? Why woulde hee bee a buyer then? Why woulde hee bee a seller?

This buying and selling,
By all mens telling,
Is gaine without swelling
To him that sels his dwelling,
For his bonds cancelling.

Bankes. Ho, ho, good Marocco, I see now a dozen of bread dooes as much with you, as three pipes of Tobacco taken in an odde alehouse, to a weake braine.

Horse. I am not dronke, master, after my watering, that you need to challenge mee thus. I know what I saie, and I saie what I knowe.

To buy this measure,
And this momentanie pleasure,
With so much treasure,
To sell seate and seizure,
And repent at leasure.

Go to, master, he is a bad waster, that consumes his daies and houres, and reapes Pour un plaisure, *mille.* Cambridge and Oxford can record: and the foule dolorous fortune of many a faire boorde. What it is?

What it is to come into the clouches
For aglets or brouches,
Of these pure appearing asses,
That like simple glasses
Seeme that they are not.
Let them storme I care not.
Vnpittied might hee bee,
That imbases his degree
With this indignitie.

I tell you, master — for a truth I tell you, too — I knowe a man that in this towne had a Bible lying on his shoppe boorde, and solde but three yardes of satten vnto a

Gentleman, and forswore himselfe at least three times in the coping, and yet the booke laie open before him, and hee came newe from reading of Salomons Prouerbes.

Bankes. That had beene somwhat grosse in him, if he had beene reading the twentieth of Exodus.

Horse. No, no; his minde was on the twentith daie of the moneth following, when his money was due.

Bankes. 'Tis good to haue an eie to the maine: housekeeping is chargeable, and rent must bee paide: the Landlord will haue his due, *Caveat emptor*; let the Tenant looke to it.

Horse. The Landlord will leade to the deuill, and the Tenant will follow after.

Bankes. What else? they be relatiues: Landlord and Tenant are as *Pater* and *Filius.*

At the end Marocco promises, if he survives till the next term, to give a second lecture of the anatomie of the world, which should "leave a deeper print." And in a short concluding address of "The Authors to the Reader," subscribed "Finis quoth John Dando and Harry Runt," it is stated that "by Maroccos conclusion, this Dialogue shoulde seeme but an Induction to another discourse;" which, however, appears never to have been fulfilled, probably for want of encouragement.

This very rare tract has been reprinted for the Percy Society, No. 87, by Edw. F. Rimbault Esq., F.S.A., with a short introduction and a reduced copy of the woodcut; and the reader may see more on the subject in Johnson and Reed's edition of *Shakespeare*, vol. vii. p. 26, with a fac-simile of the woodcut; Douce's *Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 212; Collier's *Poet. Decam.* vol. i. p. 163; Nares's *Glossary*, p. 26; and Hunter's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 265. The fullest and best account of Bankes and his horse has been given by Mr. Halliwell in his folio edition of *Shakespeare*, vol iv. p. 243, extending to twelve pages, with a copy of the woodcut in a reduced form.

Only two copies of this work are known: the present one, which was sold in the Gordonstoun sale, No. 1586, for 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and resold as follows: Midgley's sale in 1818, No. 493, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Bindley's, pt. i. No. 745, 13*l.* 5*s.*; Perry's, pt. i. No. 393, 9*l.* 9*s.*; Jolley's, pt. iv. No. 758, 16*l.* 16*s.*; and the other, which belonged to Mr. Heber, *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 139, 6*l.* 6*s.*, and is now, we believe, in the late Mr. Miller's collection. It is not in the British Museum, nor in the Bodleian Library.

Collation: Title, A 2; Sig. A to D 2, in fours.

In Brown Calf, red edges.

BANQUETT (THE) OF DAINTIES; — for all suche Gestes that love moderatt dyate. Sm. 8vo. Blk. lett. London Imprinted by Thomas Hackett. 1566. pp. 42.

Herbert, and Dibdin after him, merely allude to this work being licensed to Thomas Hacket in 1566, as appears from the Registers of the Stationers' Company, but had neither of them ever seen it. Indeed no other copy than the present, which is without a title page, is known, and Mr. Collier is in error in supposing that there is any colophon to identify it with Hacket's press. It is in black letter, and commences with an introduction of forty lines entitled "Authoris auxilium invocatio." The poem is written in the form of a dialogue between "Demosthenes the Mayster of the Banquet and Sosia his Stewarde," and is allegorical, in which the emptiness of Beauty and Fortune are shown, and the superior excellence of Wisdom, Chastity and Science are demonstrated, to the latter of whom Demosthenes is to be married; and it is for these nuptials that the Banquet of Dainties is to be provided, and that Sosia is directed to make the following preparations:

Demosthenes.

My wedding Banquet in this place
I purpose here to day:
Therefore such Cates as costly be,
I charge thee to prepare,
And thus much more, attend to mee,
three dainties dishes rare.

Sosia.

Farre fet they say and dearely bought,
fine daintrels doth delite,
Now every corner must be sought
to please their appetite,
I runne, I trace, I fishe and fette,
I raunge from streete to streete
To kill with Hauke, or catch with nete
such wild foule as I meate.
Trudge, Sosia, trudge, festine with speede,
thy pillors doe prepare,
But, Lixa, see the hounds ye feede,
against we course the Hare.
I knowe not I, what Cates to buy,
for dainties common be;
Such diuers meates, unfainedly
as serueth ech degree.

Demosth.

I pray thee zelously, my friende,
search out the verie best,
For peerles dames I doe intend
shall be my poynted gest.
Both Phessaunt, Plouer, Larke and Quail,
with Rabbet, Succors yong,
Of dainties these let me not fayle,
with other rares among.
As Marchpaine, Cheese, and Ginger greene,
with sucket pleasaunt sweete,
Blauncht almondes, as in court is seene,
for princely Ladyes meete.
Stewde Proynes, conserue of Cherries
Peares, Biskets, Suger fine,
With nectar dulce, since I am wedde
by voyce of Muses nine.

Sosia.

What Junckets call ye these, I pray,
no dainties can they seeme,
For vulgar sort, from day to day,
as common them esteeme.
They serue as foode for to sustaine
the hungrie corps withall,
So that the Nimphes from them refraine,
as we refrayne from gall.
For sacred powers of starrie skie
their nâtures doe consist
Having at pleasure pleasauntly,
to bath them where they list.
And sequent then for to conclude,
if they be soules aboue,
What wight their fauors to delude
with earthly Cates would proue.

Science and Chastity each take part in the dialogue or discussion, and in the course of it set forth the examples of Cæsar and Pompey, Abraham and Isaac, Susanna and the Elders, &c.; and the whole is wound up by Demosthenes in these words:

O withering grasse, O fragile shade,
O slipperie Tower High,
Whose honor as the hay doth fade,
in twinckling of an eye.
Where naught but vanitie doth dwell,
and beames of vertue flie:
A lurcking denne, a hollow cell,
complete with miserie.
Repent, with sobbing sighes lament,
your frowarde deuilish art,
Least sudenly that you be shent,
Of limboe taking part:
From which repentaunce may you bring
a holesome salue and guide,
To rest with that eternall king,
whose glorie doth not glide.
Well, tyme doth wish me to prepare
To seeke to Muses nine,
To gust and tast of dainties rare,
which you haue heard us signe.
And in meane season I commend
you to the Shepheard true,
In whome saluation without ende
doth rest, and thus adue.

Mr. Park, to whom this copy formerly belonged, has noticed this work in the *Cens. Liter.* vol. i. p. 364. See also Herbert's *Antes*, vol. ii. p. 899; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 42, 10*l.* 10*s.* (the present copy); resold in Midgley's sale, No. 13, for 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; again in Hibbert's, No. 521, for 2*l.* 9*s.*; and in Bright's, No. 323, for 4*l.* 15*s.*

In Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

Barbour, (John.) — The Acts and Life of the most victorious Conquerour Robert Bruce King of Scotland. Wherein also are contained the martiall deeds of the valiant Princes, Edward Bruce, Sir James Dowglas, Earle Thomas Randel, Walter Stewart, and sundry others. 12mo, blk. lett. Edin-

burgh, Printed by Andrew Anderson, and are to be sold at his House on the north side of the Cross, Anno Dom. 1670.

The first known edition of this interesting work, the most ancient production of the Scottish muse extant, according to Pinkerton was printed at Edinburgh in 1616, 12mo. blk. lett. since which time it has gone through about twenty editions in Scotland before that of Mr. Pinkerton was published, who seems to think it probable that there was at least one more edition even yet earlier than 1616, although no copy of it is known. The poem extends to nearly fourteen thousand verses, with occasional rhyming titles or headings to different divisions of the work. It relates for the most part the true history of Robert Bruce and his times, and is therefore valuable also for being one of the earliest historical accounts which we have of Scottish history. For although a metrical account, yet according to one of his latest editors, "his writing in verse is no argument against the veracity of his facts." Campbell, on the other hand, calls it "a versified romance." Of the author little more seems to be known than that he was born about the year 1326, and studied at Oxford, to which place he had a passport for his safe passage into England to pursue his studies in that University in 1357. He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and is said by Tanner to have received a pension for life from David Bruce, king of Scotland, as a reward for writing this poem. He died at an advanced age in 1396. His poem of *The Bruce* was written in the year 1375, when he was nearly fifty years of age. It is composed in rhyming couplets, chiefly of eight syllables each, and in poetical talent and versification Barbour is estimated to be far in advance of the age. Pinkerton considers that "with few of the graces of fine poetry, the language is remarkably good for the time: and far superior in neatness and elegance even to that of Gawin Douglas, who wrote more than a century after." It has been modernized in all the printed editions, and the reader may compare the opening lines in the present version given below with the same in Pinkerton's edition printed from an original manuscript:

Stories to read are delectable
Suppose they nought contain but fable,
Then sould stories that soothfast were,
If they be spoken in good maner,
Have double pleasure in hearing:
The first is their pleasant carping,
The other is, the soothfastnesse
That shewes the thing right as it was.
And soothfast things that are lykand
To mens hearing are most pleasand:
Therefore I would faine set my will,
If my wit might suffice theretill,

To put in write a soothfast storie
That it may last in memorie:
Sa that no length of time may let,
Nor gar it hailly be forget.
For ald stories that men reides
Represents to them the deides
Of stalward folk that lived air
Right as they then present wair.
And certes they sould weill have prise
That in their time were wight and wise;
And led their life in great travell:
And oft in hard stoure of battel.
Wan right great praise of Chevalrie,
And was voyde of all Cowaritie:
As was King *Robert of Scotland*,
That hardy was of heart and hand;
And good Sir James of Dowglas,
That in his time so worthie was:
That of his praise and bounty
In sundry lands in honour wan he.
Of them I think this book to ma,
Now God of grace, that I may swa
Treit it, and bring it to good ending,
That I say nought but suithfast thing.

Often as it has been quoted, we cannot resist giving Barbour's noble apostrophe in praise of liberty, as a further example of his general style and language:

O how freedome is noble thing!
For it makes men to have liking:
Freedome all solace to men gives:
He lives at ease that freely lives:
A noble heart may have none ease
Nor nought else that may it please
If freedome fail yee: for free liking
Is yarned above all other thing.
O he that hath ay lived free,
May not know well the property
The anger, nor the wretched dome
That is coupled unto thirldome:
But if he had assayed it
Then all perqueir* he might it wit:
And should think freedome more te prise
Then all the gold men can devise.
For contrarie things ever mare
Discoverings of the other are:
And he that into thraldome is,
All that he hath in bandoun is,
To his Lord what ever he be
Yet he hath not so meakle free
As free liking to leave or do
If that his heart drawes him to.

Barbour was the writer of another poem called *The Brute*, as we learn from Wyntown's metrical *Chronicle* written about 1420. This was a sort of genealogical history of the kings of Scotland, probably taken from Geoffrey of Monmouth, or translated from Wace's *Le Brut*. This work of Barbour's, which is several times mentioned by Wyntown, is now lost.

The present is the fifth or sixth edition of *The Bruce* and extends to 348 pages, each page containing about forty lines, or in all 13,920 verses. It is in black letter, without any prefix, and at the end are these lines as l'envoy:

Here ends the Booke of the Noblest King
That ever in Scotland yet did ring,

---

* Perfectly.

Called King Robert the Bruce,
That was maist worthie of all ruce.
And of the Noble good Lord Dowglas,
And many ma that with him was.

Mr. Campbell has omitted this author from his work altogether. But Mr. Ellis has devoted a chapter to the examination of this curious poem in his *Specimens*, vol. i. p. 228. See also Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.*; Irving's *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, vol. i. p. 253; Dibdin's *Libr. Comp.* vol. i. p. 262.

All the early editions of this work are now become scarce, and bring high prices. A copy of the edition of 1620 is marked in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 21, 4*l.* 4*s.*; another of the present impression brought at the Roxburghe sale, No. 3142, 2*l.* 5*s.*; Utterson's, No. 261, 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Collation: Sig. A to P 6, in twelves.

Bound in Olive Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

BARBOUR, (JOHN.)—The Acts and Life of the most Victorious Conqueror Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. Wherein also are contained the martial deeds of the valiant Princes, Edward Bruce, Sir James Dowglas, Earl Thomas Randel, Walter Stewart and others. 12mo. Blk. lett. Glasgow, by Robert Sanders, Printer to the City and University, and are to be sold in his Shop. 1672.

Another edition of this curious historical poem, which perhaps may be termed the seventh. The only difference between this and the preceding is that the orthography of the words occasionally varies, and that the type of the present is smaller than the other. It is printed in small 12mo, in black letter, and contains forty-five lines in a page, in all 302 pages. A copy of this edition sold in Bindley's sale, pt. i. No. 56, for 3*l.* 18*s.*

Collation: Sig. A to N 11, in twelves.

Fine copy. From Baron Bolland's library.

Bound by Charles Lewis, in Brown Morocco, with leather joints, elegantly tooled inside, gilt leaves.

BARBOUR, (JOHN.) — The Bruce; or, The History of Robert I. King of Scotland. Written in Scotish Verse by John Barbour. The First Genuine Edition, published from a M.S. dated 1489; with Notes and a Glossary by J. Pinkerton. In Three Volumes. 8vo. London: Printed by H. Hughs for G. Nicol, Bookseller to his Majesty. M.DCC.XC. (1790.)

Previously to the publication of Dr. Jamieson's valuable edition at Edinburgh in 1820, 4to, the present one by Mr. Pinkerton, in three volumes, was considered the best and most elaborate edition of Barbour's metrical history. The text in all the previously printed impressions having been much modernized and altered, the editor was desirous of presenting to the public an edition "free from all these errors in the very language and orthography of its author." The poem is therefore in this edition given to the reader for the first time in its genuine state from a manuscript dated in 1489, preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. The transcript has been printed with scrupulous care and exactness, "the only alteration from the original being the division into twenty books, with their arguments, now adopted and given for the first time." The same manuscript from which this poem was taken contains also *The Life of Wallace* by Henry the Minstrel, written about 1470.

The present edition is preceded by an interesting preface by its editor, containing a sketch of the earliest attempts at poetry in the other modern nations of Europe, a critical notice of Barbour's historical epic, and a short account of the author, with some references to him and his other lost poem of *The Brute*, by Andrew of Wyntown. The poem is illustrated with some occasional valuable notes, and at the end is a copious glossary and index. It is further ornamented with some engraved vignettes. Dr. Jamieson's edition had not appeared when Mr. Ellis wrote his account of Barbour's work, who notices this edition of Pinkerton with commendation.

Half-bound in Russia, top edge gilt.

BARCLAY, (ALEXANDER.) — Stultifera Navis, qua omnium mortalium narratur stultitia, admodum vtilis et necessaria ab omnibus ad suam salutem perlegenda, è Latine sermone in nostrum vulgarem versa, et jam diligenter impressa. An.

Do. 1570. The Ship of Fooles, wherein is shewed the folly of all States, with diuers other workes adioyned vnto the same, very profitable and fruitfull for all men. Translated out of Latin into Englishe by Alexander Barclay Priest. Folio, blk. lett. [Colophon.] Imprinted at London in Paules Church-yarde by Iohn Cawood Printer to the Queene's Maiestie. (1570.) Cum Priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

Among the few poets of any note in England at the commencement of the sixteenth century may be mentioned the name of Alexander Barclay, who, excepting Stephen Hawes, is almost the only poet of that period who can lay claim to any attention. Although some doubt is expressed as to the exact place of his birth, whether in England, in Somersetshire, where there is both a village and ancient family of that name, or to the north of the Tweed, it seems generally agreed, from both his names, that he was of Scottish extraction. He is spoken of as such by a contemporary; and his praises of the Scottish monarch James the Fourth would also seem to confirm this fact. It is more certain that he received his education at Oriel College in Oxford, where he was patronized in his studies by the then Provost Thomas Cornish, suffragan bishop of Tyne. After having travelled for some time abroad, first in Holland, and from thence into Germany, Italy and France, where he applied himself assiduously in acquiring the languages of those countries, on his return he become chaplain to the College of St. Mary Ottery in Devonshire; then a Benedictine monk of Ely; and on the dissolution of that monastery A.D. 1539, being then Doctor of Divinity, became vicar of Much Badow in Essex, and in 1546 vicar of Wokey in Somersetshire. He received also from the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury the rectory of All Hallows in Lombard-street, London, which he retained till his death at an advanced age at Croydon in Surrey in June 1552, where he appears to have lived in his youth, and was interred in the church there.

Barclay was a voluminous writer, more especially of poetry and translations in his younger days, but in his after years of *Lives of the Saints* and other pious works, which were all much esteemed by his contemporaries. His greatest and most popular book was his *Ship of Fooles*. This singular and entertaining volume has been so fully described by Warton, Wood, Ritson, Ellis, Hallam and others that little need be said of it here. The original work, from which the present translation was composed, was

written in German by Sebastian Brandt, a learned civilian of Basle, about the year 1494. "The design," says Warton, "was to ridicule the reigning vices and follies of every rank and profession, under the allegory of a ship freighted with fooles of all kinds, but without any variety of incident, or artificiality of fable; yet although the poem is destitute of plot, and the voyage of adventures, a composition of such a nature became extremely popular. It was translated into French, and in 1488* into tolerable Latin verse by James Locher, a German, and a scholar of the inventor Brandt. Barclay's version is not merely a translation, but more of a paraphrase "with considerable additions gleaned from the follies of his own countrymen, especially of the clergy, to which he has added his advice and precepts to the various fools." Of this metrical version Warton says: "Our author's stanza is verbose, prosaic, and tedious: and for many pages together his poetry is little better than a trite homily in verse. The title promises much character and pleasantry: but we shall be disappointed if we expect to find the foibles of the crew of our ship touched by the hand of the author of the *Canterbury Tales*, or exposed in the rough yet strong satire of *Pierce Plowman*."

The first edition of Barclay's work was printed by Pynson in 1509, folio, blk. lett., and is fully described by Dibdin in his *Typogr. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 431, who has given copious extracts from it, with one or two of the woodcuts. There is a fine copy of this edition in the Bodleian Library, and another in that of St. John's College, Oxford; a copy also on vellum is in the Imperial Library at Paris. The present is the second impression, and is more valuable in some respects than Pynson's edition, from containing some of Barclay's other works. On the title between the Latin and English inscriptions is a large woodcut of several vessels laden with fools. This edition contains both the Latin and English, and is dedicated in Latin to his old patron Thos. Cornish bishop of Tyne and suffragan bishop of Bath. There are numerous prefixes, chiefly in Latin; an epigram to the reader by James Locher; an epistle by the same to his preceptor, Sebastian Brandt, dated from Friburg February 1497; some verses to the same and to John Bergman de Olpe; a prologue by Locher, and the same translated by Barclay, who at the conclusion says:

* To reconcile these dates it is supposed either that Locher must have translated from Brandt's manuscript, or else that an edition was printed at Basle without date earlier than that of 1494.

This fourme and maner of writing and charge hath taken upon him the righte excellent and worthye Master *Sebastian Brant* Doctour of both the lawes, and noble Oratour and Poete, to the common wealth of all people in playne and common speche of Doche in the countrey of Almayne, to the imitation of *Dant Florentine* and *Frauncis Petrarch* Poetes Heroicall, which in their maternall language have composed maruelous Poemes and fictions. But among diuers inuentions composed of the saide *Sebastian Brant*, I haue noted one named the *Ship of Fooles*, muche expedient and necessary to the Reader, which the saide *Sebastian* composed in the Doche language. And after him one called *Iames Locher* his Disciple translated the same into Latin, to the understanding of all Christen nations where Latin is spoken. Then another (whose name to me is unknowen) translated the same into French. I haue ouersene the fyrst inuention in Doche, and after that the two translations in Latin and Frenche, whiche in blaming the disordred life of men of our time agreeth in sentence, threefolde in language: wherefore willing to redresse the errours and vices of this our Realme of Englande, as the foresaide Composer and Translatours haue done in their Countreys, I haue taken upon me, howebeit unworthily, to drawe into our Englishe tongue the saide booke named *The Ship of Fooles*, so nere to the saide three Languages as the parcitie of my witte will suffer me. But ye Readers geue ye pardon unto *Alexander de Barclay* if ignoraunce, negligence or lacke of witte cause him to erre in this translation, his purpose and singuler desire is to content your mindes. And sothly he hath taken upon him the translation of this present Booke neyther for hope of rewarde nor laude of man, but onely for the holesome instruction, commoditie and doctrine of wisedome, and to clense the vanitie and madnes of foolishe people, of whom ouer great number is in the Realme of Englande. Therfore let euery man beholde and ouerrede this Booke, and then I doubt not but he shall see the errours of his past life, of what condition soeuer he be, in likewise as he shall see in a Mirrour the fourme of his countenaunce and visage.

After this occurs "The Proeme" in Latin, and Barclay's translation of the same in seven-line stanzas; "The Argument," and the same in English; two more epigrams; and "The clamour to the fooles," six stanzas.

The Ship of Fooles then commences, each satire having a suitable wood-cut similar to those in the German and Pynson's editions. Dr. Dibdin has given a portion of the first cut of the fool who hunts after useless books, both in the *Bibliomania*, p. 274, ed. 1811, and in his *Typogr. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 433. We present our readers with another from the satire "Of euill Counsailors, Judges and men of lawe," representing

as wise a man
As he that would seeth a quicke sowe in a pan.

The following is from the satire "Of newe fassions and disguised garmentes:"

Some their neckes charged with colers and chaynes,
As golden withes, their fingers full of ringes:
Their neckes naked, almost unto the raynes,
Their sleues blasing like to a Cranes winges.
Thus by this deuising such counterfaited thinges,
They diffourme that figure that God himselfe hath made;
On pride and abusion thus are their mindes layde.

Then the courtiers carelesse that on their master wayte
Seeing him his vesture in such fourme abuse:
Assayeth such fassion for them to counterfaite,
And so to sue Pride continually they muse.
Then steale they, or robbe they, forsoth they can not chuse.
For without lande or labour hard is it to maintaine,
But to thinke on the galows that is a carefull payne.

But be it payne or not, there many such ende;
At Newgate their garmentes are offred to be sold;
Their bodyes to the ieobet solempnly ascende,
Wauing with the wether while their necke will holde.
But if I should write all the euills manifolde,
That proceedeth of this counterfaite abusion,
And misshapen fassions, I neuer should haue done.

For both states, commons, man, woman, and childe,
Are utterly inclined to this inconuenience:
But namely therwith these Courtiers are defilde,
Betwene master and man I finde no difference.
Therfore ye Courtiers knowledge your offence,
Do not your errour maintaine, support, nor excuse,
For fooles ye are your rayment thus to abuse.

To Ship galantes, come nere I say agayne,
With your set bushes curling as men of Inde:
Ye counterfaited Courtiers come with your fleing braine,
Expressed by these variable garmentes that ye finde,
To tempt chaste damosels and turne them to your minde,
Your brest ye discouer, and necke, thus your abusion
Is the fiendes hate, and your soules confusion.

Come nere disguised fooles, receiue your fooles hood,
And ye that in sundry colours are arayde:
Ye garded galants wasting thus your good,
Come nere with your shirtes brodered and displayed,
In fourme of surplois; forsooth it may be sayde,
That of your sort right fewe shall thriue this yere,
Or that your fathers weareth such habite in the queere.

And ye gentle women whom this lewde vice doth blinde,
Laced on the backe, your peakes set aloft,
Come to my Ship; forget ye not behinde
Your saddle on the taile, if you list to sit soft:
Do on your Decke, Slut, if ye purpose to come oft,
I mean your Copintanke, and if it will do no good,
To keepe you from the rayne, ye shall haue a fooles hood.

The satires end on folio 259, with some stanzas on "the singularitie of some newe fooles;" in the last of which, containing the author's apology for the subject of his work, he thus censures the profane and light reading of his age:

> Holde me excused, for why, my will is good,
> Men to induce unto vertue and goodnes.
> I write no ieste ne tale of Robin Hood,
> Nor sowe no sparkles ne sede of viciousnes.
> Wise men loue vertue, wilde people wantonnes.
> It longeth not to my science nor cunning,
> For Philip the Sparow the Dirige to singe.

Barclay was a great opponent of Skelton, whom he frequently lashes for his profanity, and here ridicules for his "Litle Boke of Philip Sparow," or dirge

> For the soule of Philip Sparow
> That was late slaine at Carow
> Amonge the Nunnes blake, &c.

At the foot of these stanzas on the same page is this colophon: "Thus endeth The Ship of Fooles, translated out of Latin, French, and Duch, into Englishe, by *Alexander Barclay*, Priest, at that time Chaplen to the Colledge of S. Mary Otery in the Countie of Devon. Anno Domini 1508." Then follow "Excusatio Iacobi Locher Philomusi," in Latin Sapphics, and five seven line stanzas by "Alexander Barclay excusing the rudeness of his Translation." An index in Latin and the same in English conclude this portion of the volume.

We come now to the "diuers other workes adioyned unto the same," mentioned in the title, also by Barclay, which consist of 1. "The Mirrour of good Maners, Conteining the foure Cardinal Vertues, compiled in Latin by Dominike Mancin, and translated into English by Alexander Barclay, priest, and Monke of Ely. At the desire of the righte worshipfull syr Giles Alington Knight." This is in seven-line stanzas, with the Latin on the side of the English, a prologue to the reader, and a preface by Barclay to his Master Sir Giles Alington Knight, "translating the Preface of Mancine." 2. "Certayne Egloges of Alexander Barclay Priest, whereof the first three conteyne the miseryes of Courtiers and Courtes of all princes in generall, gathered out of a booke named in Latin, *Miseriæ Curialium*, compiled by

Eneas Siluius Poet and Oratour," with the prologue. At the end is the colophon as already given. *The Mirrour of Good Maners* was translated from the Latin Elegiacs of Dominicus Mancinus *De Quatuor Virtutibus* to oblige Sir Giles Alington, who had requested Barclay to abridge or modernize Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, for declining which, however, he pleads in his preface to Alington that he was too old for such a light subject, and also the sacred nature of his profession, but had chosen instead the present more grave and serious work,

> Which a Priest may write, not hurting his estate,
> Nor of honest name obumbring at all his light.

Barclay's version of *Mancinus* was first printed by Pynson in folio blk. lett. n. d., of which there was a copy in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 17, priced 12*l.* 12*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 1853, 10*l.* 10*s.* The present is the second edition. The Egloges will be more fully noticed in the next article.

The Ship of Fooles may almost be reckoned amongst our books of emblems, or works illustrated with engravings, and is included as such in the White Knights collection. It was formerly held in high estimation, and was one of the most popular works of the age. It was translated also into English prose by Henry Watson, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1517, 4to blk. lett., the ninth year of Henry VIII., with curious woodcuts. See Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 216. A copy of this very rare edition sold in the Roxburghe sale, No. 3293, for 64*l.*, and is now in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. There is another also in the Douce collection at Oxford.

The reader may consult further Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iii. p. 73; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 205; Dibdin's *Typogr. Antiq.* vol. iv. p. 401; Ellis's *Specim. Early Eng. Poet.* vol. i. p. 406; *Biogr. Brit.* vol. i. p. 586; Cooper's *Muses Library*, p. 33; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* p. 16. Copies of this edition have sold at Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 859, for 8*l.* 5*s.*; White Knight's, No. 386, 8*l.* 12*s.*; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. No. 610, 8*l.* 12*s.*; Utterson's, No. 257, title and some leaves mended, 5*l.* 17*s.*; Skegg's, No. 95, 7*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; Roxburghe, No. 3294, 9*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 16, 12*l.* 12*s.*; Fonthill, No. 3248, 13*l.* 13*s.* A copy of Pynson's edition in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 15, is priced at 105*l.*

Collation: Title, ¶ 1; ¶ six leaves; ¶¶ six leaves; A to Uu in sixes;

Xx, four leaves; *Mirrour of Good Maners*, A to G 6, in sixes; Egloges, A to D 6, in sixes; 680 pages; and the number of woodcuts, 118.

Fine copy. Bound by Charles Lewis, in Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

Barclay, (Alexander.) — Here begynneth the Egloges of Alexander Barclay, priest, wherof the first thre conteineth the miseries of courters and courtes, of all Princes in generall. The mattier whereof was translated into Englysshe by the saied Alexander in forme of dialoges, out of a boke named in Latin, *Miserie curialium*, compiled by Eneas Siluius Poete and Oratour; which after was Pope of Rome, and named Pius. In the whiche the interloquutors be, Cornix and Coridon. 4to. Blk. lett. [Colophon.] Imprinted at London by Humfrey Powell, n. d. (*circa* 1548.)

Barclay's Egloges are supposed by Warton to be the first that appeared in the English language. From some allusions which he makes in the first Egloge to the death of Henry VII.

> —— noble Henry, which now departed late
> Spectacle of vertue, to euery hye estate,
> The patrone of peace, and primate of prudence
> which on goddes church hath done so great expence;

and in afterwards thus extolling his successor,

> Henry the eyght most hye and triumphant
> No gyft of vertue, nor manlinesse doeth want,

Barclay appears to have composed these Egloges in his youth, about the year 1513 or 1514. They were first printed by Richard Pynson, 4to blk. lett., without date, with the exception of the fifth, which came from the press of Wynkyn de Worde. See Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.* vol. ii. p. 557. And secondly by John Herforde, 4to, blk. lett., without date, but about 1546; Dibdin, vol. iii. p. 560. The present is considered to be the third impression, and was probably printed about 1548. The title to this extremely rare edition is surrounded with a woodcut border, with ornamented pillars at the sides. It contains only the first three of the Egloges, which are more remarkable for their satirical and didactic touches than for

their pastoral descriptions. Although professed to be translated from the *Miseriæ Curialium* of Eneas Sylvius, they are more of the nature of paraphrases, and contain very large additions by the author, interesting chiefly for the accounts which they give of the manners and customs of those times.

The volume commences with a metrical introduction or preface, in which the author thus alludes to some of his predecessors in this pastoral style of writing:

Therfore wyse Poetes, to sharpe and proue their wyt,
In homely ieastes wrote many a mery fyt
Before they durst be, of audacitie
T' aventure thynges, of weyght and gravitie.
In this same maner, the famous Teocrite,
First in Siracuse, attempted for to wryte
Certayne Eglogues, or speaches Pastorall:
Inducyng Shepherdes, men, homely and rurall.
Which in playne language, accordyng to their name,
Had sondry talkyng, some in myrth and game:
Sometyme of thynges, more lyke to grauitie,
And not excedyng their small capacitie.
Most noble Virgill, after him, long whyle,
Wrote also Egloges, after lyke maner style.
His wyttes prouyng, in matters Pastorall:
Or he durst ventre, to style Heroicall.
And in lyke maner now, lately in our dayes,
Hathe other Poetes attempted the same wayes:
As the most famous Baptist Mantuan
The best of that sorte, synce Poetes first began.
And Frances Petrarke, also in Italy,
In lyke maner style, wrote playne and merily.
What shall I speake of the father auncient,
Which in breife language, both playne and eloquent,
Betwene Alathea, Seustis, stout and bolde,
Hath made rehersall, of all the stories olde.
By true histories, us teachyng to obiect
Agaynst vayne fables, of olde Gentyles sect.

He then refers to his own labours in the same kind of poetry, which had only lately been introduced into the English language:

So where I in youth, a certain warke began,
And not concluded, as ofte doth many a man:

Yet thought I after, to make the same parfyte,
But long I myssed, that which I first dyd wryte.
But heare a wonder, I, xl. yere saue twayne,
Proceedyng in age, founde my first youth agayne.
To fynde youth in age, is a probleme diffuse;
But now heare the truthe, and then no longer muse.
As I late tourned olde bookes to and fro:
One lytle treatyse, I founde among the mo,
Bicause that in youth, I dyd compile the same:
Egloges of youth; I called it by name.
And seyng some men haue in the same delyte,
At their great instance, I made the same perfyte.
Addyng and batyng, where I perceyued neede,
All them desyring, which shall this treatyse reade,
Not to be greued with my playne sentence,
Rudely conueyed, for lacke of eloquence.

The Egloges, which are preceded by a short prologue, are full of remarks on personal events of his own life, among others of his residence in the town of Croydon in Surrey, and of allusions to other people, especially in connection with his abode in the Benedictine Monastery of Ely. Some of these, particularly his well-merited praises of John Alcock, Bishop of Ely, the pious founder of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Lord High Chancellor of England, who died in 1500, have been noticed by Warton. But as specimens of Barclay's poetical style of versification, we cannot refrain from repeating one of these on the present occasion:

Yeas, synce his dayes, a cocke was in the fen,
I know his voyce amonge a thousand men:
He taught, he preached, he mended euery wrong,
But Coridon, alas, no good thyng bydeth long.
He *all* was a cocke, he wakened us from slepe,
And whyle we slombered, he dyd our foldes kepe.
No Curre, Foxes, nor Butchers dogges wood
Coude hurt our Foldes, his watchyng was so good.
The hungry wolues, whyche that tyme dyd abound,
What tyme he crowed, abashed at the sounde.
This cocke was no more abashed of the foxe,
Than is a lyon abashed of an oxe.
Whan he went, faded the floure of all the fen,
I boldly dare swere, this cocke trode neuer hen.
This was a father of thynges pastorall,
And that well sheweth his churche Cathedrall.

There was I lately, about the myddes of Maye,
Coridon, his churche is twenty sythe more gaye,
Than all the churches, betwene the same and Kent.
There sawe I his towmbe, and chapell excellent.
I thought fyue houres, but euen a lytell whyle,
Sayrt John the virgin me thought did on me smile.
Our paryshe churche is but a dongyon
To that gaye churche, to make comparison.
If the people were as pleasant, as the place,
Then were it paradyse of pleasure and solace.
Then might I truly, right well fynde in my harte,
There styll to abyde, and neuer to departe.
But syns that this cocke, by death hath left his song,
Trust me Coridon, there many a thyng is wronge.
Whan I sawe his fygure, laye in the chapell syde,
Lyke death for wepyng, I might no longer byde.

In his poetical preface prefixed to this work, Barclay mentions *ten* Egloges:

Fyrst of this thyng, I wyll thou be certyne
That x. Egloges this hole treatyse dothe holde.

Probably the other five were those he translated from Baptist Mantuan. But see further Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iii. p. 81; Ellis's *Specim.* vol. i. p. 407; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.* vol. iv. p. 311; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 894. A copy of the first edition of these Egloges by Pynson sold in Woodhouse's sale in 1803, No. 856, for 25*l.* The same copy brought at Dent's, pt. i. No. 312, 36*l.*; and at Heber's, pt. iv. No. 141, 24*l.* 10*s.* There is a copy of this edition in the royal library in the British Museum. Others of the present impression by Powell have sold at Inglis's sale, No. 143, for 6*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Hibbert's, No. 796, 3*l.* 3*s.*; Bright's, No. 326, 10*l.* 10*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 894, 15*l.*

Collation: Title, A 1; Sig. A to P 2, inclusive, in fours.
Half bound in Calf.

BARKSDALE, (CLEMENT.) — Nympha Libethris: or the Cotswold Muse, Presenting some extempore Verses to the Imitation of yong Scholars. In four Parts.

Quis me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si quantum cæteris ad suas res obeundas, quantum ad festos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates, et ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis conceditur temporis; quantum alii tribuunt intempestivis conviviis, quantum deniq: aleæ, quantum pilæ; tantum mihi egomet ad hæc studia recolenda sumsero?

Sm. 8vo. London. Printed for F. A. at Worcester. 1651.

Opposite the title of this very rare little work are these lines, by way of apology for the want of a frontispiece:

No *Frontispiece* my Verses have,
But what kind Readers *fansyes* graue,

The Shadow of a spreading Tree
From *Sirius* doth the Shepheard free:
He listens to a silver Spring,
Whose waters, as they run, do sing:
A little House, *Roell*, is near
A Palace, when her Lord is there;
The gentle Lambs are feeding by:
The *Muse* approaching, with fair Eye,
Offers her bounteous Hand, and sayes,
Shepheard, here take this sprig of *Bayes*.
Embrace me, *Virgin*, answers He,
I care not for thy *Bayes* but *Thee*.

He was too bold: The *Muse* too coy.
She frown'd, and threw the sprig away.

On the back of the title are two quotations from the *Epistles* of Pliny, in apology for the publication; a Latin address, "Adolescentibus bonæ spei," intreating their favour; and a list of "The Chief Names honoured by the Muse." Then follow some lines, "The Consecration of all. To my Lady Chandos." Also six additional lines addressed to the same. To these succeed various complimentary verses in Latin and English, signed Hackettus, Thorn, Sackvill, Stratford, A. S., Tounshend, and T. B. The titlepage to part i. is then given, with a motto from Virgil:

Nymphæ, noster Amor Libethrides.

The Nymphs, that dwell above
Oth' Mountains, are our Love.

And on the back are two more extracts from Pliny's *Epistles*. Each of the other parts have separate titles, with mottos and translations from Martial and Terence, and dedicatory epistles in verse; 2. "To the Hopes of Hawling, Mr. Henry and Mr. Richard Stratfords;" 3. "To my Nephew T. B.;" and 4. "To my Noble Friend, Mr. Tho. Bridges." The latter runs thus:

My *Muse* is now in *four parts*. Would they were writ
With full as much dexterity and wit,
As *Harry* and *Will Lawes* did once compose,
Or you, my sweetest friend, can write in prose.

Yet, though my *Muse* be not urbane, but rough;
As *Cotswold* folks, you know, are hard and tough:
At stately *Harvell*, when you doe her meet,
You'l bring her in to kisse *The Ladies* feet.

A complete list of the persons to whom these short poems and epigrams are inscribed by Barksdale has been given in a long article on this little work by Mr. Park in *Cens. Liter.* vol. iii. p. 193. Many of them were addressed to his own personal friends and neighbours, besides those of his family; and several to the poets and other eminent persons who lived at that period; Thomas Carew, James Howell, Thomas James, William and Henry Lawes, Edmund Waller, Bishop Prideaux, Dr. Thomas Fuller, &c., and Hugo Grotius, of whom, according to Wood, he appears to have been a great admirer, and published a life. Instead, therefore, of repeating this list, we prefer selecting one or two of the poems as specimens of this rhymester, and "great pretender to poetry," as Wood styles him:

To Dr. Warren, why he makes verses.

When I am weary of prose, and *Grotius*
His gravity is to my stomach nauseous:
Then call I up my Cotswold Muse to string
Her Instrument, and (though but hoarse) to sing.
She sits with me, since we familiar grew,
When ere I want such company as you.
Often she brings my friends in, on her feet,
And renders their sweet Mem'ry yet more sweet.
I smile at her, if she do chance to hit
On a good expression, or some point of wit:

And if she barbarise, like boyes at school,
I smile too, and then chide, Away you fool.

Upon the Picture of H. Grotius, in the front of one of his Books, put into English.

The Grace (and Shame) of *Holland*, Friend of *France*,
Sweds Orator, The Conqueror of Chance;
Poet, Historian, Lawyer, and Divine,
(See and admire him) all in One combine.
The learned Latin world long since, now you
Of *Britanny* may entertain him too.

Mens regnum bona possidet, &c. — Sen.

Riches exalt not men on high,
Nor costly clothes of Tyrian dy:
Nor Court, nor Crown, nor other thing
Is the mark proper of a King.
He, that from all base fears hath rest,
That banishes vice from his breast;
Whom no Ambition doth move.
Nor the unconstant peoples love;
Whose Mind's his best Dominion,
Free from unruly passion:
He's truly King. Thus if you live,
A Kingdom to your self you give.

To Mrs. Susanna Charlton, on the death of her Mother, May 23, 1649.

The sun was at his rise, and did begin
To gild the earth, when that pure soule, kept in
Her mortall case by Nights cold hand, her strength
Put forth, and raising up her self at length
Took flight to heav'n; *Heav'n*, a far fitter place
For soules indued with celestiall Grace.
And will you weep, now she is happy? will
You envy heav'n that new-come *star*? and still
Deject your mournfull eye to earth, as if
There were no other but this dying life!
But you have lost her *Company:* You know
A way to find her out again, and so
Revive your *Conversation.* 'Tis this:
Let your *Thoughts* dwell in heav'n, for there *she* is.

Non Nobis Domine &c. In the Great Chamber at Sudeley. To my Lo. C.

Chandos, wh' adorn'd the *Princely Chamber*, where
So many Friends and Tenants welcom'd were,
Caus'd the Artificer on the wall to write
This *Sentence*, and expos't to all men's sight.
So when our works are brought to end, must we
All sing aloud, *Non nobis, Domine.*
And I, my Lord, that for my Muse I may
Favour obtain, must *Kyrie Eleison* say.
'Twas her ambition her notes to sing
To the Great-Grandson of the *Cotswold-King.*

Herbert and Crashaw.

When into *Herbert's Temple* I ascend,
By *Crashaw's Steps*, I do resolve to mend
My lighter Verse, and my low notes to raise
And in high accent sing my *Makers* praise.
Mean while these sacred Poems in my sight
I place, and *read*, that I may learn to *write.*

Barksdale, according to Wood, was born at Winchcombe in Gloucestershire in November 1609, educated in the Grammar School at Abingdon in Berks, entered a servitor of Merton College Oxford in Lent term 1625, but removed shortly to Gloucester Hall, where he took his degrees in arts, entered into holy orders, and in 1637 acted as chaplain of Lincoln College at the church of All Saints. He removed the same year to Hereford, where he became master of the Free School, vicar choral, and soon after vicar of All Hallows in that city. When the garrison of Hereford was taken by the parliament forces in 1646 he found refuge at Sudeley Castle through the kindness of the Chandos family, where he exercised his ministry, and afterwards sheltered at Hawling in Cotswold, where he taught a private school with good success, and had several pupils of rank. It was here that he composed his present interesting work. After the Restoration he received the living of Naunton near Hawling, and of Stow-on-the-Wold in Gloucestershire, which he retained till his death in January 1687 in his seventy-ninth year, "leaving behind him the character of a frequent and edifying preacher and a good neighbour."

Barksdale was an indefatigable writer of small tracts, and many of them have become very scarce. Dr. Bliss was a great lover of this author and a

most industrious collector of his works, several of which brought high prices at his sale. When Mr. Park wrote his description of this miscellany in the *Cens. Liter.* he had never seen any other copy than the one before him, which was bought from the library of Mr. Brand, No. 4873, for 4*l.* 10*s.*, and was the same copy that was afterwards priced in the *Bibl. Ang. Poet.*, No. 83, at 20*l*, and then considered *unique*. The same copy sold at Midgley's sale in 1818, No. 14, for 15*l.* 15*s.* to Mr. Dent, and at his sale, pt. i. No. 182, for 6*l.* 15*s.* The Heber copy, pt. iv. No. 68, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, wanted the first five leaves; Hibbert's sale, No. 542, 4*l.* 4*s.*; Skegg's, No. 97, 5*l.* 5*s.*; Gardner's, No. 52, 4*l.*; Dr. Bliss's, No. 141, 6*l.* 10*s.*

A reprint, consisting of forty-one copies, was made of this little poetic miscellany by Sir Egerton Brydges in 1816.

Collation: 112 pages; Sig. A to G 8, in eights. The present copy is complete, and has the general titlepage.

Bound in Green Morocco, gilt leaves.

BARKSDALE, (CLEMENT.) — Theodori Bezæ, Theologi et Poetæ Clariss. Epitaphia Selecta, cum Anglica versione.

I. Philippo Melanch.
II. Eidem.
III. Martino Luthero.
IV. Huldrico Zuinglio.
V. Martino Bucero.
VI. Petro Martyri.
VII. Meliori Volmario et Margaritæ.
VIII. Joanni Calvino.
IX. Joachimo Camerario.
X. Gulielmo Budæo.
In Epitaphia sua.

Horat. 4. 8.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat Mori.

12mo. Londini, Pro Jo. Barksdale Cirencestriensi. 1680. pp. 8.

BARKSDALE, (CLEMENT.) — Epigrammata Sacra Selecta, cum Anglica Versione. Sacred Epigrams Englished. 12mo. London, Printed for John Barksdale, Book-seller in Cirencester. 1682. pp. 14.

The two tracts here bound up together are two of the small publications of Clement Barksdale. Anthony Wood, who gives the most complete list

of them, was not aware of the existence of the second tract, and neither of them is to be found in the Bodleian Library. The first consists of four leaves only, and the list of persons who form the subjects of the epitaphs is given on the title. We select the one on Martin Luther as a specimen. The 10th, on William Budæus, is in Greek.

3. *Martino Luthero.*

Roma orbem domuit, Romam sibi Papa subegit,
Viribus illa suis, fraudibus iste suis.
Quanto isto major *Lutherus*, major et illa,
Istum illamq: uno qui domuit calamo?
I nunc, *Alcidem* memorato Græcia mendax;
Lutheri ad calamum ferrea clava nihil.

Rome the whole World, the Pope Rome overcame,
She did by force, and He by fraud the same.
Greater than Rome is *Luther*, greater then
The Pope; — He overcame both with his Pen.
Let Greece tell tales of *Herc'les* if she will;
His Club was not so strong as *Luthers quill.*

The second tract extends to fourteen pages, and was printed, as well as the former, at Cirencester, by John Barksdale, who is believed to be a brother of our author. A short example or two from these sacred epigrams will suffice. The Latin appears to be taken from Crashaw's Epigrammata Sacra; the English version only is Barksdale's.

1. *Pharisæus et Publicanus. Luc.* 18.

En duo Templum adeunt, diversis mentibus ambo
Ille procul trepido lumine signat humum:
It gravis hic in alta ferox penetralia ridens,
Plus habet hic Templi, plus habet ille Dei.

Two men into the Temple went to pray:
That with a downcast look stood far away,
This near the altar himself highly bore;
This of the Temple, that of God hath more.

6. *Non præstant fidem. Joh.* 12.

Non præstant? neque te post tot miracula credunt?
Miraculum, qui non credidit, ipse fuit.

After so many Miracles done well,
He that believes not is a Miracle.

18. *Aquæ in vinum versæ. Joh.* 2.

Numen, convivæ, præsens agnoscite numen:
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.*
See, ô my Guests: A deity is here:
The Chast Nymph saw a God, and blusht for fear.

34. *Cæcus natus. Joh.* 9.

Felix quam potuit, tantæ, post nubila noctis,
(O dignum tanta nocte)! videre diem:
Felix ille oculus, felix utrinque putandus,
Quod videt, et primum quod videt ille Deum.

Happy the man who was endu'd with sight,
And saw a day well worth so long a night:
Happy the eye, twice happy is the eye,
That sees, and at first look a Deity.

These two little tracts are of very great rarity, only two or three copies having been met with. They are from the libraries of Dr. Jenner, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and of the late Dr. Bliss, who possessed a numerous and extraordinary collection of the productions of Barksdale.

Bound together in one volume. In Brown Morocco, tooled at the sides, gilt leaves.

BARNARDISTON. — Suffolks Tears: or Elegies on that Renowned Knight Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston. A Gentleman eminent for Piety to God, love to the Church, and fidelity to his Country; and therefore highly honored by them all. He was Five times chosen Knight of the Shire, for the County of Suffolk, and once Burgess for Sudbury. In the discharge of which Trust, he always approved Himself Faithful; as by his great sufferings for the Freedoms and Liberties of his Countrey, abundantly appear. A Zealous Promoter of the Preaching of the Gospel, manifested by his great care, in

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* These are the last lines of Crashaw's famous Epigram. The following are the two first:

Unde rubor vestris et non sua purpura lymphis
Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?

presenting Men, Able, Learned, and Pious, to the places whereof he had the Patronage; and also by his large and extraordinary bounty towards the advancing of Religion and Learning, both at home, and in Forreign Plantations among the Heathen.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat Mori.

4to. London, Printed by R. J. for Tho. Newberry at the Three Lions in Cornhil, near the Royal Exchange. 1653.

Prefixed to these Elegies is an engraved plate by Goddard, containing the arms and crest of Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston, surmounted by flags with the quarterings of the family, and a genealogical tree from Sir Thomas Barnardiston Knight; opposite to which are some lines by S. F. (Samuel Fairclough), C. G. C. S., entitled "The Mourners Blazondry." After the title is a metrical address "To the Worshipful and highly honoured Lady, the Lady Jane Barnardiston;" an Offertory by Samuel Faireclough, jun., who was the editor of the work. The Elegies, of which twenty-two are in English, twelve in Latin, and one in Greek, are written by Sir William Spring Baronet; Christopher Burrell; Ra. Cooke; Gulielm. Stephenson; Richard Fairclough, Rector of Wells in Somersetshire; Nathaniell Fairclough, Rector of Stalbridge in Dorsetshire; Sa. Faireclough Fel. of Gon. and Caius Coll.; Samuel Reyner; Tho. Marriot M.A.; Edmund Vnderwood; John Soame Gent.; Ralph Garnons M.A.; Abrah. Garnons M.A.; Nath. Owen anno ætat 12°; Joh. Clopton Gent.; Joh. Owen, Rect. Wrat. par.; Ra. Astel; Clement Ray; Josephus Skinner M.A.; J. C.; Anonymous; Johan. Allot; Peter St. Hill; Jo. French, Art. Mag.; Nath. Eyres; Rob. Hobart; and Sylvanus Morgan. None of these Elegies rise above mediocrity, and it is difficult to select a passage from them worthy of quotation. The subjoined lines are from one by Abrah. Garnons:

A Grave! a Funeral! my Muse, no toyes
Become this Scene, no fancies like decoyes,
To tangle Readers in a pleasing maze
Of lofty words, wrapt in luxuriant phrase:
These are not seasonable, now our verse
Can nought else speake, or thinke of, but a herse.
That *Macedonian Trumpet*, that did bring
Memento mori to a mighty King,
Instead of *Ave Phillip*, late hath brought
Vs doleful newes, a sad disastrous thought.

Stand off, come not too near, give aire, give breath,
I faint to speake of late unweildy death,
Snatcht not a *Philip*, but *Nathaniel* hence,
An *Israelite*, that of no guile had sence,
One whose rare piety that's much admir'd
Speake him *an earthly Angel*, though attir'd
In Robes of Flesh: one of a higher mind
Then could to lower regions be confin'd,
Whose heaven-born Soul did still in contemplation
Passe o're those heavenly joyes, whose adumbration
He fully now enjoyes; those pleasing shades
In sweet *Elysium*, where joy never fades:
Those Hills of *Solyma*, where purest streams
Make glad the region of that Sun, whose beams
Those healing wings continually refresh
The *Sacred Pilgrim* when disrob'd of flesh:
There rests this holy *Saint*.

"The Offering of an Infant-Muse," by Nath. Owen anno ætat. 12°, shows better promise of talent than some of those by riper and older heads:

You sager Heads, that do attend this Herse,
Accept the Homage of a Yonglings Verse.
Tears are griefs rhetorick, and a Childe though weak,
Knows how to weep, before it learns to speak.
I have my end, although my stile be rude:
Who do not study wit, but gratitude.
This *Noble Gentleman*, when first I came
Into the world, bestow'd on me my Name.
Now he hath lately left the world, shall I
Foolishly modest, suffer his to die?
What though far abler Pens applaud him, yet
They meant to pay their own, and not my debt.
His prayers for, and favours to me shown,
No other Muse proclaims besides my own,
Which though a new-born spark, yet such a Name
May quickly mount it up into a flame:
A Name wherein you nothing mean can spy.
His Birth, Place, Person, Graces: — all were high
Whilst here: But now he in those heights doth dwell,
That nothing but an *Angels* tongue can tell.
My Infant-Muse opprest with such bright glory,
Leaves flaming *Seraphims* to write his story.

Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston was born in Suffolk in 1588. Sprung from an ancient race in that county, he was the twenty-third knight lineally descended of his family, which still enjoyed the paternal estate, and was styled "The Top-branch of the Suffolk Cedars." He was remarkable for his piety and other virtues, and exemplary in every relation of life. He was exceedingly active and useful as a magistrate, and in the twenty-first year of the reign of James I. he served the office of high sheriff of his native county. He was also frequently placed in the high position of member of parliament for his own county, and carefully discharged the trust thus reposed in him, not out of any popular or personal ambition, but for the defence of the just rights and liberties of the people, in whose behalf and for refusing to pay the imposition of ship money, &c., he was for a long time imprisoned in the Gatehouse, and afterwards confined for a longer period in Lincolnshire, at a great distance from his own residence. His father died very early, and his grandfather having been educated under John Calvin at Geneva, being sent there by his guardians during the reign of Queen Mary, the grandson was naturally tinged with those doctrines, and proved a zealous Calvinist. He died in London on the 25th July 1653, at the age of 65 years, and his body being brought down from there was buried at Ketton in Suffolk on the 26th August following, and attended by several thousands.

His life has been written by the Rev. Samuel Fairclough. See also a *Funeral Sermon*, published by the same, 4to Lond. 1653; Samuel Clark's *Lives of Sundry eminent Persons in this latter age*, fol. Lond. 1683; Granger's *Biog. Hist.* vol. iii. p. 89; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet*, No. 685.

Nassau's sale pt. ii. No. 1175 (with two portraits) was sold for 2*l.* 12*s.*; Skegg's, No. 1727, 1*l.* 19*s.*; Midgley's, No. 747, 4*l.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 685, 12*l.* 12*s.*

The present copy is the one from the above collection, and from Park's, the Heber, Midgley, and Skegg sales, and has had the portraits of Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and of Samuel Fairclough by Van Houe since inserted. The work was edited by Samuel Fairclough, Jun.

Collation: Sig. A to K 1, in fours.

Bound in Calf, extra.

BARNFIELD, (RICHARD.) — Cynthia: With certaine Sonnets and the Legend of Cassandra.

Quod cupio nequeo.

12mo. At London: Printed for Humfrey Lownes, and are to bee sold at the West doore of Paules. [1595.] Reprinted at the Beldornie Press. MDCCCXLI.

All the works of Richard Barnfield are of the extremest rarity, and the present poem not the least so. It was first printed in 1595, of which edition a fine copy in the *Bibl. Heber.* pt. iv. p. 69 brought 10*l.* It opens with a dedication "To the Right Honorable and most Noble-minded Lorde, William Stanley Earl of Darby," &c., and is followed by a very interesting address "To the Courteous Gentlemen Readers," in which Barnfield acknowledges *The Affectionate Shepheard* as his first work, and the present one as his second, and denies the authorship of two other books falsely attributed to him. These are supposed to be *Greenes Funerals* by R. B. 4to 1594, long imputed to him, and *Orpheus his Journey to Hell* by R. B. 4to 1595. In this address he also says: "I will vnshaddow my conceit; being nothing else, but an imitation of Virgill, in the second Eglogue of *Alexis*," and hopes the reader "will beare with his rude conceit of *Cynthia* if for no other cause, yet, that it is the first imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet Maister Spencer, in his Fayrie Queene." The address is succeeded by some stanzas by "T. T. in commendation of the Authour, his Worke," remarkable chiefly for their numerous compound epithets, and by three others "To his Mistresse."

Barnfield is considered a pleasing and elegant poet, in confirmation of which we quote two harmonious stanzas from the poem of *Cynthia:*

Downe in a dale, hard by a Forrest side
(Vnder the shadow of a loftie Pine)
Not far from whence a trickling streame did glide,
Did Nature by her secret art combine
A pleasant Arbour, of a spreading Vine:
Wherein art stroue with nature to compaire,
That made it rather seeme a thing diuine,
Being scituate all in the open aire;
A fairer ne're was seene, if any seene so faire.

There might one see, and yet not see (indeede)
Fresh Flora flourishing in chiefest Prime,
Array'd all in gay and gorgeous weede,
The Primrose and sweet smelling Eglantine,

As fitted best beguiling so the time:
And euer as she went she strew'd the place,
Red-roses mixt with Daffodillies fine,
For Gods and Goddesses, that in like case
In this same order sat, with ill-beseeming grace.

The sonnets are twenty in number, and were exceedingly popular. The following is the fourteenth:

Here, hold this gloue (this milk white cheueril glove)
not quaintly ouer-wrought with curious knots
nor deckt with golden spangs, nor siluer spots,
yet wholsome for thy hand as thou shalt proue;
Ah! no (sweet boy) place this gloue neere thy heart;
weare it, and lodge it still within thy brest,
so shalt thou make me (most vnhappy) blest:
so shalt thou rid my paine, and ease my smart:
How can that be (perhaps) thou wilt reply:
a gloue is for the hand, not for the heart,
nor can it well be prou'd by common art,
nor reasons rule. To this, thus answere I:
If thou from gloue dost take away the g.
Then gloue is loue; and so I send it thee.

Mr. Ellis, and after him Dr. Bliss, in the *Ath. Oxon.* have quoted a beautiful ode by Barnfield, long attributed to Shakespeare, called "The Shepherds Ode," beginning

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May;

and we have here at the end of the sonnets another ode of great lyric beauty, from which we transcribe the opening lines:

Nights were short, and daies were long
Blossoms on the Hauthorns hung:
Philomell (hight Musiques King)
Tolde the comming of the spring,
Whose sweet siluer sounding voice
Made the little birds reioice;
Skipping bright from spray to spray
Till *Aurora* shew'd the day.
Scarce might one see, when I might see,
(For such chaunces sudden bee)

By a well of marble-stone,
A Shepheard lying all alone.
Weepe he did, and his weeping
Made the fading flowers spring.
Daphnis was his name (I weene)
Youngest Swaine of Summers Queene,
When *Aurora* saw 'twas he
Weepe she did for companie:
Weepe she did for her sweet sonne,
That (when antique *Troy* was wonne)
Suffer'd death by lucklesse fate
Whom she now laments too late:
And each morning (by Cocks crow)
Showers downe her siluer dew,
Whose teares (falling from their spring)
Giue moysture to each liuing thing.

"The Legend of Cassandra," which is of some length, and is taken from the classics, concludes the volume, with the exception of one leaf, containing a short postcript by the editor.

Barnfield, who was born in 1574, was a native of Staffordshire, and graduated at Brazenose College in Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. in February 1591-2. See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* vol. iv. p. 231; *Restituta*, vol. iv. p. 493; Collier's *Bridgew. Cat.* p. 21; Ellis's *Specim.* vol. ii. p. 356; Beloe's *Anecd.* vol. ii. p. 67, who is incorrect in stating that Mr. Ellis has given no specimen of his works; Ritson's *Bibliog. Poet.* p. 124; Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. p. 683; and Phillips's *Theatr. Poet.* p. 322, who ranks Barnfield with Lodge, Greene, and Breton. A copy of the original edition of 1595 sold in Reed's sale, No. 6777, for 12*l.* 5*s.* There is one also in the Malone collection at Oxford.

The present reprint, limited to sixteen copies, is from the private press of the late Edward V. Utterson Esq., and this is one of four copies only, containing the sonnets and ode, which were subsequently cancelled for the reason given by the editor in the postscript; so that this copy is almost as rare as the original edition.

Bound by Lewis, in Blue Morocco, with orange leather joints and linings, elegantly tooled, gilt leaves.

BARON, (ROBERT.) — *EPOTOΠAITNION*, Or the Cyprian Academy. By Robert Baron of Grayes Inne, Gent.

Velle pro posse.

8vo. London, Printed by W. W. and are to be sold by J. Hardesty, T. Huntington, and T. Jackson at their Shops in Duck-lane. 1648.

Prefixed to this work is an engraved frontispiece by W. Marshall, and also a portrait of the author by the same, "ætatis suæ 17," in an oval surrounded with a double twisted wreath, and these two Latin lines under:

Vultus *Apellinea* pictus *Barone* tabella est
Totus *Apollinea* pingitur arte liber.
John Hobart, Gent.

This portrait has been well copied by Richardson for Granger's *Biogr. Hist.* The volume is dedicated "To the Supereminent Paragon of Art, and Literature, the truly noble James Howell Esquire, Nestors Longœvity and both world's Felicity," and commences in this conceited and bombastical manner: "Honored Sir, as I did frequently take fresh aire in your Dodonæan grove attending the Articulate and intelligible susurrations of your ever verdant vegitals, to which former ages have nothing (in that kind) to assimilate, neither shall future times be able to parallel, from these Apollinean Plants of yours, I have slifted here a twig, and there a sprig, and I have bestowed some time in binding them in a bundle, which with my selfe I humbly offer to your approved censure, it being the apex of my ambition to have your honour'd selfe my justice in Eyre. I cannot say with Persius: Nec scombros metuent mea carmina, nec thus, for this confused trusse of twiggs (as I may say) though made of greene wood, yet is it far from meriting any longœvity, it deserves rather to kindle a sacrifice for Julian, yet your name being out in the rind, these twiggs may chance vegitate and flourish &c. From my Chamber at Grayes Inne 1 Aprill 1647."

To this dedication Howell, who was his uncle, on receipt of the book, wrote a complimentary letter to Baron in return, which is given at length in Howell's *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 17. Baron speaks of this work as "the first mayden fruits of his muse;" and as it was published when he was only seventeen, this may be considered as some apology for its imperfections. There is a second dedication "To the Ladies and Gentlewomen of

England," who are said by Howell to have regarded his strains of amorous passion "with such delight, as to have made all the ladies in the land in love with him." The volume has commendatory verses by William Beversham of Grayes Inne, Esquire; Robert Brownrigg of the same, Gent.; J. Hall of ditto, Gent.; Thomas Bradford; Henry Bold Fell, N.C., Oxon; John Gleane, Cantabri.; Christophorus Baretus. Londinensis Coll. Cere. Chr. Cantab.; C. B. [Christopher Baret]; Joh. Quarles ex æde St. Petri Cantabridg.; Charles Cremer, Coll. Corp. Crist. Cantabr.; Ibid. in Latin; Wil. Smith, Gent.; and Jos. Browne, Gent. The *Cyprian Academy* is alternately in prose and verse, and is supposed by Warton to be a sort of poetical romance formed on the model of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. It contains "A Pastorall acted by the Lady Julia's Servants, for the entertainment of Flaminius, called Gripus and Hegio, or the Passionate Lovers," in three acts, borrowed, according to Langbaine, from Waller's *Poems* and Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*. And at the end, with a separate title, "Deorum Dona, a Masque; presented before Flaminius and Clorinda, King and Queene of Cyprus, at their Regall Palace in Nicosia: London, Printed for J. H.; T. H.; T. I. 1647:" besides many other pieces of poetry in Latin and English.

The following chorus of fairies may be taken as a favourable specimen of Baron's verse:

Chorus of Fairies.

Ring out yee Christall Spheares,
Once blesse our listning eares,
Let your sweet silver chime
(Keeping harmonious time)
Carroll forth your loud layes
In the winged wantons praise.
Mab thou majestick Queene
Of Fairies, be thou seene
To keep this holyday,
Whilst we dance and play,
And frisk it as we goe
O' th' light fantastick toe.
The Satyres and the Fawnes
Shall nimbly crosse the Lawnes.
O're tawny sands, and shelves,
Trip it yee dapper Elves,
Dance by the fountaine brim
Nymphs deck't with Daisies trim.
Come Lovers all in rowes,
With your blith and jolly browes,
With flowry chaplets crown'd,
Come Lovers walke around
This Village, *Venus* say
Annually this day
Her Sonnes triumphs shall be
Lovers expresse your glee.
Exeunt cantantes.

Robert Baron was born in 1630, received his education at Cambridge, and afterwards became a member of Gray's Inn. The period of his death does not appear to be known. He was regarded in his youth as a person

of great promise and expectation, which was not afterwards fulfilled by his later productions. He is accused by Mr. Ellis, not without reason, of pilfering from Milton and other writers. See Ellis's *Specim. of Early Eng. Poet.* vol. iii. p. 357; Granger's *Biogr. Hist.* vol. iii. p. 138, ed. 1824; Davis's *Second Journey*, p. 83; Langbaine's *Dram. Poets*, p. 10; Jones's *Biogr. Dram.* vol. i. p. 22, and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* part 32.

A copy of this work was sold at Hibbert's sale, No. 429, for 1*l.* 3*s.*; Nassau's, pt. i. No. 121 (with *Mirza*), 2*l.* 15*s.*; Perry's, pt. i. No. 565, 2*l.* 16*s.*; Bindley's, pt. i. No. 458, 3*l.* 5*s.*; Townley's, pt. i. No. 542, 3*l.* 10*s.*; Dr. Bliss's, No. 163, 4*l.* 14*s.*; Midgley's, No. 16, 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 32 (without the portrait), 10*l.* Copies of the portrait alone have sold for one guinea and upwards. Some copies are dated 1647.

Collation: Title, A 1; Sig A, four leaves; a, eight leaves; B to E 8, in eights. Book ii., a to g 3, in eights.

The Townley and Freeling copy: on the fly leaf is the name of the original possessor of the volume, "Edward Gobert is true owner of this booke: witnes Mr. Robert Baron, that worthy gentleman that gave me this booke of his owne making."

Bound in Russia, red edges.

BARON, (ROBERT.) — Pocula Castalia. The Authors Motto. Fortunes Tennis-Ball. Eliza. Poems. Epigrams, &c. By R. B. Gent.

Ovid.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo,
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

8vo, London, Printed by W. H. for Thomas Dring, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the George near Clifords-Inne in Fleet-street. 1650.

This poetical work of Baron, published when he was only twenty years of age, is preceded by copies of complimentary verses by his uncle James Howell and Tho. Moore of the Inner Temple, in English, and by C. B. Art. Bach. in Latin. In "The Authors' Motto," written in heroic verse, where he says:

It is my intent
To reare myselfe a deathlesse *monument*:
Not that I doe desire to shrowd my bones
The labour of an age, in piled stones.
Or that my worthlesse ashes should be hid
Under a skie-invading Pyramid?

These lines are evidently a plagiarism from the opening of the epitaph on Shakespeare:

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age, in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Vnder a starre-ypointing Pyramid?"

"Fortunes Tennis-Ball" has a separate titlepage, and a metrical dedication "To the Choicest of my noble Friends, John Wroth Esquire." It is written in six-line stanzas, and occupies the greater part of the volume. It is a tale, the scene of which is laid in Sicily, and is interspersed with songs.

The following lines form the opening portion of one of these called "A Rapture:"

1.

Come (Fairest) through the fleeting
Skie
Lets cut away with nimble pace,
On *Cupids* pointed wings lets flie
To Paradise which is my place
Where I may banquet on thy face.

2.

Hark the Springs Quiristers conspire
With aires might make an Hermit
dote
T' invite us to their leafy Quire,
And *Philomela's* well-strung throat
Is tun'd with an alluring note.

3.

The flowrie Floore's embellished
With *Chloris's* painted Tapsterie,
By Nymphs at Loves command here
spred
Who meant that these should be
for thee
A downy Bed, and thou for me.

4.

No spies shall lurke here to reveale
To eares that itch with jealousie
The houres of Pleasure we two steale:
Great *Jove* knew no such Libertie
When he embraced bright *Danae*.

5.

Being set, lets sport a while (my
Deare)
I will look Babies in thine eye
Which shall i' th' shade make sun-
shine cleer
And Love Knots in thy locks I'l
tie
Wherein my Heart doth fetter'd
lie.

6

I 'l turne Loves Bee, and feast awhile
On either Rose which kindly do
Unite in thy fair cheek, whose smile
Might make a Cynick love thee too,
And tempt him from his Tub to
woo.

Near the end of this poem is "A Ballade vpon the Wedding," in twenty-five humorous verses, much in the style of one by Sir John Suckling on a Country Wedding, but as this is quoted at length in *Cens. Liter.* it will be needless to repeat it here. To each of the other parts there are separate titles. The first consists of short poems addressed to his mistress Eliza. In one of these called "Doubts and Feares," comparing himself with Suckling and Carew, he has again borrowed from the well known lines of Ben Jonson on Shakespeare.

> Sweet *Suckling* then, the glory of the Bower
> Wherein I've wanton'd many a geniall hower,
> Fair Plant! whom I have seen *Minerva* wear
> An ornament to her well-plaited hair
> On highest daies, remove a little from
> The excellent *Carew*, and thou dearest *Tom*,
> Loves Oracle, lay thee a little off
> Thy flourishing *Suckling*, that between you both
> I may find room.

The two remaining parts consist of "Poems" and "Epigrams, &c. First Booke;" but are not of sufficient merit to require attention. The portrait of Baron, by W. Marshall, æt. 17, is usually affixed to this volume; of which there is a notice in *Cens. Liter.* vol. iii. p. 151. See also Todd's edition of *Milton's Works*, vol. vi. p. 401, where numerous examples of Baron's plagiarisms are given; Davis's *Second Journey*, p. 84; and *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* p. 33.

A copy of this work was sold at Perry's sale, pt. i. No. 566, for 1*l.* 4*s.*; Heber's, pt. iv. No. 7, 1*l.* 5*s.*; Skegg's, No. 109, 1*l.* 13*s.*; Nassau's, pt. i. No. 122, 1*l.* 12*s.*; Dr. Bliss's, No. 164, 1*l.* 19*s.*; White Knights, pt. i. No. 305, 2*l.* 2*s.*; *Bibl. Ang. Poet.* No. 33 (no portrait), 2*l.* 2*s.*; Midgley's, No. 17, 4*l.* 4*s.*

Collation: Title, (a 1); Sig. a, four leaves; A to K 4, in eights.
Bound in Blue Morocco, gilt leaves.

BARON, (ROBERT.) — An Apologie for Paris. For rejecting of Juno, and Pallas, and presenting of Ate's Golden Ball to Venus. With a discussion of the Reasons that might induce him to favour either of the three. Occasioned by a Private

Discourse, wherein the Trojans Judgment was carped at by some, and defended by R. B. Gent. anno ætatis suæ 18.

Ovid.

——— Vincant quibus alma Dione
Faverit, et toto qui volat orbe Puer.

Sm. 8vo. London, Printed for Th. Dring, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Signe of the George near Cliffords-Inne in Fleet-street. 1649. pp. 110.

The title sufficiently explains to the reader the nature and subject of the present little work, which is chiefly in prose, interspersed with quotations in verse from Ovid, Virgil, Seneca, &c. A prose dedication after the title, "To my noble Lady, the Lady E. R." relates the occasion which gave rise to the discussion that caused the present publication:

May it please your Ladiship to remember that among other passages of entertainment at Sir John's, there happened a conference concerning the omnipotency of Love, and triumph of Beauty, in pursuance of which the Trojan Prince Paris his judgment was called in question, and he blamed for disposing of the Ball (as he did) to Loves Mistris, when two other great Deities were her competitors. Your well-worded Brother (compared with whom I am lesse than a shadow) pleaded stiffly for Juno, Sir T. B. Bart. for Pallas, and there being none that had taken up the Bucklar for Venus, your Ladiship commanded me to become her Advocate; so that there was rather a necessitie of, than an arrogance in, my undertaking it.

The Epistle Dedicatorie is followed by "An Epigram" or sonnet to the same, by Baron; by commendatory verses by D. S., Gent.; and an anagram by Robert Freeman, Gent. The first portion of the work relates to the classical story of the Judgment of Paris in somewhat warm and glowing language; and the latter part contains Baron's "Apology for that Judgment," which is thus introduced:

This disposall (of the apple by Paris) made the two rejected Goddesses his inexorable adversaries, and most Philomathies and Martialists his criticall censurers, he is onely cry'd up for a *Minos* of good judgement among Amorists and Beauties, one out of which number (between whom and her that bore away the Golden prize there is no difference but a mole and a name) one (who had she been in the number of the competitors, the apple must have been divided between *Erycina* and *her*) whose least command is more obligatory with me than an Act of Parliament, have enjoyned me to *apologize* for him, and to say somewhat in applause of his preferring before the rest the faire *Paphyan* Queene, whom I implore to be President at the rites, and to

inspire me whilst I plead hers and her Judges cause; and I wish that to delineate her deserts and omnipotence, I had a quill snatcht from the wing of her amifying Sonne, and dipt in the nectar of her own milk.

Collation: Title, A 2; Sig. A to G 8, in eights.
Bound by Mackenzie, in Crimson Morocco, gilt leaves.

Barret, (Robert.) — The Sacred Warr. An History Conteyning the Christian Conquest of the Holy-Land, by Godfrey de Buillion, Duke of Lorraine: and sundrye other Christian Princes. The Croizared Kings succeeding him; and sundry other Illustrious Christian Heroes: Their Lyves, Acts, and Gouernements; euen untill Jherusalems Lamentable Reprieze, by Salahadin Ægypts Calyph and Sultan.

More, those after comer kings who questioned the Crowne: their Unchristianlie deportments: the sundry new attempts (boot-les) out of Europe: the finall Ruine of the kingdom.

And finally, the Sarrazen, Ægyptian, Mammaluk, Tartar, Perside, and Turkish Origine, Encreasments, Conquests, Warrs, Alterations, Reuersements, and Seuerall Battells; from the beginning of their first Impostor Mahumeth, euen to the age and end of Amurath, the Turkish Tyrant: that is from our Christian account Anno 568, till Anno 1588.

Gathered out of the Chronikes of William Archbishoppe of Tyrus, the Proto scribe of Palæstine, of Basilius Jhohannes Heraldus, and sundry others.

Reduced into a Poem Epike By Robert Barret Anno 1613.

Ozar morir de la Vida.

Folio. Autograph MS. 1613. pp. 1126, besides Title, Introduction, Tables, and Appendix, &c.

There appears to be no doubt that the author of this vast and extraordinary warlike Epic, probably the longest poem in our language, consisting of above 68,000 lines, was the same person who in 1598 published *The Theorike and Practike of Moderne Warres discoursed in Dialoguewise:*

Written by Robert Barret. Fol. Lond. Printed by Richard Field for William Ponsonby 1598. Dedicated to Henry Earl of Pembroke, with his arms on the back of the title, occupying the full page, and a second dedication to William Lord Herbert of Cardiffe his Son. At the end of the volume is a large woodcut of the arms and crest of the author in eight quarterings, with the motto "Nella fidelta finiro la vita." In the dedication to this work Barret tells us that he had spent most part of his time in the profession of arms, and that amongst foreign nations, the French, Dutch, Italian and Spanish. In his treatise he has coined and invented many new and foreign words, and it abounds in much mannerism and affectation. Barret is supposed by Chalmers (not without reason) to have furnished Shakespeare with the character of Parolles in *Alls Well that Ends Well*, and to have been the "gallant militarist that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chope of his dagger."

The present poem, while it shows the author's extensive reading and observation, and complete knowledge of his subject, is disfigured by the same affected style, and frequent coinage of foreign words. It is remarkable rather as a monument of the author's vast labour, industry, and perseverance, than of his genius and talents as a poet; and we cannot avoid presuming, by the volume coming into the hands of its present possessor in its original form from the pen of the writer, that no publisher could be found at that time, who would be rash or bold enough to undertake the printing of the manuscript.

The elaborate and copious title sufficiently explains the nature and subject of the poem, which is completely prepared by its author for the press. It is written throughout in alternately rhyming heroic couplets of ten syllables each, and is preceded by an address "To the Christian Reader," commencing thus:

Straunge will it seeme to some, straunger to more, and straungest to most, that a rough-heawen Souldier, retyred to a rustique lyfe, should, rash-souldier like, attempt the scaleing of the Muses hille. But strangest of all, to entreprize to invest with p'sonel habite the worthie Personage of that Tyrian Prælat, and of sundry other such excellent Chronists of those Easterne Warrs, who have so singularlie penned the full Scænes, Actes, and partes of those red-scæned Asian Tragædies; that rashnes should it seeme to re-stage the same. Naytheless (Compatriots deare) know yee, that neither sur-conceited præsumption, ambitious glorie, foole-hardy fame, nor itche of greedie gaine hath goaded mee thereto: but the truest native honor I beare to so honorable and warlike an historie. Let it not seeme strange that I haue so rudely emboúldened my selfe to intermixe so true and graue an history with Poetical fictions, phrases,

narrations, digressions, reprizes, ligations, descriptions, representations, similes, and poetical figures, with Epithetes, Motti, and Names agreeable, so farre as my capacitie could reatch; sith my sweet patterne the perennall-famouzed Salustius, Sieur du Bartas, and sundry his long-long fore-runners, in their eternal-during fabriques, haue doon the like: Hee in his Saincted Judith, and Great-worlds byrth and Chieldhood: they, in their Troian and Latine Warrs.

The address is succeeded by a short metrical "Proæmium," which completes the introductory part. The poem is divided into thirty-two books, each being preceded by "The Argument," or table of contents. It opens with this singular and affected exordium:

The warrs and wonders of yore tyme I sing,
And acts heroical of Heroes great;
And in my Verse-heroical shall ring
Encounters brave, and battaills-bluddie-fret,
Fought furiouslie twixt mortall Martialists
Possessed both with zeale and honor high:
Westerns, true-zeal'd Messias Agonists,
Easterns, stout satraps of th' Imposter slie.
Spir'tfull those, inspyred with true spirit
Of Spirit spirit-gever. Blastfull these, inflated
With flesh-all flame of sense-all-pleasing fit,
Fostred in all Sensualities innated.
The first all-sainct, grounded on heauens right
On sacred Right of the Immortal Word:
The second, sainctles, seated on the might
Of Plutos mignion, and of Mauons sword.
Encombased upon those dales and downes
Milk-flowing Campaignes, hunny-running streames,
Where Abraham, the father of faithfull ones
Wand'red, and dwelt somtymes, And which rich realmes
Weare promis'd to his seed: And blessed weare
The braue Troups, led dryshod through crymson sea
By Amrams sonne, after a wand'ring rare
(Full Lustres eight,) planted by martial plea.
And where that saincted Race, then dearlings deare
Of the Trine-sainct, so long as faythfull, they
True kept the track of fayth, hope, zeale, and feare,
In faiths-forge, zeales-heat, hopes healps, and feares eie,
Under Dukes fighting, under Judges, Kings
Still sallied Victors: But mistreading track
Either under Dukes, Judges, or under Kings
Still weare they foyled with a wast-all wrack.

And in that happie soyle, then triply blest,
Where true Messias tooke his nascens first
In fleshlie word, for man to saue from wrest
Of tartan-wrenche, wreath'd wth syn-tymbred crest:
And where, true-Man-God, on this Orbe did walke,
As God and Man, working all wonders straunge
For mans auayle; though Christ th' Eternal stalk
Yet man to saue, from God to man did raunge:
And where, in fine, the circumscised Race
But, ah! uncircumscised hartes, all siyrhom'zed,
Hym scorn'd, hym spurn'd, and spawled on his face,
And spilt his blood, and body martyrized.
That sacred blood and body, whose sainct spirit
Inuested our fraile fleshe and feeble blood
For our frayle fleshe and feeble blood to right
And purge our soules before his father good.
And purge our soules before his father good
Who, all-all Loue full, sent his deerest Loue
Downe on this base-earth, for to be the foode
Of faythfull soules, for faythfull soules behoue:
And where, I say, this sacrosaincted Lambe
Whose type in Ægypt long before was drawne,
Suff'red on crosse for us (woolues) ô sweet Lambe,
Whose sacred bludd for our synns swyftly ran.
For this saint soyle, and for the honor high
Of hym that saincted it with blessed byrthe,
With blessed lyfe, and oh! sweet blessed death,
Fought they, I say, with various victorie.
For so long as European Croizard Bandes
With hearts true croyzed fought, they won y^{e} fielde:
But mortals, musled with terrestriall shielde,
Trusting therein, weare beat by mooned hands.

An Invocation follows to the three Persons of the Trinity separately, and then unitedly, and afterwards to Clio and Melpomene, two of the Muses, concluding with these lines to Urania:

But ô, saint Uranie, come thou to mee,
T' assist my sad Songe in this black-age trie,
This black-age trie with sable Canopee
Encourtayn'd rounde: with syn-dipt-pencils stayne
Enbroidered o'er: which seemeth out to crie
Disasters sad comes on your pates amayne;
If true repent from heart, and teare from eie,

With all-deepe-sighings blast, and torrents streame,
Not brushe the ayer, and washe away the wrath
Of wrothed Monark. O sweet sacred Trine,
Anew rebreath us with thy pitties breath.

The business of the poem opens with an account of the impostor Mahomet, his origin, life, acts, and death; the miserable state of the Christians in Jerusalem at that time; the first arrival of Peter the French Hermit there, who is re-sent into Europe to stir up the Christian princes to the Sacred War. The European princes, moved by the passionate complaint of Peter, and instigated by the Pope Urban, then prepare themselves for the Sacred Wars under Godfrey Duke of Bouillion, Robert Duke of Normandy, Hugo le Grand, and Raymond Count of Toulouse, with their followers. The various proceedings of the Crusaders and their enemies are related in the remainder of the poem.

The twelfth book contains a curious exordium taken from the rural simile of a thresher, but is too long for quotation here. The twenty-third book, which consists of two pages only, instead of the usual argument, has prefixed a short "Proeme of William Tyriensis to the Reader," and is broken off abruptly with the line

Reliqua in exemplari manu-scripto deficiebant,

and with the following peroration by the author:

As Chronist ours brake heere abruptlie off
Th' wo-twisted file of his sad History:
So wee, no less, through want of perfect stuffe,
Must leave it lame, till tymes fælicitie
Produce new work unto our eies and hands,
Then will we agayne intreat th' Ennead Bands.
Finis. Robert Barret.

The twenty-fourth book, which is headed along with the remainder "A Continuation of the Sacred Warre," opens with an exordium by Barret on resuming his labours without the assistance of the Chronicle of William Archbishop of Tyre, which he had employed so profusely in the former books, and introduces a somewhat pleasing and poetical Invocation to Apollo:

Thought had I to have ended toylesome race
With th' ende of Tyrian Prelat's twisted lyne
But Tyme, All-worker, teazing our apace
New distaff-worke for novel spynners twyne,

Employed hath new finger for to twist
The teazed stuffe to webb, that-ages woork :
Woork that tyme trammell'd, though tyme snarled trist
Yet Tyme hath brought it to our tymes dis-lurck.
This tyme eke causeth me to entreprize
Th' unfoulding of that tymes sad-tissued Peece,
Unto my Countrymen ; whose Englishe eies
In English Rhythme, may reade th' unfoulded Peece..
Appollo true, the Patron of my Piece
That first didd'st motiue my weake slumbring Muse,
To rowze her selfe ; and fly from hence to Greece,
And thence to Asia, there her theme to choose :
And by the beames of thy bright Torches eie,
Bounteous, that lighted hast my dymm-ey'd Muse
To see and sing, (though with varietie)
Salems successes, then in Croyzards use :
So, ô true Delphike, from th' Empyrions spheare
Send me some pyrik sparcle to refyer
My neere-encendriz'd coale, for up to reare
A flame, far out to flashe lost Salems fyer :
And on-to-run the traceing track of tymes,
And later-Croizards acts to historize ;
(Though lesser luckfull) doon in Asian clymes :
Suche is this worlds vicessituding guize.

R. B.

At the end of the thirty-second book is Barret's ascription to God on the conclusion of his labours :

"Deo Maximo soli, gloria. These trienniume historical-Martial toyles finished the 26. of March Anno 1606. By Robert Barret."

Then follows in verse "An Exhortacion Elegiacall to all European Christians against the Turks," extending through six pages, and a long account in prose of "The Military Offices of the Turkish Empery." The volume closes with "An Alphabetical Table of the most remarkeable Matters conteyned in this Warrior Chronicle;" and finally "An Alphabetical Table of the most remarkable Names and Matters, contained in the 29. and 30. bookes, not contained in y^e^ former Index concerning Spayne and Aphrica onlie."

Barret appears to have retired from active service some five or six years before the publication of his former work of *The Theorike and Practike of Moderne Warres* in 1598, and probably occupied his declining years in the

composition of his present great "Warrior Chronicle" poem. We are ignorant of any further particulars respecting him, or of the exact time of his death. There is a nice copy of his printed work in the British Museum, which had formerly belonged to Sir John Busby of Addington in co. Bucks. The present manuscript volume came into the possession of Southey the Poet Laureat in 1813, and has his autograph. It is thus noticed in his sale catalogue: "Manuscripts 3136. Barret (Robert) The Sacred Warr: an History contayning the Christian Conquest of the Holy Land, by Godfrey de Buillion &c. &c. A fine MS. very legibly written on 1126 pages, with an Index, evidently prepared for printing, but unpublished. Anno 1610. Folio."

In the original Calf binding.

Basse, (William.) — Polyhymnia. A Poem written by William Basse gent.

Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium
Cantamus vacui; sive quod urimur,
Non præter solitum leves.

Hor. lib. i. Ode 6.

Original Manuscript 4to. n.d. (circa 1650.)

Few readers of Isaac Walton's delightful and fascinating *Angler* can forget the praise bestowed upon William Basse for "The Angler's Song," composed at Walton's request, and sung by him, who also refers to him as being the author of the choice songs of "The Hunter in his Career," and of "Tom of Bedlam,"* and many others of note. These two songs are printed at length in the appendix to Sir Harris Nicolas's edition of Walton's *Complete Angler*, 8vo, 1836, pp. 420. Basse's name is also remembered in connection with our immortal bard from his lines "On William Shakespeare who died in April 1616," which appeared in the edition of his Poems

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* This song, beginning "Forth from my sad and darksome cell," with the music to it, set by Henry Lawes, is printed in a book entitled Playford's *Antidote against Melancholy*, 8vo 1669, and in *Choice Ayres, Songs, and Dialogues to sing to the Theorbo, Lute and Bass Viol*, fol. 1675: also in Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 357.

in 1640, and are reprinted in Malone's and other modern editions of Shakespeare. Another poem by Basse will be found in the *Annalia Dubrensia, upon the yearely celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick Games upon Cotswold Hills*, 4to 1636, consisting of ten stanzas of eight lines each. He was likewise the author of a poem, *Great Brittaines Sunnes-set, bewailed with a Shower of Teares*, on the death of Prince Henry, in 12mo, at Oxford, printed by Joseph Barnes, 1613, of which a fragment only is known to exist, and is now in the possession of Mr. Payne Collier; and also, according to Ritson, of *Three Pastorall Elegies of Anander, Anytor, and Muridella*, entered to Joseph Barnes 28 May 1602. These, with the addition of a poem called *Sword and Buckler, or Serving-Mens Defence*, in six-line stanzas, 4to Lond. imprinted in 1602, and noticed in the next article, if this is by the same William Basse, of which there may be some doubt, appear, as far as we can ascertain, to be the only known publications of this author with his name attached to them. Other works, however, have been attributed to him from the similarity of the initials, but probably without much foundation. Mr. Malone was of opinion that he was the writer of *A helpe to Discourse, or a Miscelany of Merriment, &c.* by W. B. and E. P. second edition, 8vo Lond. 1620, which went through several editions. Ritson also, though perhaps with little truth, attributes to him the authorship of *Scacchia ludus, Chesse-play;* a poetical translation of Vida's celebrated poem, found at the end of *Ludus Scacchia: Chesse-play.* By W. B. 4to Lond. 1597. And Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, in describing a very scarce little volume in *Restituta*, vol. i. p. 41, entitled *That which seemes best is worst: Exprest in a paraphrastical Transcript of Juvenals tenth Satyre; Together with the tragicall narration of Virginias death interserted*, by W. B. sm. 8vo. 1617, and alluding to the difficulty of determining to whom these initials belong, mentions William Basse as one, to whom, along with William Barkstead, the claim may be allotted; but is more inclined, from the circumstance of his having paraphrased another tale in a similar manner, to assign it to the latter.

We learn from Ant. Wood in his *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iv. p. 222, that Basse was a native of Moreton near Thame in Oxfordshire, and was for some time a retainer of Sir Richard Wenman Knt., afterwards Viscount Wenman in the peerage of Ireland. He seems afterwards to have been attached to the noble family of Norreys of Ricot in Oxfordshire, which is not far from Thame, and addressed some verses to Francis Lord Norreys Earl of Berkshire. The present volume is dedicated to the sister of this person, "The

Right Noble and Vertuous Lady, the Lady Bridget Countesse of Lindsey, Barronesse of Ersbie and of Ricot," &c. in these verses:

1.

This Laureat Nymph, one of the daughters nine
Of fruitfull Memory, whose maine delight
Is various verse, to honour those who shine
In noble deeds, true fame, and vertues bright
(And therfore by her Parents both divine
By name of *Polihymnia* stiled right)
No more contented with the slender light
Of my poore bower: Thus venters to arise
Into the rayes of your resplendant eyes.

2.

For why she (like her other sisters) knowes
Renowned *Ricots* garlands still are seene
Like to the Bayes that on *Pernassus* growes
And there shall last eternally as greene
Where Love in friends, and feare in forraigne foes
To *Norreys* name in former dayes are seene
As fresh, as if they yesterday had beene.
And you (Rare Lady) both in birth and spirit,
The only heire that all their worthes inherit.

3.

Now, since the happy humor of this Muse
(Happy in choyce of noblenesse so true)
Aymes at your vertuous hand, lest she should loose
Through my obscuritie the way thereto;
She humbly sues, that she the light may use
Of your bright eyes, to lead her unto you.
Load-star too radiant, such prize to view.
But noble grace enriches what is poore,
The lesse the merit, th' honor is the more.

4.

For had not you, into this two-fold light
Of Muse-befreinding *Phœbus*, and your owne
Commanded them, my slender Poems might
In darke obscuritye have slept unknowne.
Whence, so by you redeem'd, These (as your right
Illustrious Lady) wait on you alone,
Their life to lengthen, by depending on
Your name and vertues, that will live renown'd
While Fame has breath, her ivory Trnmp to sound.

The volume commences with 1. "Verses to the Right Honorable Francis Lord Norreys Earle of Berkshiere (in his dayes)," from whence we quote one or two stanzas, in the last of which there is an allusion to the author's personal appearance:

5.

O true nobilitie, and rightly grac'd
With all the jewells that on thee depend,
Where goodnesse doth with greatnesse live embrac'd,
And outward stiles on inward worth attend;
Where ample lands in ample hands are plac'd
And ancient deeds with ancient coats descend:
Where noble bloud combin'd with noble spirit
Forefathers fames doth with their formes inherit.

6.

Where Ancestors examples are perus'd,
Not in large Tomes, or costly Tombs alone:
But in their heires: and being dayly us'd
Are (like their robes) more honourable growne;
Where Loyalty with Piety is infus'd,
And publique rights are cherish'd with their owne:
Where worth still finds respect, good freind, good word,
Desert rewarded. And such is *Ricots Lord.*

7.

But what make I (vaine voyce) in midst of all
The Quires that have already sung the fame
Of this great House, and those that henceforth shall
(As that will last) for ever sing the same.
But, if on me, my garland iustly fall,
I iustly owe my Musique to this name
For he unlawfully usurps the Bayes,
That has not sung in noble *Norreys* prayse.

8.

In playne (my honour'd Lord) I was not borne
Audacious vowes or forraigne legs to use,
Nature denyed my outside to adorne,
And I, of art to learne outsides refuse.
Yet haveing of them both enough to scorne
Silence, and vulgar prayse, this humble Muse
And her meane favourite, at yo^r command
Chose in this kinde, to kisse your noble hand.

The other poems are: 2. "To the Lady Falkland uppon her goeing into

Ireland. 2 Sonnets." 3. "Of a great Floud." 4. "Of the Raine-bowe." 5. "The Youth in the Boate." 6. "The Second part of the Youth in the Boate." 7. "The Morall." 8. "Of Pen and Pensill, uppon a fayre and vertuous Ladyes Picture." 9. "Of the House of a Noble Knight and worthy favourer of my Muse." 10. "An Elegie of a rare Singing Bull-fynch found dead in his Cage, in the cold and wet June 19, 1648." 11. "Of the foure mile Course on Bayards-greene, sixe times run over by two famous Footmen Patrique Dorning and William O Farrell." 12. "The Spirituall Race." The poetry of this work does not rise above mediocrity, and is not equal in thought or vigour to the Epitaph on Shakespeare. The chief portion of the volume is occupied with the singular tale of "The Youth in the Boate," which is divided into two parts, the first containing, with the Introduction, fifty-nine verses of four lines each, and the second one hundred and sixty-three, exclusive of the Morall, which occupies eleven more. The tale is the old story of the youth with the two females, one on whom his affections were placed, but who loved not him; while the other loved him, whom he regarded not; one of whom must be sacrificed to save the lives of all. The tale thus commences:

1.

For some unknowne, but grievous crime
Against the Gods committed,
A young man on a time, (sad time,
And young man to be pittyed)

2.

Put forth to Sea (when Sea was swell'd
With winde and tempest sore)
Abourd a little Barque, which held
Himselfe, and but two more.

3.

As Master, Mate, and Sayler far'd
This youth, and with his hand
Rul'd Helme, and Rudder, Sayle, and
Cord,
And Boat both steer'd and man'd.

4.

And though the building of this Boate
Concernes my tale not much,
Nor much it doth deserve your note
The workmans name to touch.

5.

Her Keele was all of Cypresse built,
Her Mast of fragrant Firre;
Her Oares were Ivory, Sterne was guilt,
And calk'd she was with Myrrh.

6.

He that her Ship-wright was, and made
Her timber-worke, is thought
To be young *Perdix*, who this trade
By *Dedalus* was taught.

7.

Her Sayles, some say, *Arachne* wove,
They were so richly done:
And that *Ulisses* constant Love
Her flaxen Cable spun.

8.

And grant all this for true, (or true
Though grant it to be thought)
Yet works of Art, how short are you
Of works by Nature wrought?

9.

For though this Barke was but three strong,
(Weake Vessell, strong but three,)
Tall Ship from *Indian* voyage long
Ne're brought such prize as she.

10.

For with two Damsells was she lade,
The one of beauty such
The Captaine her his idoll made,
And she him scorn'd as much.

11.

The other, though not all so bright
As was her Mate; yet one
That in him tooke all true delight,
But he in her tooke none.

12.

No other ballast (then) did trim
This Ship (you may conceit)
His Love to one, one's Love to him,
Made both sides equall weight.

13.

And Needle (sure) she needed none
By poynt or pole to passe,
When he was Loadstone unto one,
And one his Load-star was.

We have been thus particular in enumerating the contents of this volume, because Cole, in his manuscript *Collectanea for an Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, mentions that a Mr. Knight, jun., was in possession of another MS. copy of these poems by Basse, which varies considerably from the present, and was probably the one prepared and corrected by Basse for the press. The following poems, mentioned in the account given by Cole, are not in the present copy: "To the Right Hon. the Lady Aungier (then wife of Sir Tho. Wenman) upon her coming out of Ireland, and return thither;" "Acrostics of the truly noble, vertuous and learned Lady the Lady Agnes Wenman;" "Of the Lady Penelope Dynham;" "Of Mrs. Jane Wenman;" "Verses on the Chapel of Wadham College Consecration, St. Peter's Day, 1613;" and "On Caversham or Causham House." On the other hand, the present copy contains the following poems, not mentioned in Cole's list: "Of a great Floud;" "Of the Raine-bowe;" "Of Pen and Pensill uppon a fayre and vertuous Ladyes Picture;" and "The Spiritual Race."

We know that it was Basse's intention to publish these poems from some lines addressed by Dr. Ralph Bathurst "To Mr. W. Basse upon the intended publication of his poems January 13, 1651," which are given in Warton's *Life and Literary Remains of Dean Bathurst*, 8vo 1761, p. 288. In these lines the Dean compares Basse, who was still living, to "an aged oak," and says:

Though thy grey Muse grew up with older times
And our deceased grandsires lisp'd thy rhymes,
Yet we can sing thee too.

From these lines, therefore, written nearly fifty years after the publication of his former works in 1602, when we may reasonably suppose he could not have been under twenty, it is certain that Basse was then well stricken in years; and the probability is that he died very shortly afterwards, and that this, or the confusion occasioned by the troubled state of the times, was the reason of the non-publication of his poems. It is possible that a search into the registers at Thame, or that neighbourhood, or in the Court at Oxford, might settle this point, and also furnish some further information concerning his family and connexions. Cole mentions that a person of both his names was admitted a sizer of Emanuel College, Cambridge, in 1629, of Suffolk, and took his degree of B.A. in 1632, and of M.A. in 1636. But this is too modern a date for our poet, and may possibly denote his son. Dr. Rimbault states that this latter was also a poet, some of whose pieces exist among the MSS. in the Public Library at Cambridge, and that he himself possesses a small MS. volume of his rhymes. See *Notes and Queries*, vol. i. p. 265. From a notice in the same work, vol. i. p. 348, by the Rev. W. H. Gunner, M.A., Chaplain of St. Mary's College, Winchester, it appears that there is a copy of the *Three Pastoral Elegies* mentioned by Ritson in the Winchester College Library, which has not been noticed before, the full title of which is as follows: *Three Pastoral Elegies of Anander, Aneter, and Muridella*, by William Bas, 4to London, printed by V. S. for J. B., and are to be sold at his shop in Fleet-street, at the signe of the Great Turk's Head, 1602. These elegies are dedicated to the Lady Tasburgh, and are written in octave stanzas of ten syllables each.

Basse has a poem or address prefixed to Massinger's *Bondman*, 1624, and in Michael Baret's *Hipponimie, or The Vineyard of Horsemanship*, 4to 1618, at the end of the address to the reader, are these lines by him:

Reade, Sir, if you will, but if you will not, chuse,
This Booke (Sir) will be read if you refuse,
But if you read, I pray, commend my wit,
It is (in truth) the first that e're I writ:
Who reades and not commends, it is a rule,
Hee's either very wise or very foole:
But whoso'ere commends, and doth not read,
What'ere the other is, hee's foole indeed.
And who doth neither read nor yet commend,
God speed him well, his labour's at an end:
But reade, or not, or how, I passe not for it,
I rest your honest carelesse friend, *M. Baret.*

See Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. iv. p. 222; *Restituta*, vol. i. p. 41, and vol. iii. p. 68; Walton's *Complete Angler*, Pickering's edit. p. 422; *Bibl. Heber.* pt. xi, No. 70; and *Notes and Queries*, vol. i. pp. 200, 265, 295 and 348.

The present manuscript contains fifty-two leaves, and is beautifully written. It was procured by Mr. Heber from Hanwell the bookseller in Oxford, who had probably purchased it on the taking down of Ricot, the old seat of the Norreys family, and the dispersion of its contents. It has the autograph of Francis Lord Norreys on the fly leaf, and is

In the original Binding.

Bas or Basse, (William.) — Sword and Buckler, or Serving-Mans Defence. By William Bas.

—— Agimus hæc prælia verbis.

4to. At London, Imprinted for M. L. and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstons Church yard. 1602.

Although the names of the author of this poem both correspond with those of the preceding writer, and we conclude them to have reference to the same person, we possess no absolute proof of this; and it may, after all, to some inquiring minds perhaps admit of a doubt, as well as whether, as has been suggested, the three letters above give the whole name of the author, or are only a portion of one of greater length. But if, as we suppose, he may have been a retainer in the Norreys family at Ricot in Berkshire, and liable as such to the call of military service, it will not be inconsistent with the subject of the present poem, which he says was his first attempt,

For by my faith 'tis first that ere I writ,"

and that it was penned when he was very young.

The volume is dedicated in five stanzas of six lines each "To the honest and faithful Brotherhood of True-hearts, all the old and young Serving-men of England, health and happines." In this he complains of the light esteem in which Serving-men were then held by the multitude, and is thus induced to take up the cudgels in their behalf, and to come forward in their defence:

Long stood we mute, and heard ourselves defam'd
In every moodie iest, and idle braul:
But now our prize is seriously proclaim'd
And I become the challenger for all:

My stage is peace, my combat is a word,
My muse my buckler, and my pen my sword.

Who treads my stage is chaleng'd yet not tri'de:
Who tries my combat fights, yet feeles no weapon:
Who sees my buckler's dar'd, but not defi'de:
Who touch my sword is hit, but neuer beaten:
For peace tries no man, words can make no fight,
Muses doe but inuent, and pens but write.

A short address "To the Reader" follows, of two similar stanzas already quoted, and both this and the preceding verses are signed Will. Bas. The poem consists of seventy-five six-line stanzas, and is literally a defence of serving-men, by one of their own order, written in rather prosaic and common-place stanzas. The exceeding rarity of the work, however, will furnish an excuse for the quotation of a few stanzas, taken from near the close of the poem:

64.

If I should touch particularly all,
Wherein the moodie spleene of captious Time
Doth taxe our functions: I should then enthrall
My moued spirit in perpetuall rime,
A gentle vaine that euery careles sight
Peruseth much: but nothing mended by't.

65.

I will not all my daies in combat spend,
So much I honour charitie and peace:
And what is past, I did it to defend,
Yet am the first that do's the quarrell cease,
Eu'n as I was the latest that began,
And yet I am a Sword and Buckler man.

66.

Poore Seruing-man ordain'd to leade his daies
Not as himselfe, but as another list,
Whose hoped wealth depends vpon delaies,
Whose priuiledges vpon doubts consist,
Whose pleasures still o're-cast with sorrowes spight
As swarfie vapours doe a twinkling night.

67.

Whose sleepes are like a warrants force cut short,
By vertue of a new Commissions might:
Or like the blisse of some affected sport,
Vntimely ended by approch of night:

And like a tertian feuer is his ioy,
That has an ill fit eu'ry second day.

68.

His libertie is in an howers while
Both done and vndone like *Penelop's* web;
His fortunes like an Æthiopian Nile,
That has a moneths flow for a twel-moneths ebbe.
His zealous actions like *Æneas* pietie,
Cras'd by the hate of euery enuious Deitie.

69.

His labours like a *Sysiphus* his wait,
Continually beginning where they stay:
His recompence like *Tantalus* his bait,
That do's but kis his mouth and vade away;
His gaines like winters hoarie hailestones felt
Betweene the hands doe in the handling melt.

70.

Now to be short: All that I wish is this,
That all you great, to whom these men repaire,
Respect your seruant, as your seruant is
The instrument of euery great affaire,
The necessarie vicar of your good,
The next in manners to your gentle blood.

71.

That you with loue their duties would regard,
With gentlenes allow them all their rights;
Respect their paines with bountie and reward;
Consider mildly of their oversights;
For where the master's milde, the seruant's merrie,
But where the master's wilde, the seruant's wearie.

The only other known copy of this work is one which was formerly in the library of George Stevens, Esq., No. 767; afterwards in that of Malone, and is now deposited with his collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The present copy unfortunately wants the title, which is neatly supplied with a fac-simile one from that in the Bodleian.

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